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April, 1963 35¢ TW/K

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Curse of the Lost Creek Mine • Mormons in Texas • Who Killed Judge Fountain?

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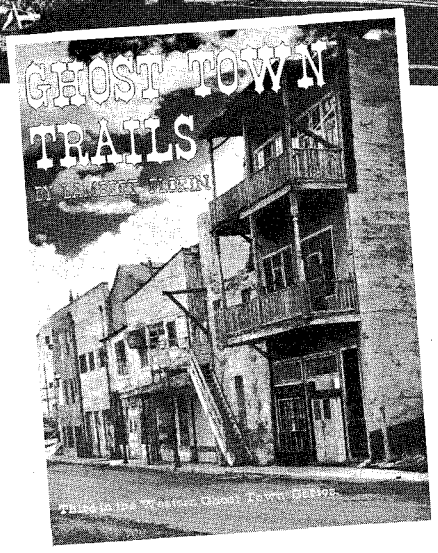
Above, the deserted streets of Barkerville, B.C.

Above, lonely markers at Cameronton, B.C.

Right, Billy Barker, founder of Barkerville, B.C.



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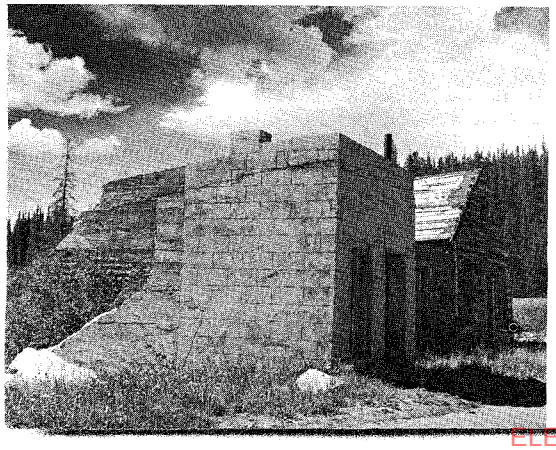
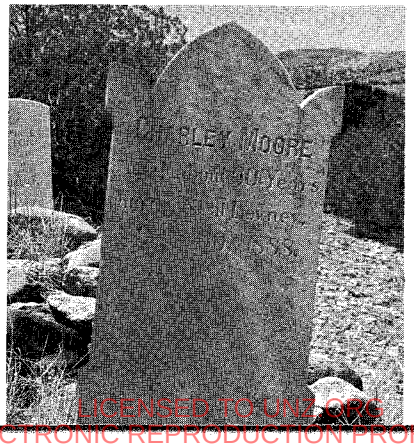
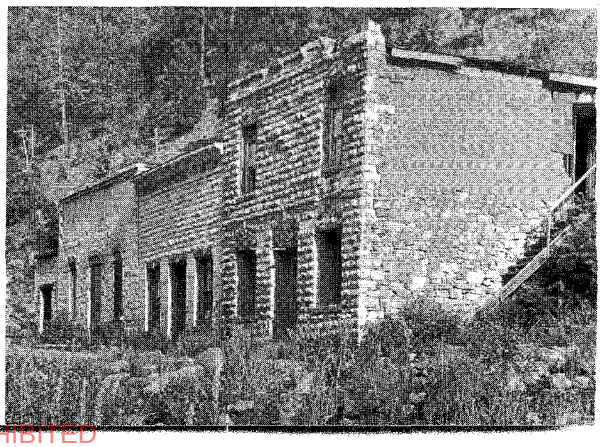
Lonely survivors at Alma, Colo.



"Murder victim" at Alma, N. Mex.



Main street at Mogollon, N. Mex.



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March-April, 1963
Volume 10, No. 4
Whole No. 56

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
GAYLE TERBAY, Circulation Manager
DR. WALTER P. WEBB, Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 3, Texas. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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FRONTIER TIMES

YOU CALLED PART I OF "NINE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS—1870-1879," THE MOST FASCINATING INDIAN STORY YOU EVER READ

DON'T MISS PART II

(CONCLUDED IN THIS ISSUE)

IN THE MAY FRONTIER TIMES ON THE NEWSSTANDS MARCH 20

FRONTIER TIMES, companion to TRUE WEST, has become Bigger and Better! If you are a reader of TRUE WEST, then you'll want to be sure to buy FRONTIER TIMES. Each magazine contains seventy-two pages and is filled to exploding with Old West articles, features and photographs of the highest quality in the Old West field. Don't miss the May issue—don't miss any issue—of the new FRONTIER TIMES!

HOMESTEADERS' SATURDAY NIGHT. In the sandhills region south and west of North Platte, Nebraska, homesteaders and small-scale ranchers assembled almost every Saturday night in a sodhouse or a tarpaper shack for dancing.

MAN WITH A GOLDEN VOICE. Colonel E. Walters of Skedee, Oklahoma, talked his way into $50,000 a year!

MOUNTAIN MAN WRITES A BOOK. Jim Beckwourth's life was full of accomplishments, but no one will ever know for sure what they were. After listening to Beckwourth, one could believe nothing of what he heard, and only half of what he saw!

SUGAR SILVER CAVE. You will thrill to the story of these Ozark people and their undying faith in the tales of the hidden silver ore.

THE FIRST RODEO. The rodeos of today differ greatly from those of the early days when cowboys held a rodeo after every round-up.

ORDEAL IN THE SNOW. The Army's fight in Wyoming, 1857, against a bitter winter and the persistent Mormons will long be remembered.

You'll want to keep an eye out for: HIS GUN MADE HISTORY; SHORT CUT TO THE GOLD FIELDS; THE BEST KEPT SECRET OF THE WEST; PACK RATS; JAMES PEACOCK AND JIM CROW CHILES; DOS CABEZAS, ARIZONA; WHEN RUNNYMEDE HOWLED; NUGGETS, and many others. Don't miss this May issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's power-packed plus!

HIS NINE YEARS WITH THE INDIANS TRANSFORMED A PIONEER BOY INTO A MAN OF TWO PERSONALITIES, TWO FAITHS, TWO LOYALTIES, AND A MULTITUDE OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET HIS STORY.

If you don't have Part I of the Lehmann story and are unable to find the March Frontier Times at your local newsstand, fill in the coupon below.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-TW, Austin 3, Texas

I am enclosing 35¢ to cover mailing cost of the first part of the Lehmann story. (March 1963) ☐

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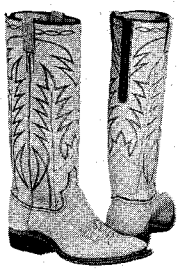

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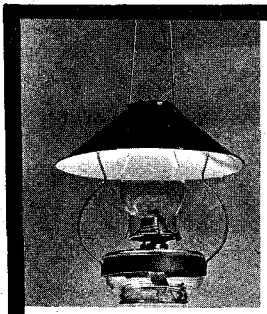

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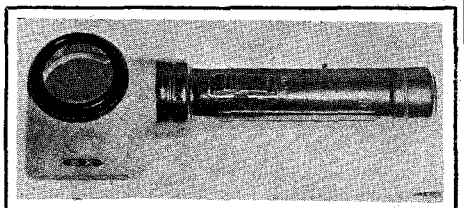

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RULES FOR
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SEVEN PACK CANASTA
DOUBLE PACK PINOCHLE

CARD FANS! It's finally here! Three new variations of the old favorites. Be published Summer 1963. Taking advance orders. $1.00. Edward Kuehling, 92 South Dowdy, Gilroy, California.

True Western

"Put 'Em Up Front"

Dear Joe:

Just picked up the latest issue of FRONTIER TIMES and boy, was I glad to see that you were going bi-monthly! Your two magazines are the only ones that I read from cover to cover.

I have been watching all of the newsstands where I buy your magazines and have been putting them out where they can be seen. Buddy, it works! In one store they have been restocked twice in two weeks.—Bill Buckelew, 5431 Frutas, El Paso, Texas.

Remember K.C.?

Dear Mr. Small:

I thought many old-timers and the mossy-horned hombres that knew Kansas City before it got so durn much culture might enjoy re-living the past. Take a little trip with me as we alighted from the cable train, turned left and walked north on Wyandotte. Just a stone's throw brought us to George Rose's oyster house—the finest oyster stew in America for 15c with all the oyster crackers you could eat. Then down the street, about three blocks, we came to the honkytonks—Lovejoy's for instance, a name as common among cattlemen as mavericks. North on Delaware was the tobacco store of Frank and Jesse James, Jr.

Two of the finest free lunches on earth were found at Miller's Saloon on Main and at Huckett & Davis', just a few steps away at 8th. Both places offered soup to nuts with a glass of beer for five cents, and if one didn't have the coin he could slip in with the noon crowd and dine like a king for nothing.

On Grand Avenue the cable cars turned north and had to approach "dead man's curve" at high speed to get around. It was impossible to drop the cable there. Pedestrians were often struck and killed at this point.

I would like to give Milt Hinkle a big hand for his wonderful article, "Dock Rider," and I wouldn't take twenty bucks for the picture of Kansas City.

Thanks for your great magazines that knock a good sixty years from my life. —W. D. Chesney, M.D., 1321 Sherman Avenue, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Five Killings

Gentlemen:

The Billings, Montana, newspaper, in its column "Yesterdays in Billings," reported that on December 9, 1926, "Wyatt S. Earp, deputy sheriff of Los Angeles, California, testified in a civil court case in Boston concerning establishment of heirs to a western fortune. He told the court of the days when he was marshal of Tombstone, Arizona.

" 'Those who described Tombstone as a rough town are all wrong. It wasn't as bad as Los Angeles.' Earp said he could count all the killings on his fingers and named only five."

Perhaps this will help clear up all this badman stuff.—Claude E. Cox, Livingston, Montana.

Crows and Their Dogs

Dear Sirs:

In your October issue of TRUE WEST, the article "Lucky Soldier's Dinner" in Wild Old Days puzzles me. H. M. Shoebotham's knowledge of the Crow language is good. Iron Bull was at Ft. Smith as a messenger to Lt. Phil Kearney, and Iron Bull's wife and children were well thought of. In fact the children often played with children of the officers.

In the days of no plumbing, Indians took a big mouth full of water when it was warmed, sprayed it over their hands and then to the face. They weren't a dirty people.

But Crows don't kill dogs for some tribal reason and they consider other tribes' eating them plumb scandalous, Maybe Private Lockwood's mind was master over his hungry belly, but in 1885 my dad saw the Cheyennes pull that gag, and the dude's stomach staunchly retained its dog meat stew.—Bertha M. Richard, Lodge Grass, Montana.

Dear Bob:

Dogs in the Crow Nation appear to have been much more highly regarded than by some other tribes. Explorers and historians say the Crows had almost as many dogs as horses.

Contrary to the letter submitted to you, however, dogs were sometimes eaten by Crows, although this was the exception rather than the rule. There was no tribal taboo against it. Customs adopted from other Indian nations included eating dog meat on special occasions—for instance, when deeds of honor were enacted by warriors of the society. On occasions when dignitaries of other dog-eating nations were visiting, such meat would be the piece de resistance. The eating of dog was supposed to be a compliment and honor to the canine! However, on the whole, dog meat was not very popular among the Crows and they avoided it whenever possible. To them, as to us, it would be like eating the family pet.

The story of eating dog meat and getting sick is a popular tale among all Indian nations and early travelers. Evidently the Indians discovered early that such a "feast" was distasteful to the whites.—Bill Judge, Casper, Wyoming.

Harvey's Place

Dear Sir:

I read with interest "Last Days of the

(Continued on page 68)

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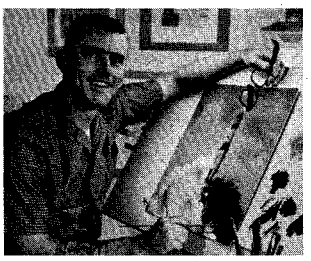
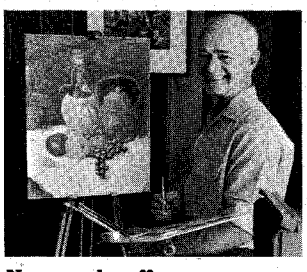


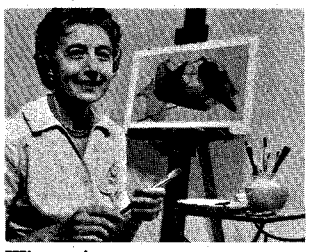
Earns $2,000 extra
"With yours as my only art training, I've netted over $2,000 from spare-time art work and landed a job as a magazine art director."
PATRICK J. MCGOWAN, So. Pasadena, Cal.

Gives up typing
"I had a dreary clerk-typist job. Today, I do high-fashion illustrations for one of Albany's largest department stores."
WANDA PICKULSKI, Rexford, N. Y.



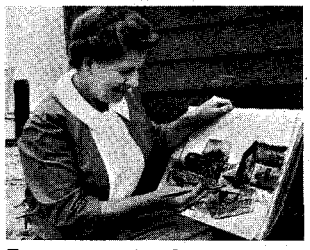
No more layoffs
"The plant I've worked for has closed its doors. But I'm not worried. Thanks to you, I have my art sales to fall back on."
JOSEPH BENNETT, Adrian, Michigan

Adds to family income
"To think that a mother of six lively young ones, without domestic help, can study art and hold painting classes at home!"
ELIZABETH H. LINCOLN, Ware, Mass.

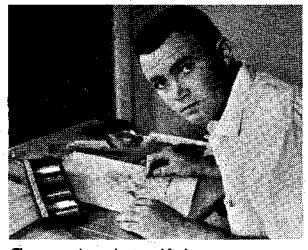


Wins prizes
"Thanks to you, I've won many prizes in exhibitions and have sold most of my paintings. Just last week I got a check from the Buffalo Art Gallery."
HELEN D. KAY, Kenmore, N. Y.

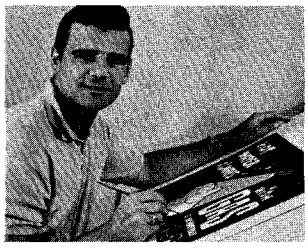
Retires successfully
"Thanks to you, I'm doing a satisfying business in my own art studio. I've found fun and profit in my retirement."
JOHN WARREN, Morristown, N. J.



Becomes art teacher
"Thanks to you, my painting classes overflow with both children and adults. I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life."
MRS. RAE DOWDY, South Boston, Va.

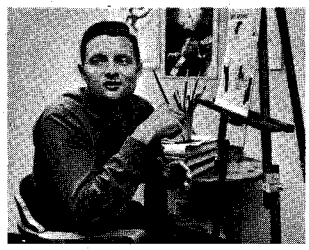


Carpenter to artist
"With no previous art training, I landed a commercial art job by saying I was a FAS student—and showing the work I had done for you."
KENNETH W. GUERNSEY, Springfield, Ill.



Doubles salary
"I was a pipefitter's helper when I enrolled. Now, I'm a commercial artist in the advertising department of the same company—at twice the salary!"
JOHN BUSKETTA, Uniondale, N. Y.

Gets "dream" jobs
"With no art training, I was getting nowhere in cartooning. Now I get syndication, greeting cards—really 'dream' jobs."
BETTE FILLEY, Seattle, Wash.



Clerk to cartoonist
"I was an airline clerk when I enrolled. Now, after winning Fifth Prize in a national cartoon contest, I've signed a contract to do a daily comic strip."
JOHN WHITAKER, Memphis, Tenn.

Better than medicine
"My doctor has said time and again that all the medicine in the world could never replace this Course and what it has done for me."
THEO. M. BRYANT, Whittier, Cal.

"We're looking for others who like to draw"... says Norman Rockwell

The people pictured above have changed their lives through art—so can you

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW OR PAINT—you must have toyed with the idea of "doing something" in art.

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JON WHITCOMB BEN STAHL
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PETER HELCK ALBERT DORNE

You Are a Class of One

Your instructors—who are themselves practicing professional artists—correspond directly with you. For each assignment you send in, they spend as much as two or three hours showing you ways to improve your work. They make separate drawings and paintings especially for you. They write you personal letters of advice and guidance. Eventually, they become your friends, eager to hear news of your success, eager to help in any way they can.

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Team in motion on the Oregon Trail

Book Condensation

of

"The Ox Team or the Old Oregon Trail 1852-1906"

Published by the author:

New York; 1906

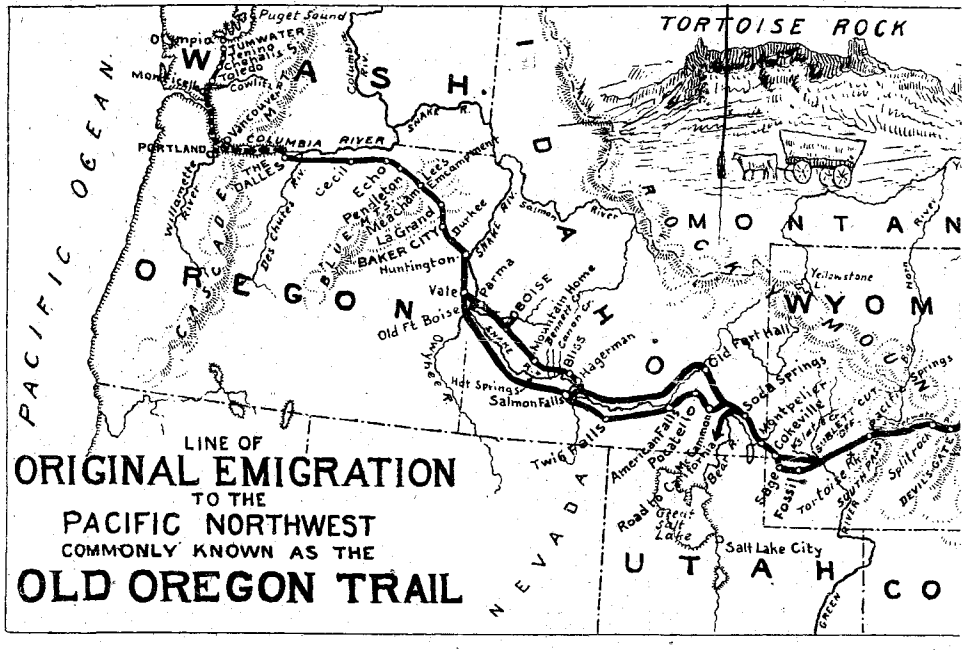
The Oregon Trail

IN THE EARLY '50s, out four-and-a-half and seven miles respectively from Indianapolis, Indiana, there lived two young people with their parents, who were old-time farmers of the old style, keeping no "hired man" nor buying many "store goods." The girl could spin and weave, make delicious butter, knit soft, good-shapen socks, and cook as good a meal as any other country girl around about, and withal as buxom a lass as had ever been "born and raised there (Indiana) all her life."

These were times when sugar sold for eighteen cents per pound, calico fifteen cents per yard, salt three dollars a barrel, and all other goods at these comparatively high prices, while butter would bring but ten cents a pound, eggs five cents a dozen, and wheat but two bits (twenty-five cents) a bushel. And so, when these farmers went to the market town (Indianapolis), care was taken to carry along something to sell, either some eggs or butter or perhaps a half dozen pairs of socks or maybe a few yards of cloth, as well as some grain, or hay or a bit of pork, or possibly a load of wood, to make ends meet at the store.

These young people would sometimes meet at the "Brimstone Meeting-house," a Methodist church so named by the unregenerate because of the open preaching of endless torment to follow non-church members and sinners to the grave—a little lake of fire, taught with vehemence and accompanied with boisterous scenes of shouting of those who were "saved." Amid these scenes and these surroundings these two young people grew up to the age of manhood and womanhood, knowing but little of the world outside of their home sphere—and who knows but as happy as if they had seen the whole world? Had they not experienced the joys of the sugar camp while "stirring off" the lively creeping maple sugar? Both had been thumped upon the bare head by the falling hickory nuts in windy weather, had hunted the black walnuts half hidden in the leaves, had scraped the ground for the elusive beechnuts, had even ventured to apple parings together, though not yet out of their "teens." The lad hunted the 'possum and the coon in the White River bottom, now the suburb of the city of Indianapolis, and had cut even the stately walnut trees, now so valuable (extinct, in fact) that the cunning coon might be driven from his hiding place. And so the resolution was made that they would go to Iowa, get some land, and grow up with the country.

About the first week of October, 1851, a covered wagon drew up in front of Thomas Sumner's habitation, then but four miles out from Indianapolis on the National Road, ready to be loaded for the start. Eliza Jane, the second daughter of that noble man (the "lass" de-



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Photos by

the author

By

EZRA

MEEKER

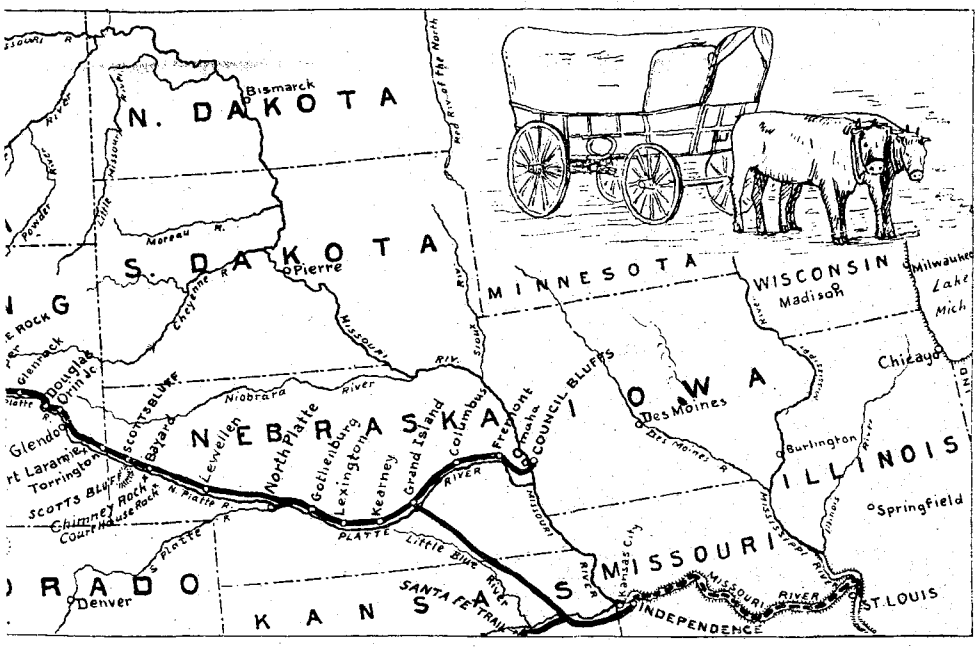
Ezra Meeker's old homestead

Miles of torment—miles of hope—rolled under the plodding hoofs of the ox teams. Wheels and boot-heels wore a great pathway from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Yet this great link with our past came dangerously close to sinking into oblivion

scribed and the wife of the young man mentioned, the author), was ready with cake and apple butter and pumpkin pies, jellies and the like, enough to last the whole trip and plenty besides. Not much of a load, to be sure, but it was all we had: plenty of blankets, a good old-fashioned feather bed, a good-sized Dutch oven, and each an extra pair of shoes and cloth for two new dresses for my wife, and for an extra pair of pants for me.

Tears could be restrained no longer as the loading progressed and the stern realization faced our parents that we were about to leave them. The reluctant final parting came. We could not then know that one loved parent would lay down her life a few years later in a heroic attempt to follow us to Oregon, and that her bones would rest in an unknown and unmarked grave in the Platte Valley.

The great Mississippi River was crossed at Burlington and after a few days' further driving, we landed in Eddyville, Iowa, destined to be only a place to winter and a way station on our route to Oregon.



MY FIRST introduction to an Iowa winter was in a surveyor's camp a little way north of Kanesville (now Council Bluffs). I was a cook, which position was speedily changed and that of flagman assigned me.

The winter was bitter cold—the coldest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. On my trip back from the surveying party just before Christmas, I encountered one of those cold days long to be remembered. A companion named Vance rested with me overnight in a cabin, with scant food for ourselves or the mare we led. It was thirty-five miles to the next cabin and we had to reach that place or lie out on the snow.

A very early start was made, before daybreak while the wind lay. The good lady of the cabin baked some biscuits for a noon lunch but they were frozen solid in our pockets before we had been out two hours. The wind rose with the sun and two bright sun-dogs appeared, one on each side of the sun. Alongside of each, but slightly less bright, I saw another. It was a beautiful sight to behold, but arising from conditions intolerable to bear. Vance came near freezing to death and would have had I not succeeded in arousing him to anger and gotten him off the mare.

I vowed then and there I did not like the Iowa climate, and the Oregon fever visibly quickened. Besides, if I went to Oregon the Government would give us 320 acres of land, while in Iowa we would have to purchase it—at a low price, to be sure, but it had to be paid for on the spot. There were no preemption or beneficent homestead laws in force then; the country was a wide open, rolling prairie, a beautiful country indeed—but without a market. There were no railroads,

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wagon roads, cities, meeting-houses or schools; the prospect looked drear. How easy it is for one when his mind is once bent against a country to conjure up all sorts of reasons to bolster his, perhaps, hasty conclusions; and so Iowa was condemned as unsuited to our life-abiding place.

I have been asked hundreds of times how many wagons were in the train I traveled with, and what train it was, and who was the captain, assuming that, of course, we must have been with a large party.

The fact is that when we drove out of Eddyville there was but one wagon in our train, two yokes of four-year-old steers, one yoke of cows, and one extra cow. That cow was the only animal we lost on the whole trip; it strayed in the Missouri River bottom before crossing.

As for personnel, William Buck, who became my partner for the trip, was a man six years my senior, who had had some experience on the Plains, and knew well an outfit's needs, but who had no knowledge of cattle. He was an impulsive man and to some extent excitable, yet withal a man of excellent judgment and as honest as God Almighty makes a man. No lazy bone occupied a place in Buck's body. He was so scrupulously neat and clean that some might say he was fastidious, but such was not the case. His aptitude for the camp work and unfitness for handling the team, as we might say by natural selection, divided the cares of the household.

We had butter packed in the center of the flour in double sacks, eggs packed in corn meal or flour, to last us nearly 500 miles, fruit in abundance, dried pumpkins, a little jerked beef, not too much salt, and last, a demijohn of brandy for "medicinal purposes only." Eliza Jane had prepared some homemade yeast cake and we had light bread all the way, baked in a tin reflector instead of the heavy Dutch ovens so much in use on the Plains.

Albeit the butter melted and mingled with the flour to a considerable extent we were not disconcerted for the shortcake that followed made us almost glad the mishap had occurred. Besides, we had plenty of fresh butter churned every day in the can, by the jostle of the wagon. And the buttermilk! What a luxury, yes, that's the word, a real luxury. I will never, so long as I live, forget that shortcake and corn bread, the puddings and pumpkin pies, and above all the buttermilk. The reader who may smile at this may well recall the fact that it is the small things that make up the happiness of life.

But it was more than that. As we gradually crept out on the Plains and saw the sickness and suffering caused by improper food and improper preparation, it gradually dawned on me how blessed I was with such a partner as Buck and such a life partner as my wife. Some trains were without fruit, and most of them depended on salterus for raising their bread. Many had only fat bacon for meat until buffalo supplied a change, and much sickness was caused by an ill-suited diet.

I am willing to claim credit for the team, every hoof of which reached the Coast in safety. Four four-year-old steers and two cows were sufficient for our light wagon and light outfit, not a pound of which but was useful (except the brandy) and necessary. Not one of my cattle had ever been under the yoke. Plenty of "broke" oxen could be had, but generally were of the class that had been broken in spirit as well as in training.

THE FIRST day's drive from Eddyville was a short one, and so far as I now remember the only one on the whole trip where the cattle were allowed to stand in the yoke while the owners lunched and rested. I made it a rule, no matter how short the noontime, to unyoke and let the cattle rest or eat.

Near nightfall when the first camp was made, Buck excitedly insisted we must not unyoke the cattle. "Well, what shall we do?" I asked, "They can't live in the yoke always; we will have to unyoke them sometime."

"Yes, but if you unyoke them here you will never catch them again!"

One word brought on another until the war of words had almost reached the stage of a dispute, when a stranger, Thomas McAuley, who was camped nearby, with a twinkle in his eye I often afterwards saw and will always remember, interfered and said his cattle were gentle and there were three men in his party who would help us yoke up in the morning. I gratefully accepted his help, speedily unyoked, and after that, never a word with the merest semblance of contention passed between Buck and myself.

When I saw McAuley's outfit the next morning, I was quite troubled to start out with him. His teams were light (principally cows, thin in flesh) and the wagons apparently were as light and frail as the teams. But I soon found that his outfit, like ours, contained no extra weight, that he knew how to care for a team, and was withal an obliging neighbor. That was fully demonstrated on many trying occasions, for we traveled in company for more than a thousand miles until his road to California parted from ours at the big bend of Bear River.

Granite monument at Baker City, Oregon

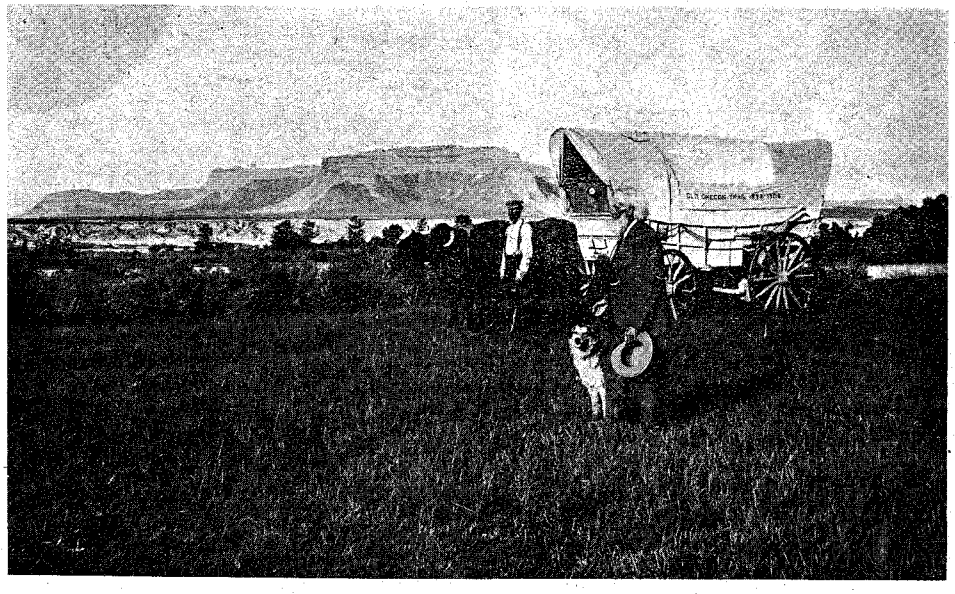
Of the trip through Iowa little remains to be said except that the grass was thin and washy, the roads muddy and slippery, and the weather execrable although May had been ushered in long before we reached the Missouri River.

"What on earth is that?" exclaimed Margaret McAuley as we approached the ferry landing a few miles below where Omaha now stands. "It looks for all the world like a great big white flatiron." The roads were "cut all to pieces" on account of the concentrated travel as we neared the solid phalanx of wagons that formed the "flatiron" of white ground.

Wagons had their tongues pointing to the landing—a center train with other parallel trains extending back in the rear and gradually covering a wider space the farther back from the river one would go. Several hundred wagons thus closely interlocked, completely blocked the approach to the landing for new arrivals, whether in companies or single. All around were camps of all kinds, from those without covering of any kind to others with comfortable tents. Most people were seemingly intent on merrymaking, but here and there small groups engaged in devotional services. These camps contained the outfits of the wagons, some of which had been there for two weeks with no apparent probability of securing an early crossing.

At the turbulent riverfront the turbid waters had already swallowed up three victims, one of whom I saw go under the drift of a small island as I stood near his shrieking wife the first day we were there. Two scows were engaged in crossing the wagons and teams. In this case the stock had rushed to one side of the boat, submerged the gunwale, and precipitated everything and everybody into

Scotts Bluff



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the dangerous river.

"What should we do?" was passed around, without answer. Tom McAuley was not yet looked upon as a leader, as he was later. His sister Margaret, a most determined maiden lady, the oldest of the party and as resolute and brave as the bravest, said to build a boat. While this question was under consideration and a search for materials being made, one of our party who had gone across the river in search of timber for oars, discovered a scow almost completely buried on the sand spit opposite the landing. Just a small bit of the railing and a corner of the boat was visible. The report seemed to be too good to be true. After a day's search we found the owner eleven miles down the river.

"Yes, if you will stipulate to deliver the boat safely to me after crossing your five wagons and teams, you can have it," he said, and a bargain was closed right then and there. My! but didn't we make the sand fly that night from that boat. By morning we could begin to see the end. Busy hands began to cut a landing on the perpendicular sandy bank on the Iowa side; others were preparing sweeps, and all was bustle and stir and I might say excitement.

BY THEN it had become noised around that another boat would be put on to ferry people over and we were beseiged with applications from detained emigrants. Finally the word came to the ears of the ferrymen, who were foolish enough to undertake to prevent us from crossing ourselves. A writ of replevin or some other process was issued, I never knew exactly what, directing the sheriff to take possession of our boat when it landand, which he attempted to do. I never before or since attempted to resist an officer of the law, nor joined to accomplish anything by force outside the pale of the law, but when the sheriff put in an appearance and we realized what it meant, there wasn't a man in our party who did not run for his gun.

We did not need to use them. The sheriff withdrew and the crossing went peaceably until all our wagons were safely landed. However, we had another danger to face: we learned that there would be an attempt to take the boat not from us, but from the owner, and but for the adroit management of McAuley and my brother Oliver, who had joined us, we would have been unable to fulfill our bargain.

As soon as part of our outfits were landed on the right bank of the river our troubles with the Indians began, not in open hostilities but in robbery under the guise of beggary. The word had been passed around in our little party that not one cent's worth of provisions would we give up to the Indians, believing this was our only safeguard from spoilation. The womenfolks had been sent over the river with the first wagon, and removed a little way to a convenient camp. The first show of arms came from that side of our little community, when some of the bolder Pawnees attempted to pilfer around the wagons, but no blood was shed.

One case in particular I remember. Soon after we had left the Missouri River we came to a small bridge over a washout across the road, evidently constructed very recently by some train just ahead of us. The Indians had taken possession and demanded pay for crossing. Some ahead of us had paid, while others were hesitating, but with a few there was a determined resolution not to pay. When our party came up, it remained for that fearless man, McAuley, in quite short order, to clear the way, though the Indians were there in considerable numbers.

McAuley said, "You fellers come right on, for I'm going across that bridge if I have to run right over that Ingen settin' there." And he did almost run over the Indian, who at the last moment got out of the way of his team, which was followed in such quick succession and with such a show of arms the Indians withdrew and left the road unobstructed.

We did not, however, have much trouble with the Indians in 1852. The great number of the emigrants, coupled with the superiority of their arms, placed them on comparatively safe grounds. And it must be remembered, also, that this was before the treaty-making period, which has so often been followed by bloodshed and war.

But to return to the river bank. We crossed on the 17th and 18th of May and drove out a short way on the 19th, but not far enough to be out of hearing of a shrill steamboat whistle that resounded over the prairie, announcing the arrival of a streamer. I never knew the size of that streamer, or the name, but only know that a dozen wagons or more could be crossed at one time, and that a dozen or more trips could be made during the day, and as many at night, and that we were overtaken by this throng of a thousand wagons thrown upon the road, that gave us some trouble and much discomfort.

NOW THAT we were fairly on the way the whole atmosphere, so to speak, seemed changed. Instead of the discordant violin and more discordant voices, the fantastic night open-air dances with Mother Earth as a floor, there prevailed a more sober mien, even among the young people, as they began to encounter the fatigue of a day's drive and the cares of a night watch. With so many, the watchword was to push ahead and make as big a day's drive as possible. It is not to be wondered at that nearly the whole of the thousand wagons that crossed the river after we did soon passed us.

"Now, fellers, jist let 'em rush on, and keep cool; we'll overcatch them afore long," said McAuley. And we did, and passed many a broken-down team, the result of that first few days of rush. It was this class that unloaded such piles of provisions in the first 200-mile stretch, and that fell such easy prey to the ravages of cholera that struck the moving column where the throng from the south side of the Platte began crossing.

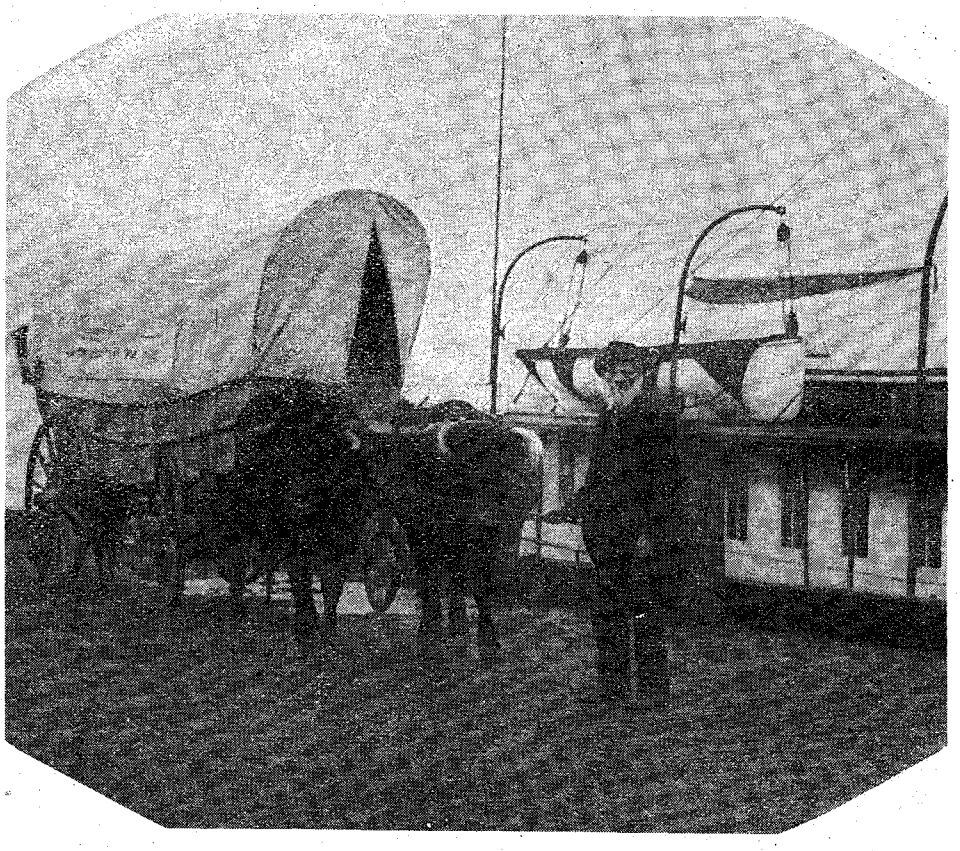
As I recollect, it must have been near where the city of Kearney now stands, which is about 200 miles west of the Missouri River. We had been in the buffalo country several days and some of our young men had had the keen edge of the hunting zeal worn off by a day's ride in the heat. A number were sick from the effects of overheating and indiscreet drinking of impure water. My brother Oliver, being of an adventurous spirit, could not restrain his ardor, gave chase to the buffaloes, and fell sick almost unto death. This occurred just at the time when we had encountered the cholera panic, and of course it must have been cholera that seized him with such an iron grip, argued some of his companions. His old-time comrades and neighbors, all but two, said they could not delay.

I said, "It's certain death to take him along in that condition," which they admitted was true.

"Divide the outfit, then!"

The Davenport brothers said they would not leave my brother, and so their portion of the outfit was put out also, which gave the three of us a wagon and team. Turning to Buck, I said, "I can't ask you to stay with me."

Meeker on the dock at Tacoma, Washington.



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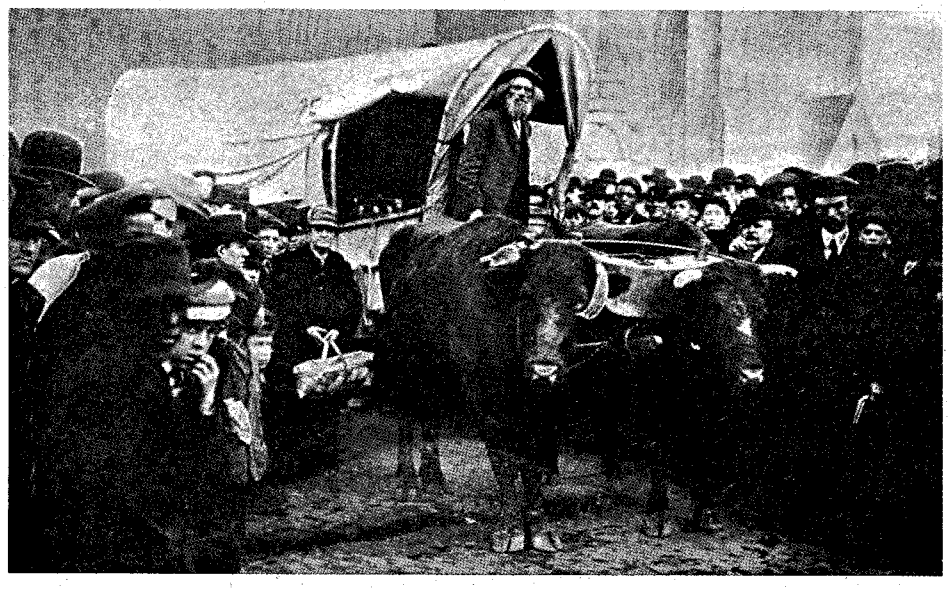

Meeker's arrival at Indianapolis, Indiana, January 5, 1907.

The answer came back quick as a flash, "I am going to stay with you without asking," and he did, too, though my brother was almost a total stranger. We nursed the sick man for four days amidst scenes of excitement and death I hope never to witness again, with the result that on the fifth day we were able to go on and take the convalescent with us and thus saved his life. It was at this point that 1,600 wagons passed us in the four-days' detention, and loose stock were so numerous we made no attempt to count or estimate them.

Of course, this incident is of no special importance, except to illustrate what life meant in those strenuous days. The experience of that camp was the experience of hundreds of others—of friends parting, of desertion, of noble sacrifice, of where the best and worst of man were shown. Like the dissolving clouds of a brightening summer day, the trains seemed to dissolve and disappear, while no one seemed to know what had become of their component parts, or whither they had gone.

There were instances that would convert the most skeptical to the Presbyterian doctrine of total depravity, so brutal and selfish were the actions of some men, brutal to men and women alike, to dumb brutes, and in fact to themselves. And yet alongside of this, it is a pleasure to record that there were numerous instances of noble self-sacrifice, of helpfulness, of unselfishness to the point of imperiling their own lives. It became a common saying that to *know* one's neighbors, they must be seen on the Plains.

THE ARMY of loose stock that accompanied this huge caravan, a column, we may almost say, 500 miles long without break, added greatly to the discomfort of all. Of course, it will never be known the number of such or, for that matter, of the emigrants themselves, but their numbers were legion compared to those that labored under the yoke. A conservative estimate would be not less than six animals to the wagon, and surely there were three loose animals to every one laboring. By this it would appear that, if there were 1,600 wagons passing while we tarried four days, there were nearly 10,000 beasts of burden and near 30,000 loose stock. As to the number of persons, certainly there were five to the wagon, maybe more, but calling it five, 8,000 men, women, and children, passed on, many to their graves not far off.

We know by the inscribed dates found on Independence Rock and elsewhere that there were wagons full 300 miles ahead of us, and that the throng continued to pass the river more than a month after we had crossed, so it does not require a stretch of the imagination to say the column was 500 miles long and 50,000 strong.

Of the casualties in that mighty army I scarcely dare guess. It is certain that history does not give a record of so great a number migrating so long a distance as that of the pioneers of the Plains, where the dead lay in rows of fifties and groups of seventies. Shall we say ten per cent fell by the wayside? Many will exclaim that estimate is too low. Ten per cent would give us 5,000 lives laid down in a single year!

When we stepped foot upon the right bank of the Missouri River, we were outside the pale of civil law. Within the Indian country no organized civil government existed. Some people and some writers have assumed that each man was a "law unto himself" and free to do his own will, dependent, of course, upon his physical ability to enforce it.

Nothing could be farther from the facts than this assumption, as evildoers soon found out. The American instinct for fair play and for a hearing prevailed, so that while there was not mob law, the law of self-preservation asserted itself. The mandates of the levelheaded old men prevailed, "a high court in the most exalted sense; a senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration, exercising both legislative and judicial power; and its laws and decisions proved equal and worthy of the high trust reposed in it." Thus Applegate described conditions when the first great train moved out on the Plains in 1843, and I quote his words as describing conditions in 1852. There was this difference, however, in the emigration of 1843—all, by agreement, belonged to one or the other of the two companies, the "cow column" or the "light brigade," while with the emigrants of 1852 it is safe to say that more than half did not belong to large companies, or any organized company at all. But this made no difference, for when an occasion called for action a "high court" was convened, and woe betide the man that would undertake to defy its mandates after its deliberations were made public.

One incident, well up on the Sweetwater, well illustrated the spirit and determination of the sturdy old men (elderly, I should say, as no young men were allowed to sit in these councils) of the Plains, while laboring under stress of grave personal cares and with many personal bereavements.

A murder had been committed, and it was clear the motive was robbery. The suspect had a large family, and was traveling along with the moving column. Men who had volunteered to search for the missing man finally found proof pointing to the guilty person. A council of twelve men deliberated until the second day, meanwhile holding the murderer safely within their grip. What were they to do? Here was a wife and four little children depending upon this man for their lives; what would become of this man's family if justice was meted out to him? Soon there came an undercurrent of what might be termed public opinion—that it was probably better to forego punishment than to endanger the lives of the family—but the council would not be swerved from their resolution.

At sundown of the third day the criminal was hanged in the presence of the whole camp but not until ample provisions had been made to insure the safety of the family by providing a driver to finish the journey. I came so near witnessing this that I did see the ends of the wagon tongues and the rope dangling in the air, but I have forgotten the names of the parties, and even if I had not, would be loath to make them public.

From necessity, murder was punishable with death, but stealing, by a tacit understanding, with whipping, which, when inflicted by one of those long ox lashes in the hands of an expert, would bring the blood from the victim's back at every stroke. Minor offenses or differences generally took the form of arbitration, the decision of which each party would accept as if emanating from a court of law.

Lawlessness was not common on the Plains, no more so than in the communities from which the great body of the emigrants had been drawn, and in fact we may safely say not so much, as punishment was swift and certain, and that fact had its deterrent effect.

ONE OF our party always went ahead to look out for water, grass, and fuel, three requisites for a camping place. The grass along the beaten track was always eaten off close by the loose stock, of which there were great numbers, and so we had frequently to take the cattle long distances. Then came the most trying part of the whole trip—the all-night watch, which resulted in our making the cattle our bedfellows, back to back for warmth. It was not long, though, until we were used to it, and slept quite a bit except when a storm struck us; but weren't we glad when morning came, and perchance the smoke of the campfire might be in sight, and maybe, as we approached, we could catch the aroma of coffee!

When cholera suddenly struck among the people, "What shall we do?" passed from one to another in our little family council.

"Now, fellers," said McAuley, "don't lose your heads, but do just as you have

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been doing. You gals, just make your bread as light as ever, and we'll boil the water and take river water the same as ever, even if it is almost thick as mud."

We had all along refused to "dig little wells near the bank of the Platte," as noted by Applegate in his quoted article, having soon learned that the water obtained was strongly charged with alkali, while the river water was comparatively pure other than with sand so fine, one might almost say, as to be held in solution.

"Keep cool," he continued. "Maybe we'll have to lay down (die) and maybe not. Anyway, it's no use a-frettin'. What's to be will be, 'specially if we but help things along."

This homely wise counsel fell upon willing ears and we did, "just as we had been doing," and escaped unharmed.

I look back on that party of nine men and three women (and a baby) with four wagons with feelings almost akin to reverence.

Thomas McAuley became by natural selection the leader although no agreement of the kind was ever made. He was, next to his maiden sister, the oldest of the party and a most fearless man. He never "lost his head," whatever emergency might arise, and I have been in some pretty tight places with him.

I was the youngest of the men in the party and the only married man of the lot, and if I do have to say it myself, the strongest and ablest to bear the brunt of the work (pardon me, reader, when I add "and willing according to my strength," for it is true), and so we got along well together till the parting of the way came.

OF THE fortitude of the women one can not say too much. Embarrassed at the start by the follies of fashion (and long dresses which were quickly discarded and the bloomer donned), they soon rose to the occasion and cast false modesty aside. Could we but have had the camera (of course, not then in existence) on one of those typical camps, what a picture there would be. Elderly matrons dressed almost like the little sprite miss of today. Younger women, more shy of accepting the inevitable, finally fell into the procession, and we had a community of women wearing bloomers without invidious comment—or, in fact, of any comment at all. Some of them soon went barefoot, partly from choice and in other cases from necessity.

The same could be said of the men, as shoe leather began to grind out from the sand and dry heat. Of all the fantastic costumes it is safe to say the like before was never seen nor equaled. The scene beggars description. Patches became visible upon the clothing of preachers as well as laymen. Grandmother's cap was soon displaced by a handkerchief or perhaps a bit of cloth; grandfather's high crowned hat disappeared as if by magic. Hatless and bootless men became a common sight. Bonnetless women were to be seen on all sides. They wore what they had left or could get, without question of the fitness of things. Rich dresses were worn by some ladies because they had no others left; the gentlemen drew on their wardrobes till scarcely a fine unsoiled suit was left.

The dust has been spoken of as intolerable. The word hardly expresses the situation; in fact, I cannot say the English language contains the word to define it.

Here was a moving mass of humanity and dumb brutes mixed in inextricable confusion a hundred feet wide or more. At times two columns of wagons traveling on parallel lines and near each other, served as a barrier to prevent loose stock from crossing, but usually there would be a mass of cows, young cattle, horses and footmen moving along the outskirts. As in a thronged city street, no one seemed to look to the right or to the left, or pay any attention to others, but were bent on accomplishment of the task at hand.

The old ox and cow team

Over all, in calm weather, dust would settle so thick that the lead team of oxen could not be seen from the wagon—like a London fog, so thick one might almost cut it. Then sometimes that steady flow of wind up to and through South Pass would hurl the dust and sand in one's face with stinging force.

We also had storms that were not of sand and wind alone, storms that only a Platte Valley in summer or a Puget Sound winter might turn out, storms that would wet to the skin in less time than it takes to write this sentence. I remember being caught in one such while out on watch.

The cattle had traveled so fast it was difficult to keep up with them. I could do nothing but follow, as it would have been as impossible to turn them as it would have been to change the direction of the wind. I have always thought of this as a cloudburst. Anyway, there was not a dry thread left on me in an incredibly short time. My boots were as full of water as if I had been wading and water ran through my hat as if it had been a sieve. Tents were leveled and one of our neighboring trains suffered no inconsiderable loss by the sheets of water floating their camp equipage, ox yokes, and all loose articles away. They only narrowly escaped having a wagon engulfed in the raging torrent that came so unexpectedly upon them. Such were some of the discomforts of the Plains in '52.

THERE WERE but few ferries and none in many places where crossings were to be made. Where here and there a ferry was found the charges were exorbitant and out of reach of a large majority of the emigrants. In my own case, all my funds had been absorbed in procuring my outfit at Eddyville, Iowa; I not dreaming there would be use for money on the Plains, where there were neither supplies nor people. We soon found out our mistake, however, and became watchful to mend matters when opportunity offered. The crossing of Snake River, though late in the trip, gave the opportunity.

About thirty miles below Salmon Falls the dilemma confronted us to either cross the river or let our teams starve on the trip down the river on the south bank. Some trains had caulked three wagon-beds and lashed them together and were crossing, but would not help others across for less than three to five dollars a wagon, the party swimming their own stock.

If others could cross in wagon-beds, why could I not do likewise? All the old clothing that could possibly be spared was marshaled, tar buckets ransacked, old chisels and broken knives hunted up, a veritable boat repairing and caulking campaign inaugurated and shortly the wagon-box rode placidly, if not gracefully, on the waters of the formidable river.

It had been my fortune to be the strongest physically of any of our little party of four men, though I would cheerfully accept a second place mentally. My boyhood pranks of playing and paddling logs or old leaky skiffs in the waters of White River now served me well, for I could row a boat even if I had never taken lessons as an athlete.

My first venture across Snake River was with the whole of the wagon gear run over the wagon box, the whole gradually worked out into deep water. The load was so heavy that a very small margin was left to prevent the water from breaking over the sides of "Mary Jane," as we had christened the "craft" when she was launched. But I got over safely; yet after that took lighter loads and really enjoyed the novelty of the work and the change from the intolerable dust.

Some were so infatuated with the idea of floating on the water as to be easily persuaded by an unprincipled trader at the lower crossing to dispose of their teams for a song, and embark in their wagon-beds for a voyage down the river. All such (of which there were a goodly number) lost everything they had and some their lives, the survivors, after incredible hardships, reaching the road

(Continued on page 52)

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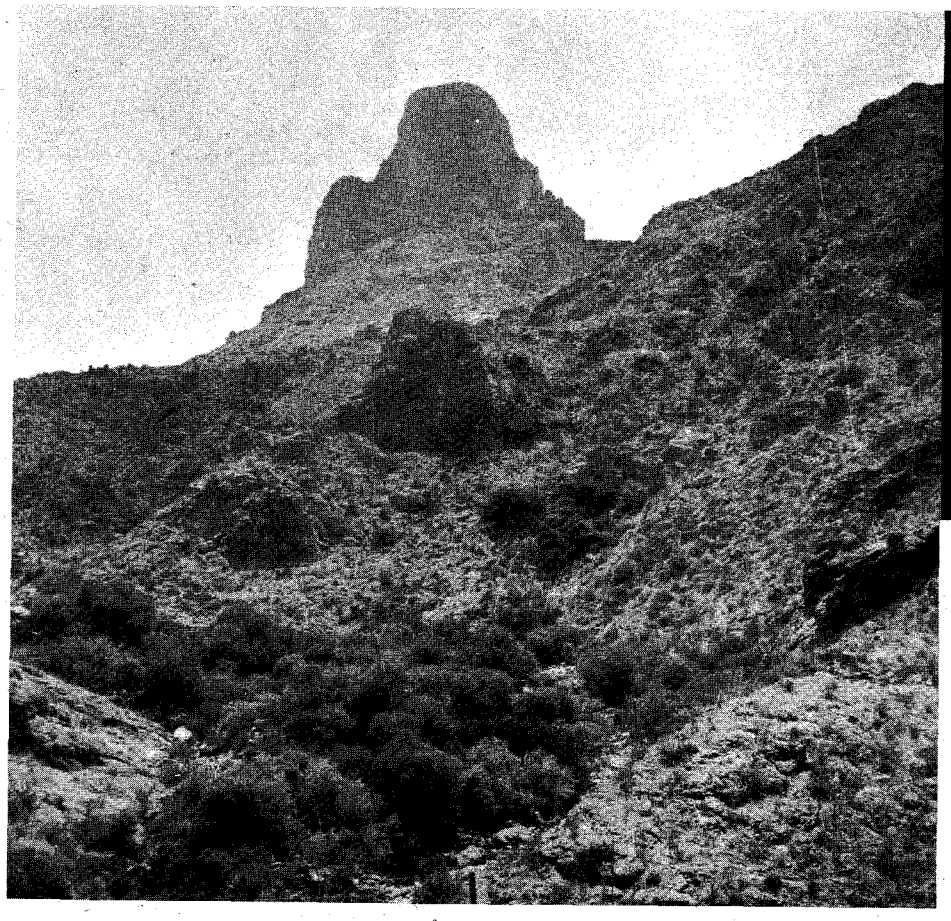


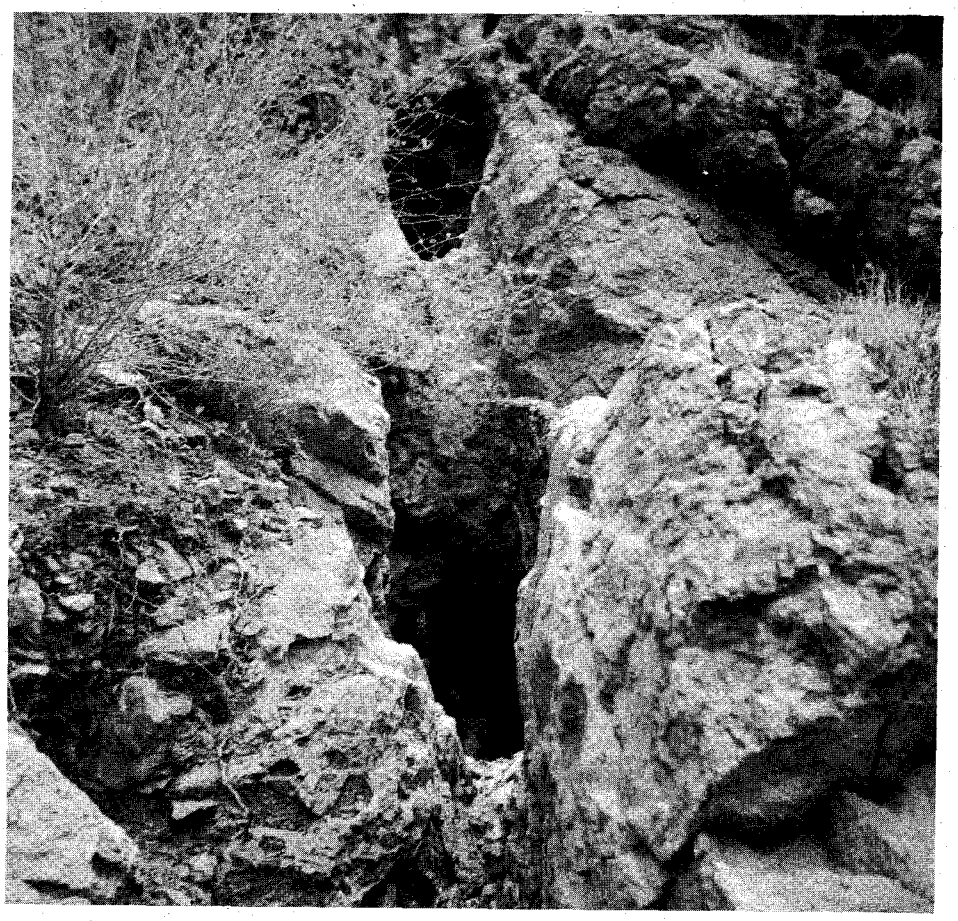
No treasure trove has been so baffling as the will-of-the-wisp in the Superstitions. Maybe now the long search is over

Editor's Note: Following our long established policy of publishing *new* material on *old* subjects whenever we can—and following an even older policy of dodging brickbats, blunt warheads and machetes whenever possible, we offer you a fresh theory on what has happened to the Lost Dutchman Mine. We realize there will be both agreement and disagreement and that Uncle Sam's mailmen give the same fast service to rotten eggs as they do to bouquets (in fact, sometimes we think the former get here a little quicker and in better shape), so we want to take advantage of our editorial right to say:

THIS ARTICLE DOES NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT THE OPINION OF WESTERN PUBLICATIONS!

Responsibility for the statements made lies with the author, who has spent a great deal of time studying his subject and is convinced he has a new slant to share with other prospectors. If what he has to say makes any of you readers want to come out shooting, we sure hope you'll aim a little wide of Old Joe's hat.

Above, photo of Weaver's Needle taken from the actual site of what the author believes is the "Lost Dutchman Gold Mine." Below, mine opening located in Superstition Mountain.



SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN, some fourteen miles in length, curves like a new moon from northwest to southeast across the Arizona desert. From a distance, it resembles a giant battleship. Its peaks jag upward thousands of feet above the desert floor.

The outer serenity of this seemingly peaceful range belies the maze of tangled canyons, steep peaks, hazardous trails and rough waterless terrain it contains. All contribute to the many stories about the Superstition Mountain wilderness area and its most famous "possession"—the Lost Dutchman Mine.

A great deal has been written about the Lost Dutchman. Arnold, Ely, Rosecrans, Storm, Barnard, Mitchell and Lovelace have published fine books on the subject. An article in the August, 1955, issue of TRUE WEST gave a graphic account of death in the Superstitions. A more recent article in TRUE magazine (February, 1962) rehashed Barnard's account—with a few additional frills. Other stories of this nature turn up periodically in a variety of magazines but none contributes anything very important.

Almost a decade has passed since a totally new concept regarding the Dutchman's Lost Mine has been published. Why? Certainly not because of a lack of interest, for the search continues at

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Lost Dutchman Been Found?

Photos by the author

By JAMES E. WELCH

an even more accelerated pace today. I believe this is the result of the erroneous opinion that, in order to substantiate the existence of the mine, it is necessary to prove that millions of dollars' worth of gold can be found at the site.

My story challenges this misconception. And I openly defy anyone to prove me wrong!

The Lost Dutchman Mine is located in the Superstition Mountain wilderness area and is precisely where the Old Dutchman stated!

"In a canyon running north and south.

"You can see the Old Military Trail from the mine, but you can't see the mine from the trail.

"The afternoon sun shines into my mine.

"I can see Weaver's Needle from my mine.

"My mine goes down on a vein of solid gold.

"I don't use a shovel, I just pick it out."

With all of this information available, why hasn't anyone found it or reported its discovery? The answer is surprisingly simple. This famous old mine has been picked cleaner than a hound's tooth! There isn't an ounce of gold there!

As Abe Reid, old-time prospector in the Superstitions, told me, "There's nothing there now but a mess of trouble. It's been mined out thoroughly and completely, lock, stock and barrel. The Old Dutchman didn't cover it up or even attempt to hide it as some writers claim. Why should he go to all the trouble when nature hid it for him?"

WHY HAS it been so difficult to find? The answer is threefold:

Number One. The mine is totally devoid of any gold. Viewed in its present state, it would normally be passed over as just an old Spanish working and promptly forgotten.

Number Two. The mine is located in an area seldom visited by the average weekend hiker due to natural isolation. The actual distance from any of the three customary starting points, the Quarter Circle U Ranch, Phoenix Don's campsite and the First Water Ranch, is approximately the same—about six miles. Thus a trek in and out would total at least twelve miles, too long a trip in one day to allow much time for careful inspection of any special locality. The average hiker seldom remains in the Superstitions overnight and those individuals planning a more extended stay seem to avoid this particular area due to the extreme roughness of the terrain, lack of water and the constant menace of rattlesnakes. Another peculiarity in the immediate vicinity of the mine is an extremely narrow opening in the gorge which funnels the canyon and almost completely obliterates the trail, making it look as though the passage is completely blocked to further travel.

Number Three. The mine itself cannot be seen from the trail and there is no visible path leading to it. The natural terrain offers such perfect camouflage that the mine cannot be seen unless you are actually at the site. The mine could conceivably be overlooked even from a distance of five feet! Ed Piper and Red Mays, both veteran prospectors, devoted over two years searching this area from an established camp within a radius of two miles from the mine and failed to find it.

The Old Dutchman is reported on several occasions to have tantalizingly stated, "You couldn't find my mine even if I was to tell you where it was located!"

This, then, completely answers why the Dutchman's Lost Mine has been so difficult to find throughout the years!

I was not the first to find it, nor will I be the last. Undoubtedly most of those who saw it before I did were deceived by their own eyes. They continued their quest for something that doesn't exist!

There would be no way of knowing how many have gazed at this "world famous mine." I would personally estimate the number to be quite few, however, if only for one reason: the mine and immediate area surrounding it is totally devoid of any desecration. No beer cans or bottles, bean or sardine containers, cigarette butts or empty packages litter the scene. And, most interesting, no trail leading to or from this historic site, nor a tell-tale ore dump, can be detected.

No man living today can actually prove or disprove the existence of this fabled mine. If, however, we accept the testimony of the many old-timers who were convinced of its authenticity, we must either agree that the mine did and does still exist or abandon further search as a useless waste of time and energy.

IT IS my personal conviction that the Lost Dutchman Mine is located in the Superstition Mountain wilderness area and that I did find and photograph it in June, 1956.

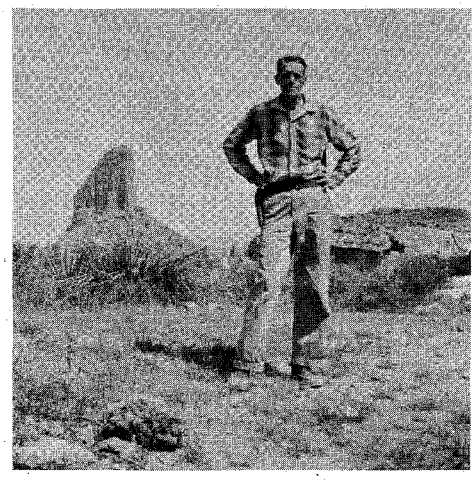
Why am I so positive this is the "lost mine"? Because it answers *every* description attributed to the Lost Dutchman. No other mine in the entire Superstition area even remotely resembles this particular working. Actual evidence substantiates the "ledge of solid gold" and the location of this ledge is visible and unmistakable. Once viewed and thoroughly investigated there is no doubt as to its authenticity.

When I showed Abe Reid the pictures I took of the mine he stated, "Burn 'em and keep your mouth shut. That's the Lost Dutchman all right. No question of that fact. That gold seam could have been lifted out all in one piece once you got at it. Knowledge of that mine, though, is dynamite—and them pictures could set off the fuse. Keep away from there. Nothing there now but trouble. No gold, so who is going to believe you anyway? You just might start a fire you can't put out!"

John Pearce, who prospected the Superstitions for many, many years, told me, "If you think I am going to confirm that mine as being the Lost Dutchman you are crazy. You wouldn't gain anything by revealing its location, except maybe a bullet in the head. Get rid of those pictures, forget you ever found it and keep your mouth shut. And here is some more sound advice—don't go back. What do you want to stir up a mess of

(Continued on page 59)

Below, author; in background, Weaver's Needle.



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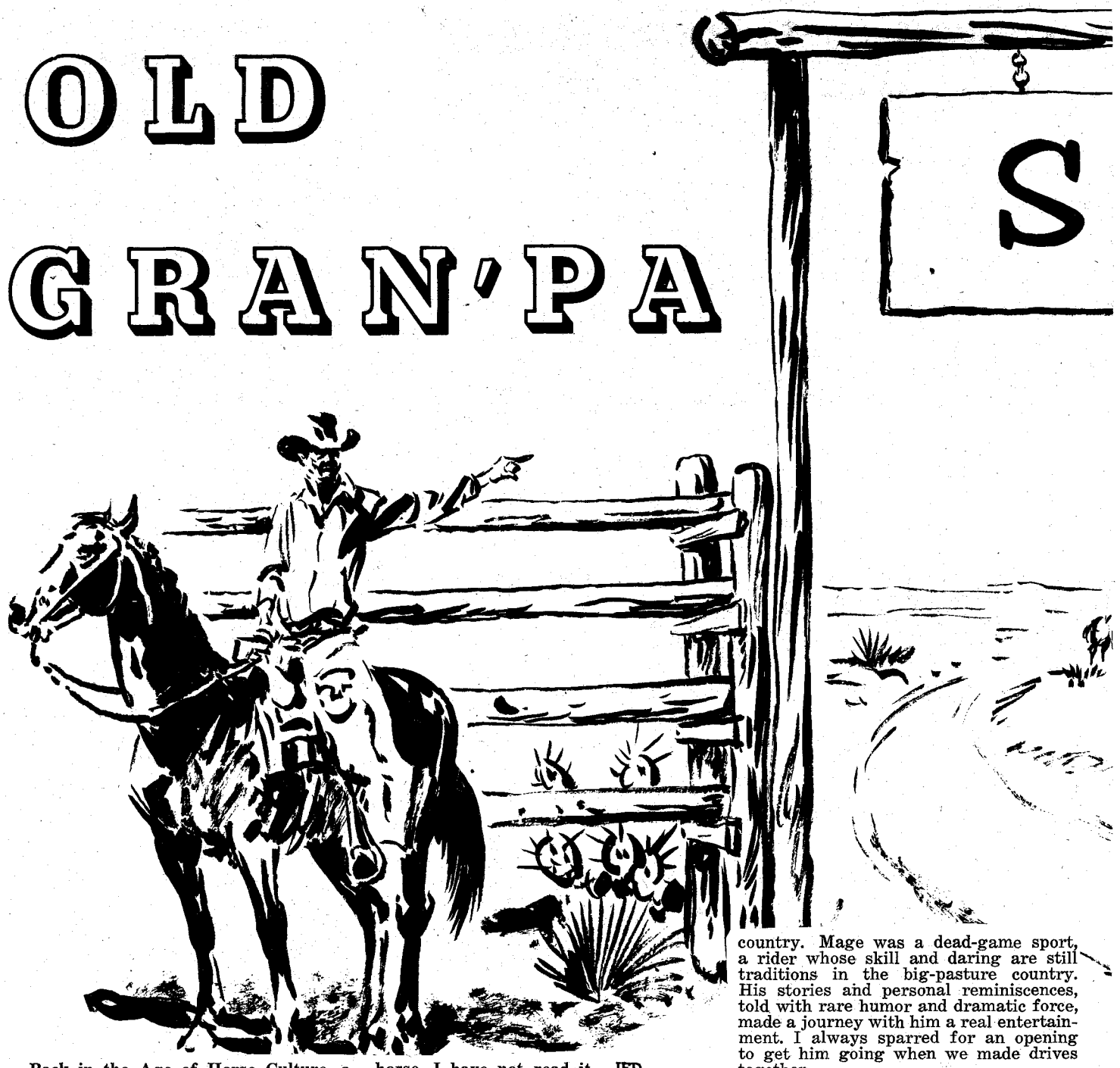
OLD GRAN'PA



Back in the Age of Horse Culture, a man riding west might meet a man riding east, neither knowing the other, and right there away out on the range, forty miles from nowhere, or in the middle of some lane leading to a village hidden by woods, match a horse race. A large percentage of the men who took an interest in horses and horse racing were willing to "back their judgment." Every big ranch had a horse that its cowboys believed in; some little ranches and stock-farms were extremely little because their owners had put faith in the wrong horse.

The story of Old Gran'pa was written by Frank S. Hastings in his book A RANCHMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS, published in 1921 and now long out of print. Mr. Hastings knew horses and ranch people and was manager of the SMS, Swenson Ranch, with headquarters at Stamford, Texas. He had the perspective of a civilized gentleman. If anybody has ever written a better story about a cow horse, I have not read it.—JFD

IT WAS EARLY in June, 1906. Those were the days of Hynes Ranch buggies and "broomtails." Throckmorton Ranch was a full day's drive away. An unexpected turn in events made it necessary for me to make the drive by night. I stopped at headquarters and asked Mage, the foreman, to meet me in Stamford at 7:00 P.M. I told him we would drive Beauty and Black Dolly, two spanking mares he had bought for me. They could take their ten miles an hour steadily for hours, and I threw them in as a special bait to tempt Mage against any local duty he might urge.

Mage stood six-feet five-inches in his socks, every inch of it cowman and horseman. He came to the ranches at thirteen years of age—a much misunderstood kid. But he had grown into a manhood of sweetness and strength, which had surrounded him with the love and respect of every man, woman, and child in the country. Mage was a dead-game sport, a rider whose skill and daring are still traditions in the big-pasture country. His stories and personal reminiscences, told with rare humor and dramatic force, made a journey with him a real entertainment. I always sparred for an opening to get him going when we made drives together.

At seven o'clock he was on hand to the minute, talking to the mares as though they were human. We were off—"heads up and tails over the dashboard." As we swung into the main thoroughfare, the people on the street turned around to watch Mage handle the mares. They were having their little fun before settling to the steady, distance-killing gait, and they were a pair to look at—Beauty, a deep chestnut, both willful and beautiful, and Black Dolly, with her sleek sable coat, still at the giddy age. Mage had the stage driver's trick of coming into town or going out in style. The mares knew his voice and hand, and the light that shone in his eyes told where his heart was. For two hours we chatted or were silent by spells, as is the habit on long drives.

The moon came up in soft fullness—one of those southern moons like the ripeness of love, a perfect heartful. The cool night air was stirring caressingly, and

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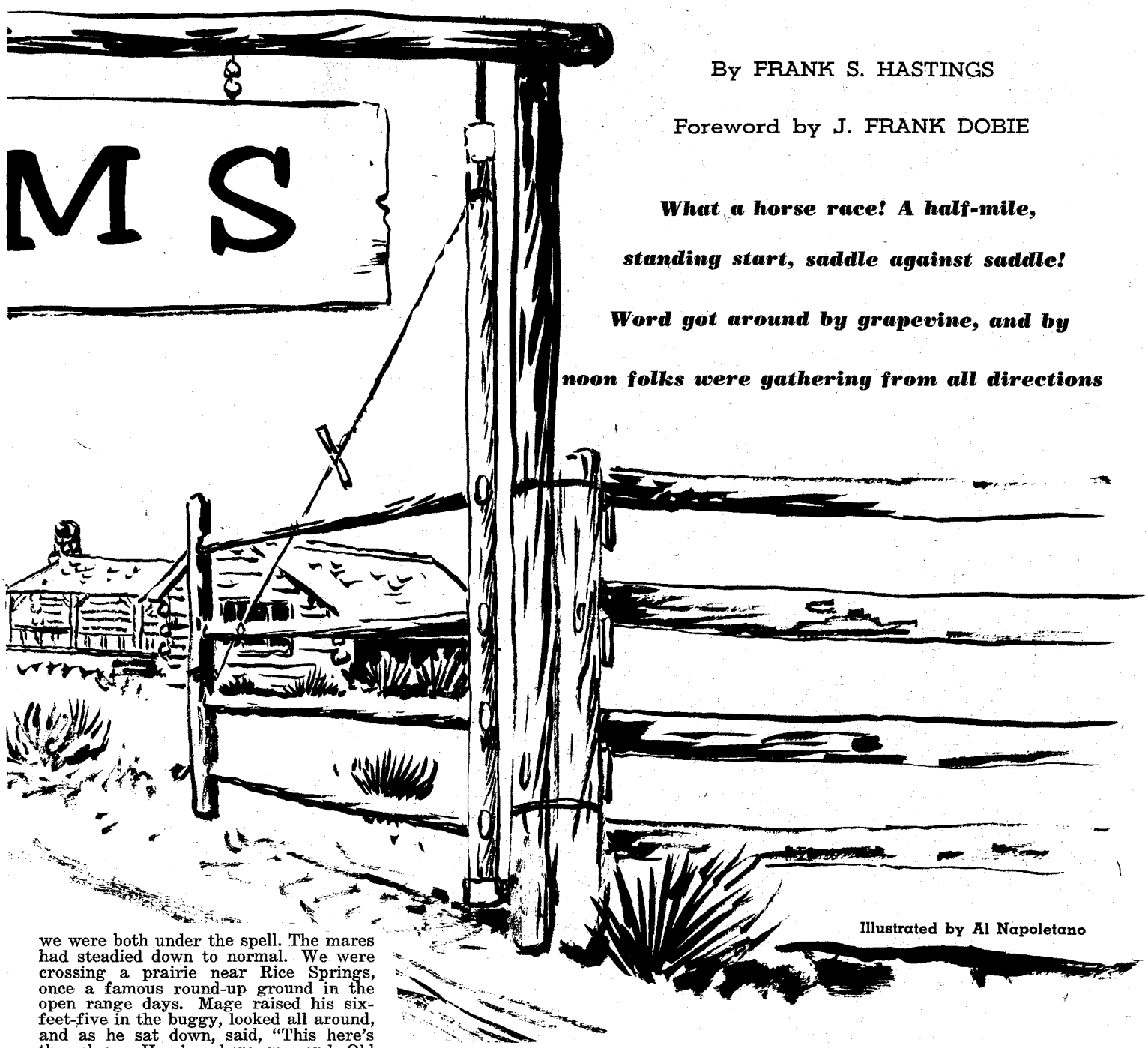

By FRANK S. HASTINGS

Foreword by J. FRANK DOBIE

What a horse race! A half-mile, standing start, saddle against saddle! Word got around by grapevine, and by noon folks were gathering from all directions

Illustrated by Al Napoletano

we were both under the spell. The mares had steadied down to normal. We were crossing a prairie near Rice Springs, once a famous round-up ground in the open range days. Mage raised his six-feet-five in the buggy, looked all around, and as he sat down, said, "This here's the place. Here's where me and Old Gran'pa won our first ditty."

The moon had risen high enough to flood a great flat until we could see for a mile or more. I saw just a beautiful expanse of curly mesquite grass, blending its vivid green with the soft silver moonlight, but Mage saw great crowds lined on either side of a straight half-mile track and two riders—one on a midnight black and the other on a speed-mad sorrel, in deadly contest for supremacy. The stillness of the night—which to me was the calm benediction of peace and rest—was broken for him by wild cheers as a boy and a sorrel horse crossed the line, victors. His face was tense, his eyes shone with the fire of strain and excitement, and then slowly he came back to the stillness and to the moonlight, and to me.

I WAITED a minute, and asked, "What was it, Mage?"

He did not answer until we had crossed the flat. Then, with a little short laugh, peculiar to him before telling a story, he began, "As fur as thet's consarn, it was this away—"

But here let me tell some true things I knew about Old Gran'pa. He was a famous cow pony, originally known as Sorrel Stud. Mage broke him as a three-year-old,and had ridden him some eighteen years. The last few years of that time Stud had come to be known as Old Gran'pa. He was still alive, but had been turned out under good keep, winter and summer, to end his days in peace. He was very fast, and was considered among the top cutting horses of his time. Mage's worship of this horse is only typical of every cowboy's love for his pet horse. But to his story:

"It was this away. We hed fenced some, but allus hed lots o' strays on the open range, an' Shorty Owen (who, by the way, stood six-feet six-inches) tole me early in the spring he would send me out to gather strays when the big round-ups begun, an' 'lowed I best be gettin' my plunder rounded up. That was 'fore you come, but you know he was the SMS range boss, an' mighty nigh raised me. He tuk to me the day I hit the ranch. 'Kid,' he says, 'you ain't never hed no chanct, an' I'm a-goin' to giv' you one.'

"Shorty taught me to ride—hobbled my feet under a three-year-ole steer onct, an' turned him a-loose. We hed it roun' an' roun' with the whole outfit hollerin', 'Stay with 'im, kid!' I stayed all right, but when he pitched into a bunch o' mesquites, I sure would 'a' left 'im if these here preachers is right 'bout 'free moral agency,' but them hobbles helt me back, and I stayed fer the benediction. Since thet time I never seed a hoss I was scairt to climb on.

"Shorty cut Sorrel Stud out to me when he was a bronc, an' said, 'Break him right, kid; I think you got a cow hoss if he ain't spoilt in the breakin'. An' I done it without ever hittin' him a lick. As fur as thet's consarn, I never hit

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him but onct' an' thet was the time him an' me both failed, only Shorty said we didn't fail; we jes' went to the las' ditch. But thet's another story.

"I wisht you could a-seed Sorrel Stud in his prime. He was a hoss! I thought 'bout it today when you hed yore arms 'round his neck an' was a-talkin' to him 'bout me, an' I wondered if anybody 'cept me could understan' thet Sorrel Stud an' Ole Gran'pa was the same hoss. But when I got up an' thumbed him an' made him pitch me off jest to show you what a twenty-year-old hoss could do, did you see the fire come back into them eyes, an' them ears lay back? Hones' to God, Frank, he was a hoss!

"I know I was jest a rough kid when I come, but a-tween Shorty Owen an' maybe a little doin' right fer right's sake, I tried to live an hones' life. But they's two things me an' St. Peter may hev to chew 'bout a little at the gate. You know what a fool I am 'bout tomatoes? Well, onct I stole a dozen cans from the chuckwagon and hid 'em out in the cedar brakes. But the boys at the wagon hed me so plum scart 'bout Injuns thet I never did git to them tomatoes.

"Well, Ole Gran'pa is jest as plum a fool 'bout oats as I be 'bout tomatoes. I'll admit I stole this here outfit's oats fer him ten years, till the high boss was out onct from New York and seed Old Gran'pa go to a prairie fire. Of course I was up, an' he sed he guessed he could pay fer Gran'pa's oats the rest o' his days. Joe was mighty perticular 'bout company oats. We hed to haul 'em sixty miles, but I think he slipped a mess to White Pet onct in a while hisself. I used to wait 'til the boys hed hit their hot rolls, then I'd slip out to the corner o' the hoss pasture, an' Ole Gran'pa was allus waitin' fur me an' he'd never leave a stray oat to give us away.

"They called me 'the S M S Kid.' I was 'bout sixteen. I could ride some an' I allus hed a little money back from my wages. So when Shorty Owen tole me I was a-goin', I used thet an' all I made up to the goin' time fer an outfit. I hed a good season saddle, a Gallup; but I bought a bridle with plenty o' doodads on it. Then you know my Injun likin' fer color. I bought a yaller swet blanket, an' a top red Navajo blanket fer Gran'pa. He kinda leaned to color too. I set up all night with Swartz an' made him finish a pair o' top-stitched boots, an' I hed enuff left fer new duckin' pants, red flannel shirt, an' a plaid fer change, shop-made bit an' spurs, both inlaid, a yaller silk handkerchief, a new hot roll, an' a twelve-dollar beaver John B. Then Shorty Owen cut out my mount. An' course I hed Sorrel Stud; he was six years old, right in his prime, an' I kep' him shinin'. Then there war nine more, all good ones—Blutcher, Alma, Polecat, Tattership, Bead Eye, Louscage, Possum, Silver Dollar, an' Badger, three of 'em from Shorty's own mount.

"'Kid,' says Shorty, 'you got as good as the best o' 'em. I wants fer you to mind thet on this here work you're representin' this here outfit. Keep yore head, an' come back with it up. But I'd bet my life on you, an' this here outfit is trailin' you to the las' ditch.'"

MAGE'S VOICE was getting low here, and he swallowed on the last words, paused for a moment, then with that laugh of his continued, "Well, I'm stringin' 'em out a mile here, when I ought to have 'em bunched. Thet was a great summer. I worked in the big outfit with men an' hosses thet knowed how to turn a cow, an' the captain o' the round-up got to puttin' me an' Stud into the thick o' it purty reg'ler.

Mage on "Old Gran'pa."

"It allus seemed thet when I rode Stud, Split Miller rode a little hoss called Midnight, an' he sure was a hoss; black as midnight, 'cept fer a white star in the forehead, short-coupled an' quicker then forked lightin'. He would cut with the bridle off, an' fast? He was a cyclone. Every night 'roun' the camp-fire Split kep' pitchin' a load into me 'bout the Stud. Onct it was, 'Well, Kid, I seed you hed the little scrub out watchin' Midnight work.' Or, 'Say, Kid, I believe if you hed somethin' to ride you'd be a hand.' I swelled up some, but I remembered what Shorty Owens sed, 'Keep yore head an' come back with it up.' An' Split wusn't mean. He jest loved to josh. Two or three times the captain said, 'Split, let the Kid alone.' But he'd shoot one at me as he rode by in the work, and was allus badgerin' me fer a race.

"Then I kinda fell into watchin' Midnight run somethin'; an' I'd start Stud in the same direction to pace him. An' I come alive; the Stud was full as fast. I jest naturally supposed thet Midnight could beat anything, but I kep' a-tryin' an' my eyes kep, a opening'. One night Split got mighty raw, an' finally says, 'Kid I'll jest give you twenty dollars to run a half-mile race, standin' start, saddle agin' saddle.' An' then I fergot Shorty's instructions an' los' my head.

"'Split,' I ses, 'you been pickin' on me ever sinct I come to this here work. Me an' Stud don't need no twenty dollars to run you. An even break's good enuff fer us, saddle fer sadle, bridle fer bridle, blanket fer blanket, spur fer spur.'

"'Good enuf, Kid,' sez Split. 'Got enything else—eny money?'

"'No,' I sez, 'ain't got no money, but I got sum damned good rags and a new hot roll.'

"Then the captain o' the round-up tuk a hand. But my blood wus up, an' they put cash allowances on all my plunder, an' I bet it 'gainst money. They give me twelve dollars fer my Swartz boots, eight dollars fer my John B., five dollars fer my corduroy coat, four dollars fer my shirts, an' two dollars fer my duckin's. It war Wednesday, an' the race was to be pulled off Saturday evenin', straight half-mile, standin' start at the pop o' a gun. The captain tuk the thing in charge an' sed he'd lick eny damned puncher thet tried to run a sandy on the kid.

"It was all settled, but by the time I hed crawled into my hot roll thet night I 'membered the talk Shorty Owen give me. Stud was kinda mine, but he war a company hoss, arter all, to work on an' not fer racin', an' I sure was in a jackpot fer losin' my head. Well, the nex' day I tuk Stud off to practice fer a standin' start. You know how I say 'Now!' when I'm workin' on a hoss and jest as I want him to do somethin'. Well, Stud he'd been trained thet away, with jest a little touch o' the spur, an' I figured to say 'Now!' as the gun popped an' touch him thet away, an' he got the idee.

"Thet night I tuk him to the track an' put him over it four or five times. An' onct when we was restin' a-tween heats I says to him, 'Stud, if me an' you loses this here race, looks like we'd hev to steal off home in the night an' both o' us mighty nigh naked.'

EVERYBODY knocked off work Saturday. You know how even in them days word gits 'bout by the grapevine. Well, by noon they was ridin' an' drivin' in from all directions. The wimin folks brought pies and cakes. The cusey cooked up two sacks o' flour an' we hed to kill two beeves. Everybody et at the chuckwagon an' it was some picnic.

"I tol' the fellers not to bet on me an' Stud, but they was plenty o' money on both sides. An' a girl with black eyes an' hair jest as purty as a bran' new red wagon sez, 'Kid, if you win I'm a-goin' to knit you some hot-roll socks.' An' Ole Pop Sellers sez, 'Better look at them feet an' begin figgurin' on yarn, 'cause the Kid's a-goin' to win.'

"But Split hed a girl, too, an' she up an' sez, 'If the Kid's depending on them there socks to keep warm, he's mighty apt to git frost-bit this winter.' Well, you know the josh thet goes 'round when a big bunch o' cow people git together. An' they was a plenty, until I was plumb flustrated. When the time cum, a starter on a good hoss was to see thet we got off fair an' then ride with us as sort o' pace-maker an' try an' see the finish. But his hoss wasn't in Midnight's an' Stud's class.

"Split, he seemed to figure thet Midnight didn't need no trainin', he hed run so meny races an' never been beat. So all Split did was saddle Midnight an' stan' 'round an' josh. But me an' Stud was addled, an' I warmed him up a bit, talkin' to him all the time. I was worrited

(*Continued on page 67*)

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Proof of their victory over the Arapahoes will never be known—for on that return trip, the one horse in Company B that escaped was the one with . . .

Chief Washakie's Sack of Scalps

By BILL JUDGE

Chief Washakie and his grandchild

N. H. Rose Collection

SHOULDERS ROUNDED with weariness, a double column of cavalrymen slowly pushed its way across a sagebrush flat in central Wyoming. For four successive nights the men had been denied a normal period of rest; four days had gone by without a fire to cook a hot meal or boil coffee; their natty blue uniforms were wrinkled and grey with an over-coating of sweat stains and dust. Riding by night, hiding by day, the strain of little sleep, scant food and alkali water had begun to show.

It was a strange way to celebrate Independence Day, that 4th of July, 1874.

Old cavalrymen that they were, many were asleep in their saddles, depending upon their trained mounts to maintain proper position in the plodding column. Two sergeants, one on each side, kept a watchful eye on their drowsy charges, preventing stragglers in the rear or wayward strays to the side.

A sudden clatter of unshod hoofs immediately alerted all members of the column. A loose horse, dimly outlined by starlight, swept by to the rear. In hot pursuit were several figures hunched over the forequarters of their mounts, riding as only Indians ride, belaboring their ponies with sharp cuts of rawhide whips.

Out of 250 captured horses, the one that carried Chief Washakie's gunnysack full of scalps, proof of a glorious victory over the Arapahoes, had to be the one to escape!

After the Shoshone warriors, who had ineffectively pursued the runaway Arapahoe pony, rejoined their comrades, the guttural bark of an angry voice berating the unsuccessful returnees could be heard in the darkness ahead.

One of the still-awake troopers predicted, "Old Wash may not have his 'Rappyhoe' scalps, but he is sure gonna have some substitutes unless whoever was careless has an awful good excuse."

GENERAL "Little Phil" Sheridan was at Camp Brown on an inspection trip, June 30, the day two Shoshone scouts reported they had located the Arapahoes who had been raiding the Wind River valley.

For several years, the Arapahoes had made life miserable and dangerous for settlers in the region. Ranchers and their families had been killed in the rural areas. Cattle and horses were run off or senselessly slaughtered. Small freighter outfits and stagecoaches had been ambushed—passengers were killed, equipment and freight, stolen or burned. Raids had even been made on the outskirts of Atlantic City and South Pass, two wealthy and populous gold mining communities in the Wind River Mountains.

Several expeditions, both military and civilian, had been sent to punish the marauders, but their pursuit might as well have been announced with trumpets. Marching had been done in broad daylight. Large fires with dense smoke columns by day, and bright flames at night, had warned the Indians of their presence. One expedition, comprised of volunteer miners from Atlantic City and South Pass, had relied more on liquid refreshments than solids. No permanent harm was done to the hostiles or to themselves, but the befuddled miners could not understand why they encountered no Arapahoes.

The present expedition was to be different. General Sheridan wanted the Indians punished; he demanded results,

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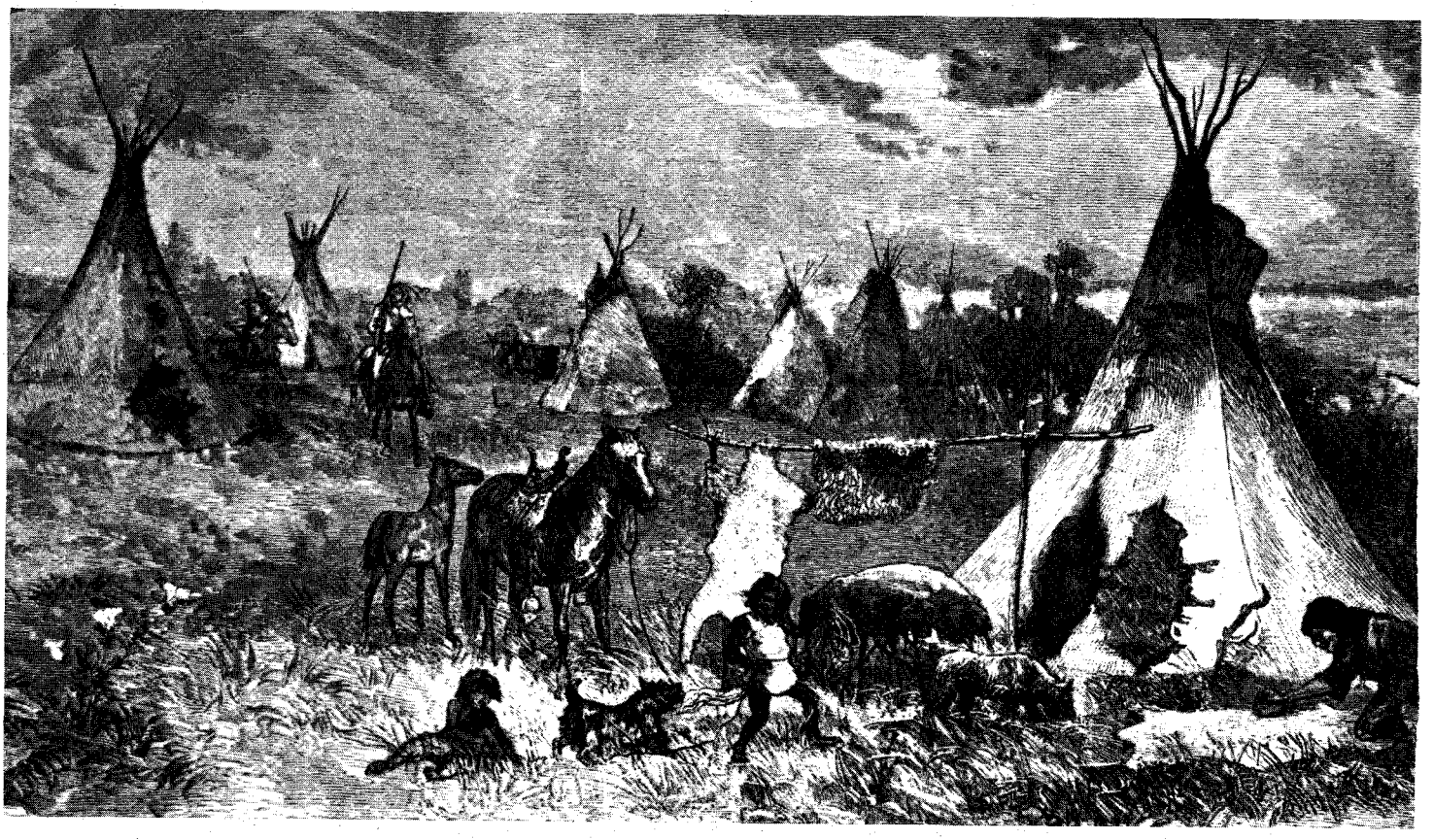

A typical Indian village

was bored with alibis and excuses. Sheridan was a hard driver and a member of the "only good Indians are dead Indians," "nits make lice," Indian-hating club.

Little Phil approved forced night marches and daytime concealment. Orders were issued to Captain Alfred E. Bates and Company B of the Second Cavalry to be ready to march within twenty-four hours. A maximum of four days was given Captain Bates to reach the village, reported to be eighty or ninety miles from Camp Brown.

A section of Company B on detached service thirty miles distant at Fort Stambaugh, guarding the approaches to Atlantic City and South Pass, was ordered to report immediately at Camp Brown for field service. Arrival of the Stambaugh unit brought the company up to its full complement of sixty-three men.

Captain Bates was the commanding officer of the expedition, with Lieutenant Robinson as his second in command. Lieutenant R. H. Young of the Fourth Infantry, had been training a company of Shoshone scouts patterned after the famous Pawnee scout battalion of Frank and Luther North. This company of Shoshone scouts and Lieutenant Young were temporarily attached to the command of Captain Bates.

Doctor Maghee, civilian contract surgeon at Camp Brown, was assigned to the expedition and four civilian hunters, headquartering at the Indian Agency, volunteered their services.

Many of the vicious Arapahoe raids had been directed at the Shoshones on the reservation surrounding Camp Brown. Chief Washakie, their grand old chief and long-time friend of the white man, decided to accompany the expedition with 150 of his warriors.

Four days of pre-cooked rations and 200 rounds of ammunition were issued to each official member of Captain Bates' command. With all preparations and plans completed, the task force departed Camp Brown on the evening of July 1.

THE FIRST NIGHT'S journey down the Popo Agie was comparatively level and easy going and the bold morning light of July 2 found the expedition concealed and resting in timber along the south side of the Wind River, thirty-five miles from Camp Brown. Word was passed that there would be no fires kindled for any purpose.

The second night of travel over a stretch of barren badlands was much more difficult. They scrambled up hills, slithering and sliding down their opposite sides; clouds of fine chalk-like dust clogged the nostrils of both men and horses. Their forward movement resembled the progress of a huge inch-worm, continually expanding and contracting with successive vertical peaks and dips over hills, banks and gulches.

Early on the morning of July 3, they found themselves in the valley of Bad Water Creek, forty-five miles beyond the previous day's camp. Bad Water Creek was aptly named. It fully lived up to the old saw of being "too thick to drink and too thin to plow." For once the men didn't complain over the lack of hot coffee; the alkali water would have ruined the best of brews.

Scouts were sent out at noon from the Bad Water to determine the exact location of the hostile camp. When dusk drew on, the main force detoured to the south so the village could be approached from that direction. The board of strategy had decided that lookouts would be more relaxed on the village sides away from Camp Brown.

The third night of travel was the most exhausting of all. The detour brought the expedition into the headwaters of several small creeks eventually emptying into the Big Wind. These creeks originated in marshes and bogs, which the horses soon churned into quagmires that proved exhausting to everyone. Equally productive of fatigue were the deep arroyos, high sand ridges and thickly entangled clumps of sagebrush.

Toward morning, the howl of a lone wolf signalled the return of two Shoshone scouts sent to locate the Arapahoe village. They brought the good news that the village had moved south of its original location and wasn't far away from the present position of the expedition.

Shortly after, two ponies that had strayed from the village herd were captured. With this fresh evidence of the proximity of the enemy, a halt was made and scouts were again sent out. They reported that the village was peacefully camped not more than a mile distant.

CAPTAIN BATES immediately moved his command forward half the distance, then rode on accompanied by one of the scouts, to personally reconnoitre the situation and plan the attack. Bates found that the village was located in a small canyon, through which flowed the stream known as No Wood Creek. The floor of the ravine varied in width from 30 to 100 yards. Fortunately for the attacking force, the wall of the ravine nearest them was more gently sloped than on the opposite side, where it reached a height of 500 feet. The upper portion of the wall was almost vertical and difficult to climb or descend with safety. The canyon began on the high plains to the west and after winding through hills for a couple of miles, emptied into a broad valley. Above the site of the Indian village was a side ravine which headed about a mile to the north

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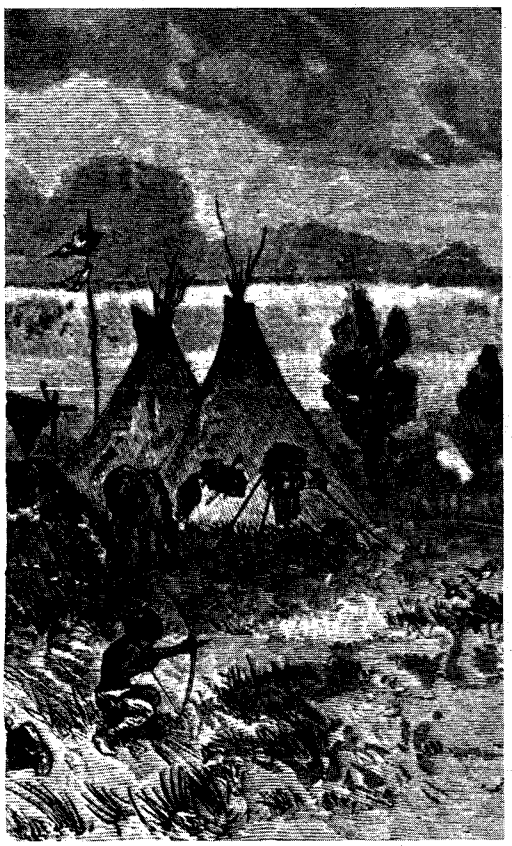

of the main canyon. The Indians were camped along the north side of the little creek, inside the angle formed by the side ravine and the main canyon.

Captain Bates could count 112 lodges which, by the frontier rule of thumb, meant a fighting force of around 400 men. Intermingled with the Arapahoes were a few Cheyenne and Sioux lodges. Evidently, Captain Bates could not see all of the village, for the Arapahoes said later that there were 300 lodges, which extended down the stream for two miles.

Directly opposite the cavalry's position and halfway between the encampment and the north wall were twin-rounded buttes. Rock strewn, they much resembled overgrown ant hills and were of the type often described as "tetons" by French explorers. Their tops were nearly even with the canyon rims. The buttes dominated the encampment ground and were to prove key battle positions.

Captain Bates decided to split his forces to catch the village in a squeeze attack. Returning to his halted command, he dispatched Lieutenant Young with his company of Shoshone scouts a half-mile to the west side of the village for a mounted charge down the ravine from that direction. Four white scouts accompanied Lieutenant Young.

Captain Bates dismounted his own men of Company B to advance as infantry. They were to drive directly across the head of the village to the two buttes that overlooked the battlefield.

Chief Washakie with his mounted warriors formed on the left of Captain Bates toward Lieutenant Young. All went well with the attacking force, until the young untried warriors of Washakie sighted the village. Unable to restrain their youthful exuberance, their war cries alarmed the village and prevented a complete surprise. With the cat out of the bag, there was nothing Captain Bates could do but have his bugler prematurely sound the charge that sent his command into action.

Lieutenant Young and his company of scouts charged through the head of the village, causing considerable havoc and captured 250 horses, which had been tethered close to their owners' lodges. Another 150 horses broke loose, placing the Arapahoes on foot and at a temporary disadvantage. The advantage was lost when the Shoshones' attention was distracted by the sight of the horses.

This was a common complaint of the whites toward all Indian allies accompanying military expeditions. Few Indians could resist the sight of what was to them sudden wealth and affluence. The scout company and the majority of Washakie's warriors pursued the loose horses and their services were lost through the remainder of the battle.

CHIEF WASHAKIE and about fifteen of the more seasoned scouts remained loyal to their trust. These, together with the four white hunters, were all that remained of Lieutenant Young's force. Nevertheless, a dozen Arapahoes were killed before the remainder fled to the key hill positions above the village.

Young, with his loyal few, recognized this threat to the occupation of the village by Captain Bates. They were too

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Chief Washakie, (center) Washakie was born in 1804, died 1900.

N. H. Rose Collection

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Nell Murbarger

Pioche in 1871, where many of the miners spent their time. Look closely at the signs on the buildings.

IN THE great California gold rush of the late 1840s, gold was found at first in the creek beds, washed in gold pans, and separated from the gravel. As the amount gradually diminished it occurred to many that this surface gold must have a source and they found its origin was in quartz ledges existing above and higher up.

These ledges dipped deep into the ground and eventually required underground hard-rock mining which was to be carried on the full length of the famous Mother Lode of California (in fact throughout the entire mining districts of the West, the great Comstock Silver Lode of Nevada, the copper mines of Butte, and the gold, silver and lead mines of the many smaller camps).

In Cornwall, England, eighty years ago and, perhaps, even to this day, three occupations were available but these occupations were somewhat inherited.

A man was a fisherman because his father was and his grandfather, too, and he was a good fisherman and he knew the ways of fish; or he was a farmer, and he inherited the piece of ground he was born on, he knew a lot about that ground; and then there was the Cornish miner—he had carried a candle for his father in the mines when he was a little boy and he, too, became a miner at an early age.

While the Welchman worked the coal mines, the Cornishmen worked the tin mines which were old and deep and ran sometimes for miles under the ocean. The Cornish miner knew little about a farm, although he may have a small garden or kept a pig, but his ignorance in handling a horse was a joke everywhere. He would as soon place the bridle under the horse's tail as in his mouth, and the idea of deep-sea fishing was repugnant and not to be considered.

However, he was an honest-to-goodness miner and he knew all about all kinds of ground and how to place a round of holes so the ground would break clear to the best advantage. He recognized the sound by tapping the rock that would tell him it was not safe to work under without timbering, and he knew how to put those timbers in when necessary. These men were beautiful double-hand hammersmen who never missed the drill.

It was natural that when news of the great new mines of America came to Cornwall, they should want to see that land of promise with its golden sunsets and its clouds of silver lining. So they came and they brought their women, their strange speech, their manners and customs, their ignorance and, in many cases, illiteracy, their knowledge of old country mining, their abuse of their women, their craftiness, their laziness, their love of singing, their hate of the Irish, their religion, their superstitions and their hopes and desires.

Many came in the seventies and some in the eighties. They named as many of their sons Richard and Alfred as they could and Richard was called Dickey. The first generation Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jennies are all gone; the second generation are almost gone too, but the third generation are still with us and entirely absorbed into a solid citizenry. Grass Valley, California, was and is still theirs.

The graveyards of Virginia City, Pioche, Eureka, Austin, Aurora, Bodie, Randsburg and Butte, Montana, and every camp in which they worked, and they worked them all, bear their inscriptions.

THE IRISH of Marcus Daly drove them out of Butte, and in Virginia City it was an everlasting battle. Dick Hitchens, a second generation Cousin Jack was shift boss at the old Standard Mine in Bodie. Dick was a big, good-natured fellow and a good safe man. He would come into my stope and we would

(Continued on page 60)

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If you listen close, you can still hear laughter echoing up from the mines. Their songs and their shouts and their "unholy" prayers hover yet in the gulches and canyons

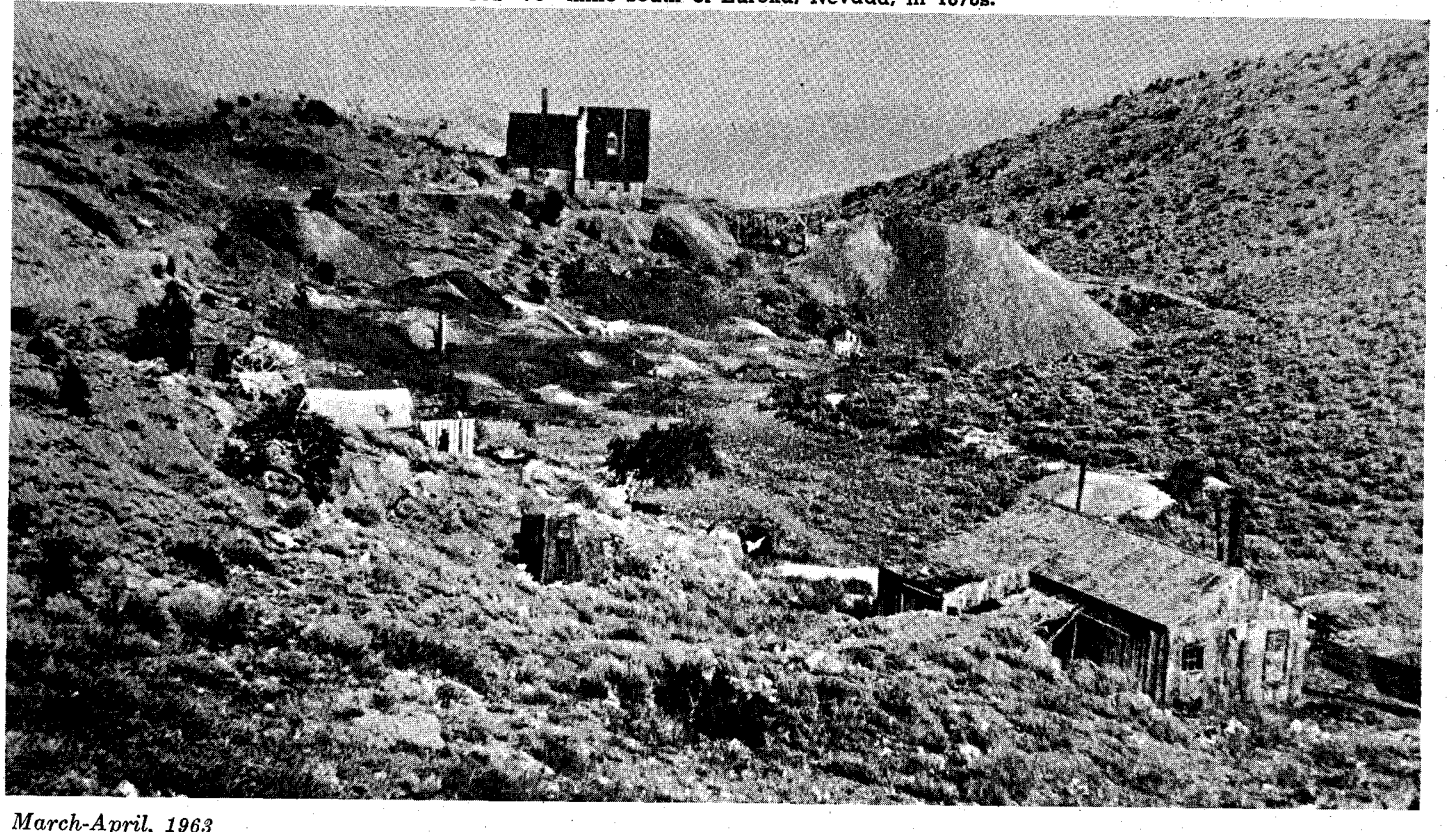
Denver Public Library

This group of Cornish miners got together for this picture in Central City, Colorado.

By JOHN HOFFMAN

Humor of the Cousin Jacks

Old "76" mine south of Eureka, Nevada, in 1870s.



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STRONG

PIERRE GARREAU, one of the most daring and picturesque figures of the fur trading days, claimed to be the son of a Turtle Mountain Frenchman and a Cree woman. According to his own account he was born in the Turtle Mountain country about 1798 and lived there until after his father's death. When Pierre was a young man he went with his mother to the Missouri country and lived with the Arikara.

Soon after Fort Clark was established (1831) Garreau was made a member of one of the keel boat crews. All the robes and peltries were taken down to St. Louis and on the return trip the boats brought back loads of goods for the Indian trade. Pierre went on several of these trips and was fond of telling of his visits to "Brick Houses," as he called St. Louis. After one of these trips he remained in St. Louis for three or four years and worked in a bakery.

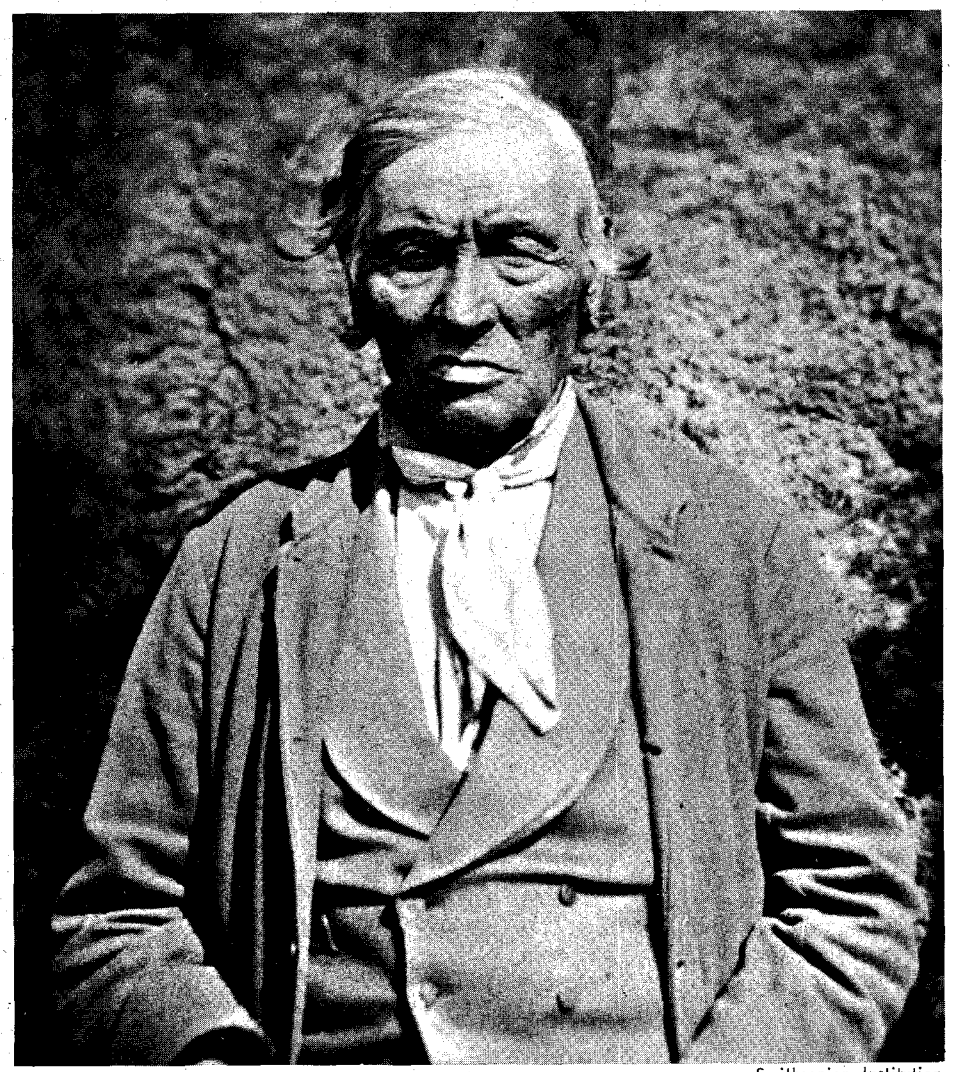
Then the wild called him and he went back to Fort Clark to act as its hunter. His task was to keep the fort supplied with fresh meat and when one year the buffalo did not come up on the west side of the river, Garreau and a French employee of the fort crossed to the east bank. Night overtook them near Dogden Butte and they camped in a little depression where there was good grass and water.

They were ambushed there and just at daylight a volley from the high ground mortally wounded Garreau's companion. Garreau sprang up, threw his gun out into the grass and holding his hands up, called out, "I don't know who you are, but I am Long Hair. Come and get me. I don't want to lie here and be shot like a dog by my own campfire."

The party proved to be seventeen mounted Assiniboines led by their famous chief, Red Stone. Elated at their easy capture of so noted a hunter as Long Hair, they started to bind his arms behind him but Garreau said, "No, I will go without being tied."

This pleased the Assiniboines and the whole party headed north toward their village, the captive marching on foot between two riders. As was their custom when no immediate danger threatened, the Indians halted for a rest and smoke. They squatted in an irregular circle and a young warrior filled the pipe and passed it to the chief.

Garreau, as a prisoner, had been placed inside the circle. When the pipe had been filled and lighted, the young man in charge of this task took it to his chief but Garreau reached out and seized it, saying, "I smoke first. I am chief here."



Smithsonian Institution

Pierre Garreau in 1881

AT THAT, Red Stone leaped up and raised his tomahawk, but Garreau struck the chief's wrist a paralyzing blow with his left fist and sent the weapon flying. At the same instant, Garreau seized the chief's side just below the ribs in a crushing grip with the same hand that had so effectively disposed of the tomahawk. With his right hand he snatched a gun from the bosom of his hunting shirt. Pressing the gun against Red Stone's body, he began his death song.

The hunter's daring paralyzed the whole band, who sat like statues. Red Stone could offer no resistance. Garreau halted his chant and called out, "Why don't you shoot? I am ready and this man is ready. We will go together, but I do not want to go alone. I want some brave man to go with me and, Red Stone, you are the man!"

After a long pause a warrior shouted, "We don't want to kill you, Long Hair."

Pierre replied, "If you do not kill me, I will not kill your chief. But you must start off on the prairie and when you are out of sight, I will let this man go."

The sixteen Assiniboines approached their horses, but Garreau called out, "No, those horses are all mine to pay for my partner you killed this morning. Take all your things but leave the horses for me."

A brief parley ensued but the Indians were cowed by Garreau's audacity. Their chief was still in Long Hair's fearful grip and his fate very obviously depended upon their next move. The Indians departed on foot, carrying with them their saddles and blankets.

When they were out of sight Garreau released his grip on Red Stone's side and said, "Red Stone, get your horse and go to your people and tell them what one brave man did all alone."

After Red Stone rode away Garreau mounted his own horse and hurried his captured Indian ponies to the river bank opposite Fort Clark. Then, with two men, he returned to his camp and brought the buffalo meat he had secured to the fort. The body of his companion was buried where he had been killed.

This incident greatly increased Garreau's fame. Everywhere he went he received the homage which is given to brave men in a new country. Even children used to follow him and stand outside his door to see the hand that "pinched the Assiniboine."

When Horatio H. Larned was assigned for duty at Fort Berthold, he found Pierre Garreau there. Larned found Garreau exemplary in his personal

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MEDICINE

By O. G. LIBBY

Pierre Garreau, using bravado as a weapon, maintained an endless quest for men—white or red—who were braver or more daring than he. No man qualified. No man ever backed him down.

Cloud Man, an Assiniboine Indian

Museum of the American Indian

habits, strictly temperate, moral and honest. He was entirely without education and could not even write his own name but was a devout Catholic and frequently wore a rosary which he said he had received from his father when a boy.

IN 1886 a war party of Dakotas rode out of the hills and came up to destroy the trading post at Fort Berthold. They rode to within a short distance of the fort and dismounted. About 100 warriors, holding their blankets about their necks, approached the front gate and squatted in a big circle. They began to lash themselves into a fury preparatory to attacking the stockade.

At this moment Garreau came out of his room, impressively dressed in black trousers and a blue shirt. He had a red sash around his waist and a bright red handkerchief about his head. In his hand he held two long, bright knives. "Me stop that talk," he said to the men in the fort. "Every Indian has a lariat under his blanket. Pretty quick they will come over the pickets like birds and then we will be through."

A man opened the wicket gate and Pierre rushed out. He jumped over into the circle of Dakota warriors.

He then gave a war whoop and shouted, "I like to hear you brave men talk! I am a brave man myself!"

Halting before one of the warriors he boasted, "I killed your brother up in the Big Bend. All of you know about that. His scalp hung in my room many moons and every time I saw it, my heart felt good."

Then throwing up his left hand, Garreau said, "And this is the hand that squeezed the Assiniboine. You all know about that. I have lived in your country many winters and never have found as brave a man as I am. I am looking for one here. I want some man to take one of these knives and I will take the other —then we will see who is brave."

He strutted all around the circle offering a knife to each in turn, but none would accept it.

Then, assuming a look of disgust, he taunted them with being old women, fit only for camp drudgery. The Dakotas were so taken aback they could not answer. Perhaps awed by his effrontery, or cowed by the reports of his prowess, they did not take up his challenge. The war party was at an end. In thirty minutes they had mounted their ponies and were headed toward the hills.

Pierre's three sons later lost their lives in the warfare which was waged between the Sioux and the Arikara. Hidatsa and Mandans. They were returning from a successful hunt when one of their pack horses threw its load of meat and ran away. The three brothers stopped behind the main party to recover the pony and bring in the load.

When the three young men did not come back, a well-armed party with Pierre at the head started out to search for them. Near the place where the boys had separated from the main group, the party found them, scalped and their bodies riddled with arrows.

After this tragedy Pierre was totally unfit to remain with the Three Tribes as a trader. He was soon recalled to Fort Berthold.

To Pierre himself, it was not given to die in the warfare of the Plains which had won him such fame. The end came sadly and obscurely at the trading post in 1881. Aged, somewhat infirm, mourning his family, he was living alone. In

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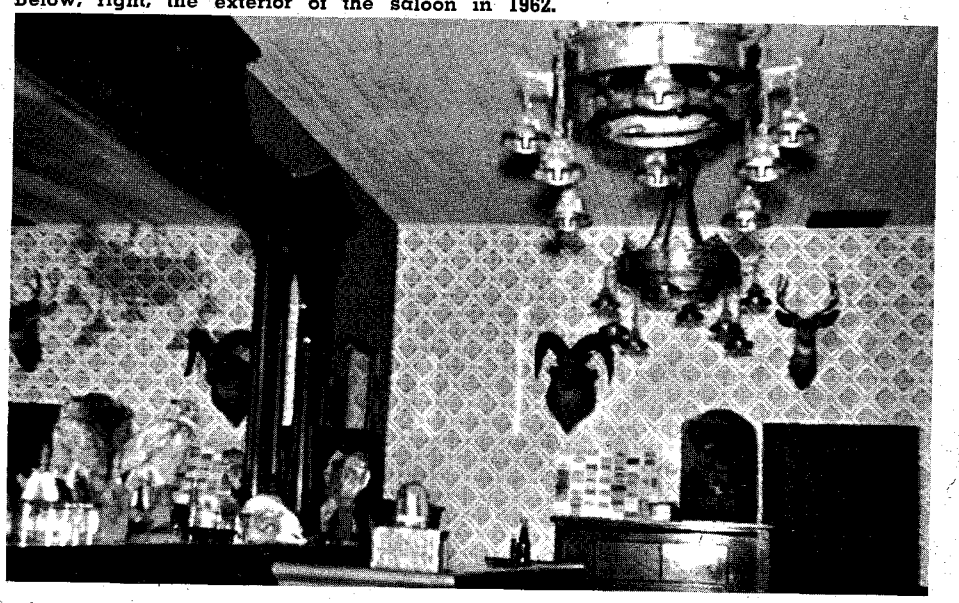
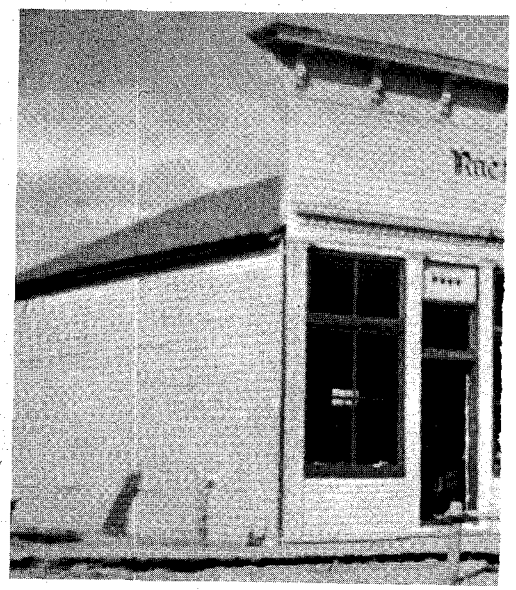
The interior of South Park's old drugstore is typical of days gone by, with the curious stove and lounging chairs.

By VIRGIL L. KELLOGG

South Park City— A Gold Camp Sleeps in the Sun

Below, the bar and chandeliers in Rachel's Place.
Below, right, the exterior of the saloon in 1962.





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COLORADO TERRITORY'S newest gold strike rang with the shouts of bickering miners. In the uncertain light from a pile of blazing brush, Jim Reynolds faced a noisy, milling crowd.

"A lot of you have too damned much ground," he yelled, "and you know that as well as I do! We ain't goin' to have another 'Grab-All here!' (Grab-All was the name that had been given to the camp of Tarryall, where claim jumpers had pushed the first discoverers off the good holdings.)

"I'm givin' every man a chance to restake his holdin's to twenty acres—that's what we've all got. Does every last one of you understand that?

"I'm goin' to see that every man has fair play on these sands—and don't forgit my words!"

The word soon spread to other diggings that, in Reynolds' camp, every man got "fair play"; thus, a town was named.

As the claims paid off, sturdy buildings were erected and Fairplay became a full-fledged city, complete with bank, stores, assay office and saloons. Despite its name, it was a tough town—one in which justice was harsh and occasionally grim. Once, after a traveling judge handed down an easy verdict in a murder case, he came to his office the next morning to find the prisoner hanging from an upstairs window of the courthouse.

Somewhat shaken, the judge entered his office—and found a fresh noose lying coiled on top of his desk! We are told that he and the prosecutor immediately continued their circuit and were not seen in the camp again!

However, as with most of the gold camps, the boom was a short one and soon most of the men were off to other strikes. The town slumbered on, living to provide the needs of those who had turned to ranching in the South Park country.

While the present town of Fairplay goes about its quiet way, a part of it has re-emerged to a bustle that reminds its visitors of the height of the gold fever. South Park City, a part of the original camp of Fairplay, is preserved and displayed just as it was in the 1880s.

Each building has been maintained in as nearly its original condition as possible. The furnishings are pieces retrieved from remote cabins, buildings and attics in South Park and in other ghost towns.

It is not the usual Western "tourist" mining camp. There are no Hollywood cowboys loitering in studied, picturesque poses in front of hitching rails. There are none of the usual "shoot-outs" every hour on the hour by black-shirted "badmen." The camp sleeps in the sun, peopled only by the ghosts of old-timers who once lived here.

The dusty main street, the flimsy shacks and log cabins without frills or other modern trimmings, was once the main part of the town of Fairplay. Most of the buildings still stand on their original sites, while others have been moved in from Alma, from Old Buckskin Joe, or from high on Mosquito Pass.

The old post office is still in use and patent remedies from another age look down from the shelves of the drugstore, which was moved to South Park City from Westcliff. As the years passed and modern supplies were purchased, the owners boxed all of the old stock and stored it in the basement. Hence, the picture-advertising of "Dr. King's Electric Bitters" and "Bucklins' Arnica Salve" are there, along with such a startling cure-all as "Money Electrapodes." Guaranteed to cure headaches, rheumatism and all minor ailments, the packaging shows a picture of two bare feet with three or four flat plates of metal attached to the soles.

NOT SO far away is the undertaking parlor, complete with "shoe pincher" coffins. In the side room, there stands a huge foot-power wood lathe. As was so often the case, the undertaker was also a carpenter and furniture maker.

The stage station, a log building which once stood on Mosquito Pass, has been authentically refurnished. The rough plank table is set and waiting and a passenger could climb a rough-hewn stairway to the loft to rest the night on bare boards, or on a straw tick complete with its insect inhabitants. (The work of securing this stage stop was one of the hardest tasks faced by the volunteers who restored the area. Brought down from a 13,000-foot elevation without being dismantled, it bogged in a marshy spot for almost a month while workers struggled to get it onto firmer ground.)

The bank of Alma, object of a hold-up attempt as late as the 1920s, is intact and houses a collection of coins, legal papers and cancelled checks. Across the street is a stone brewery, originally established for the production of "South Park Beer." Now a museum, it is well stocked with articles, pictures, tools and other furnishings of the first camp.

Toward the end of the street is "Rachel's Place," an authentic saloon. The building stood for years in Alma and a part of the equipment presently in it came from the famous Silver Dollar Saloon in Manitou Springs. From the original one-armed bandit which shows

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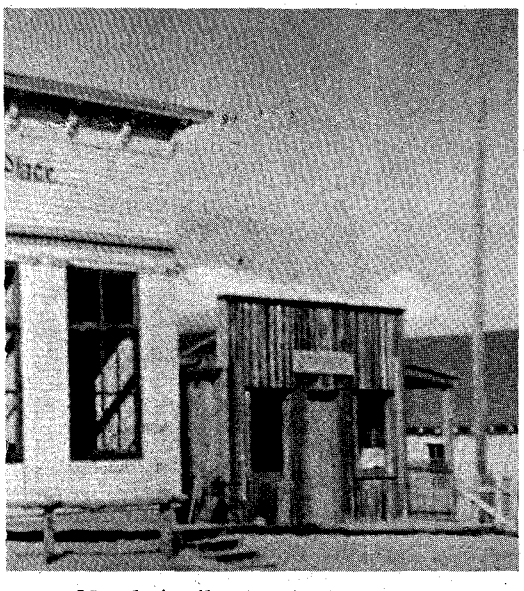
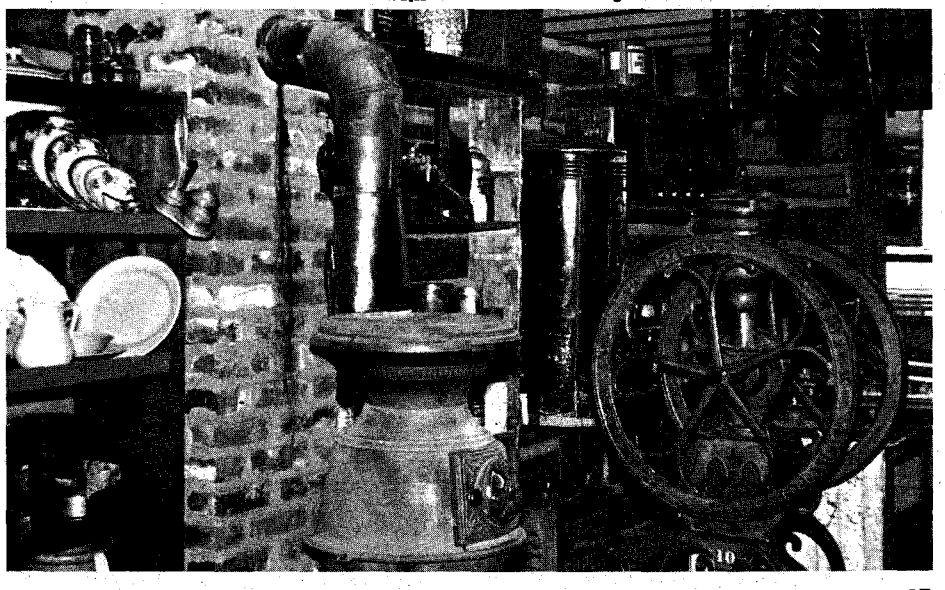
Here's a spot where the ghosts can live in high style! Their furnishings are elegant, their favorite haunts are intact, and mortals rarely bother them



Take a good look at this picture of the general store with the old coffee grinder and dishes for sale.



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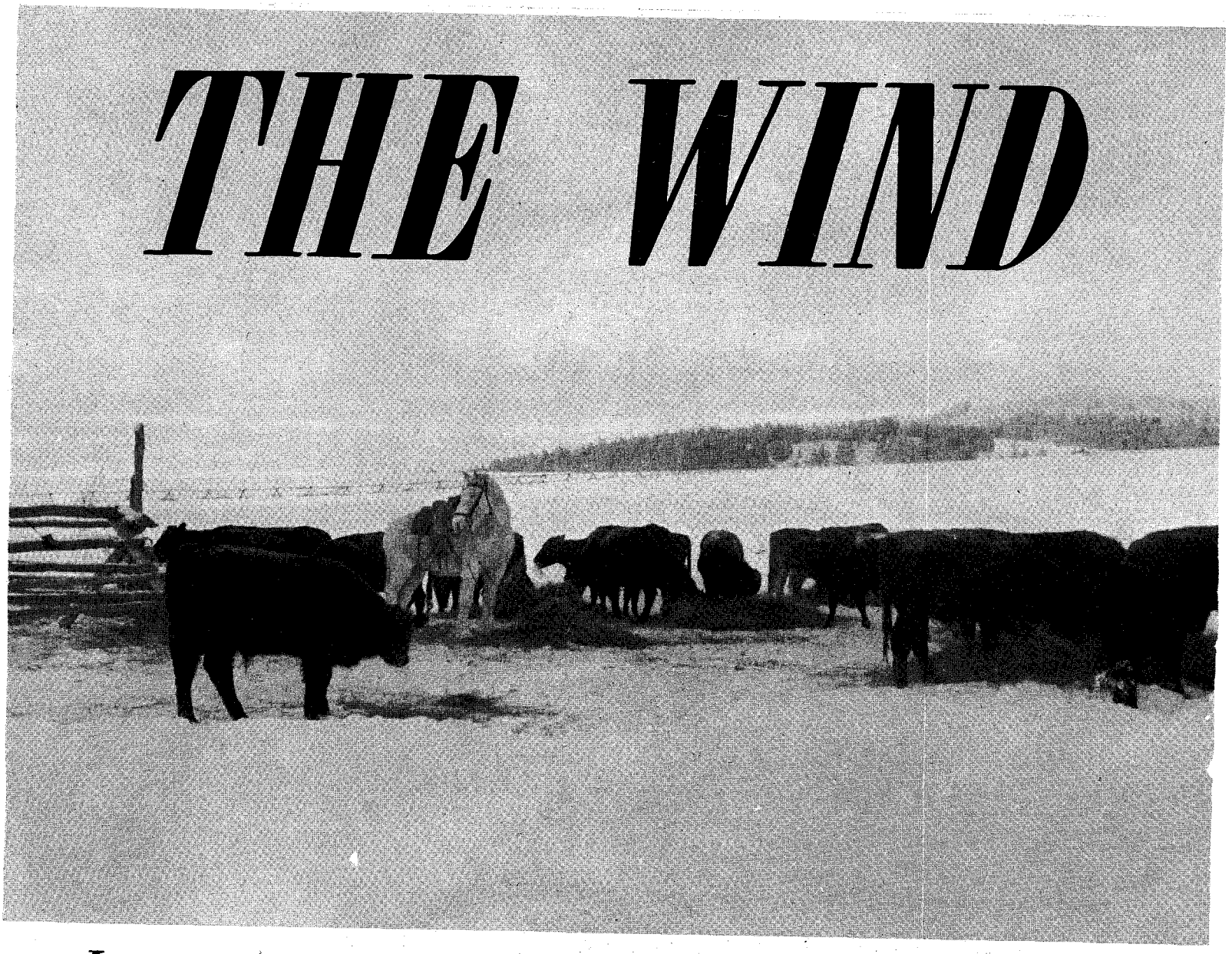
THE WIND



It was a cold, dreadful winter...death filled every gale...and standing cattle froze solid, only to fall when the snow began to melt. It was the disastrous winter of '86!

KISSINEYOOWAY'O!" the old Indian said and loped off to join his companions.

"Be damned!" the cowboy muttered as he slouched in the saddle, watching the receding hunting party. "It blows cold, huh? Reckon that old buck meant a hard winter, maybe?"

Riding along through the brilliant autumn sunshine, he could not forget the remark and began searching for signs on which the old warrior might have based his predictions. He found one quickly enough in the thick, shaggy coat his pony wore. Funny, he hadn't noticed before. The cattle too, he noticed now, had taken on an unusually heavy coat, and earlier than usual. The deer and antelope, which usually wintered in the river brakes, were missing. The prairies were deserted. Not even the raucous black and white magpies which always stayed around, winter and summer, broke the hush.

He rode on, his sleeves rolled up as in summer, but for him the warmth of the day was gone. Over the glittering snowcapped peaks of Glacier Park hung a luminous pall. He was to remember November 15, 1886—the last of the golden, sunlit days!

Shortly after dawn the next morning a dark cloud began to rise like a pillar out of the north. It spread over the sky, blotting out the rising sun and settling a twilight gloom over the prairie.

"Looks like snow," a cowboy remarked to his companion as he untied his slicker.

Like an advance scout, a faint experimental gust of wind came out of the north, searching the way and marking it with swirling clouds of dust. On its heels came another and another, each stronger than the last.

Suddenly a full gale screamed, wailed, howled, and roared through the leafless cottonwoods and willows of the brakes. With each gust the temperature dropped until hard crystals of ice driven horizontally by a sixty mile gale made the crust of the drifts so hard it cut the hide of the animals plowing through it.

ON SILENT WINGS, gliding on the polar winds, came another harbinger of disaster—the great white owls of the Arctic. They perched on cabin roofs and corral fences to stare with unblinking eyes at this strange land where only the snow was familiar.

Ranchmen, never having seen them before, paid little heed. Not so with the Crees! One old warrior, having seen them once in his long distant childhood,

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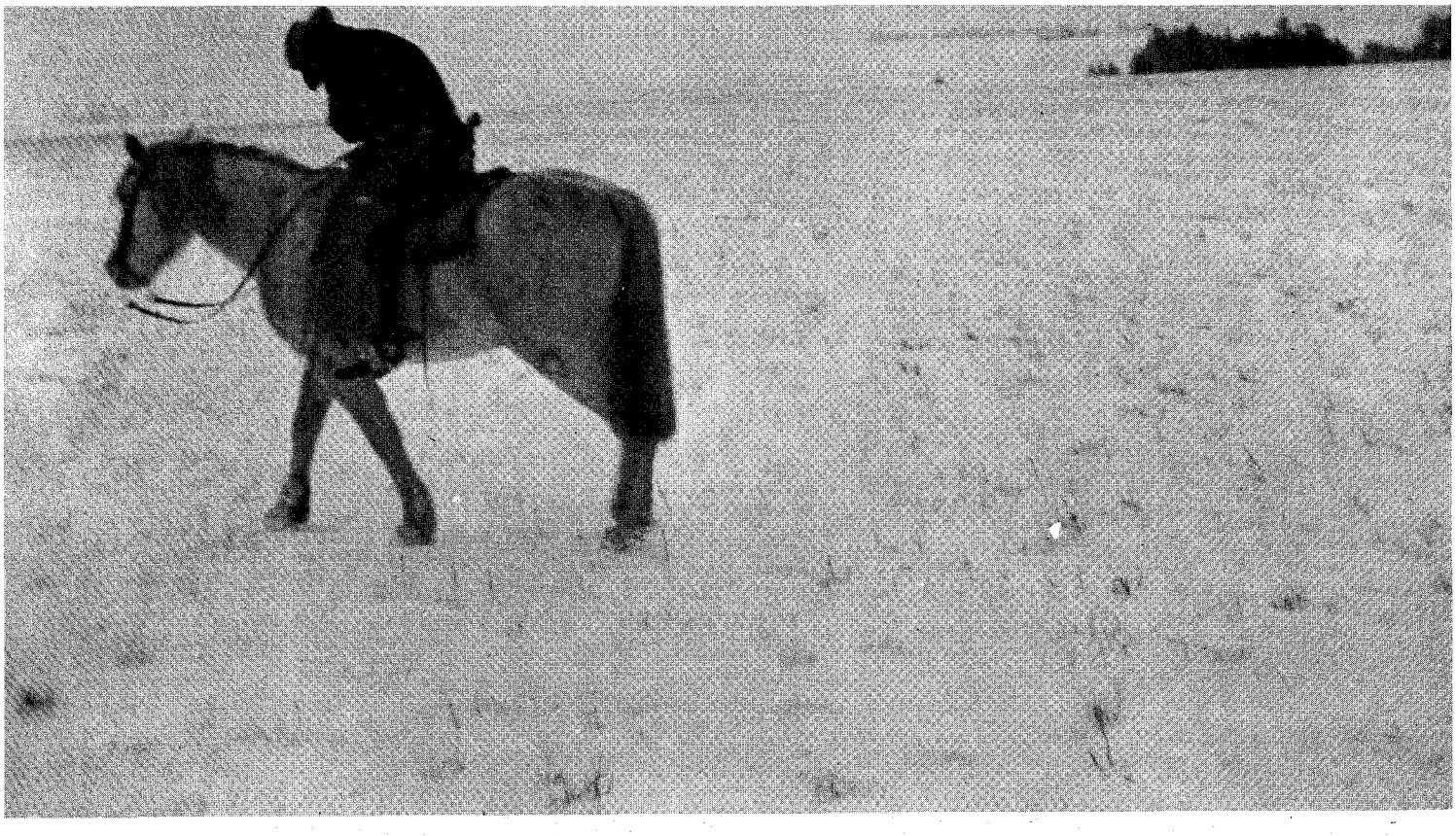

Winter riding is still a chilly job in spite of the changes in the method of operation.

By T. J. KERTTULA

Photos from the author courtesy Montana Historical Society

pulled his blanket tighter around his shoulders and whispered plaintively, brokenly, "Heap, heap, heap cold!"

The Crees fully understood, if not from actual experience at least from tribal legends, the meaning of the coming of the owls. Imploring the Coldmaker not to persecute them further, they immediately broke camp and fled south.

For the cattlemen there was no escape. Hourly the fury of the storm increased; lamps burned in the ranch houses for by mid-afternoon it was almost as dark as night. Six weeks earlier than usual, the fateful winter of '86 had begun. But it was the events of the previous five years rather than the storm that occupied the reflections of most cattlemen that night.

In 1880 Montana had been a sea of waving grass. When that news reached Texas the result was a stampede. The cowtowns of Kansas were bypassed and forgotten for here was an opportunity for fabulous profits. Texas cattle could be trailed to Montana, held there for a year and shipped direct by rail to the big eastern markets. A steer worth $10.00 in Texas was worth $50.00 or more when shipped from Montana.

To adventurous Texans the Yellowstone immediately became a magic name and a cowboy wasn't considered to have been around until he had watered his horse in that suddenly famous stream. In the next six years 50,000 Texas cowboys were to cross it on their way to the ranges of central Montana. A large number of these, of course, were repeaters who arrived in Montana in July or August with a herd and returned immediately to spend the winter rounding up another herd to start north again in the spring.

The winters of 1880 and '81 were severe among cattle just brought up from the south, especially on the Sun River Range just east of the Continental Divide. "Pilgrim" cattle these newcomers were usually called until they had put in one winter. A ten per cent winter kill was considered about normal.

These losses did not dampen enthusiasm and when circulars, extolling the fabulous profits to be made on the Montana ranges, blanketed the country, Eastern and European capital began pouring in.

THE WINTER OF 1883, when the mercury dropped to forty below and stayed there, brought intense suffering to the Indians. The buffalo was gone but the Indian Agent announced that the

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Indians, the Blackfeet, were practically self-sufficient and cut rations to the bone.

Afoot, having long since eaten their horses, the braves trudged out to hunt on warmer days. Occasionally they brought in a deer but more often only what the wolves had left of a longhorn they had killed.

Late in the winter, relief expeditions, sent out by a new and more sympathetic agent, reached the village to find 600 (one-fourth) of the population dead. The survivors huddled around their fires, while wolves ravaged the lodges of the unburied dead.

Again the winter kill was heavy but was quickly replaced by new Texas herds the following summer. That year for the first time, sheep were brought into Montana in large numbers and thrown on the same range with cattle. Suddenly the land was becoming a bit overcrowded but there was no way to bar a newcomer from a range that was free to him who could take it and hold it.

A rainy spring in 1886 gave hope that for another year, at least, there would be grass enough for all. But in July the weather suddenly turned hot and dry.

Day after day the temperature rose to 110 or more in the shade. Hot dry winds seared the grass until it shattered and crackled underfoot. All but the largest streams and waterholes dried up and those remaining, other than the main rivers, became so alkaline as to be undrinkable.

Mysterious fires swept the ranges, some set by dry lightning, others by Indians resentful over the extermination of the buffalo. A very, very few were started from careless cowboys' cigarettes and many were started by rustlers who had discovered how a prairie fire could aid them in their operations. One large fire pushed forward a hundred miles on a thirty to forty mile front, burning in four hours an area twice the size of Rhode Island.

Cattle from the burned out ranges had to be moved immediately, even if only a part of their range had been destroyed. Each fire made obvious the fact that the ranges were disastrously overstocked but train load after train load of Washington and Oregon cattle continued to arrive, purchased and shipped there by non-resident speculators on the theory that in Montana there was unlimited grass. And still, like a relentless sea, the big herds rolled up from Texas!

The situation in central Montana, in the triangle formed by the Missouri and the Yellowstone Rivers and the Continental Divide, was very, very tight. Here an estimated 1,000,000 head of Texas longhorns alone were cropping off the sunburned grass which should have been left for winter feed.

NORTH OF the Missouri, and, of course, in Canada, there was still grass. Pronounced Indian Territory, the level, treeless plain offered little shelter from storms. Only when the situation daily grew more desperate, did the cattlemen become willing to move their herds across the Missouri and even up into Canada. The Government, far away in Washington, was merely ignored.

On most of these drives the alkaline water made both the horses and riders sick. The cattle would not drink it and soon neither would the cowboys, not even when boiled into strong coffee. Sick men on sick horses, pushing bawling thirst-maddened cattle through a half twilight of smoke and dust—these were the drives from the burned out ranges.

Once across the Missouri there was still grass and water and each herd that moved left just that much more for those that stayed behind. With the coming of fall the fires slowed and the air cleared but the fall rains, on which the ranchers were depending, did not come. Fate had stacked the deck.

Every outfit had cut its herds, preparing to ship everything that was fit for beef, when President Cleveland chose to order cattlemen out of the Indian Territory (Oklahoma). It was too late in the season to trail their cattle north so they went to market.

Swamped by this sudden influx, the market faltered and broke. In Montana the herds so laboriously gathered for shipping were turned back on the range on the slim hope that it would be a mild winter.

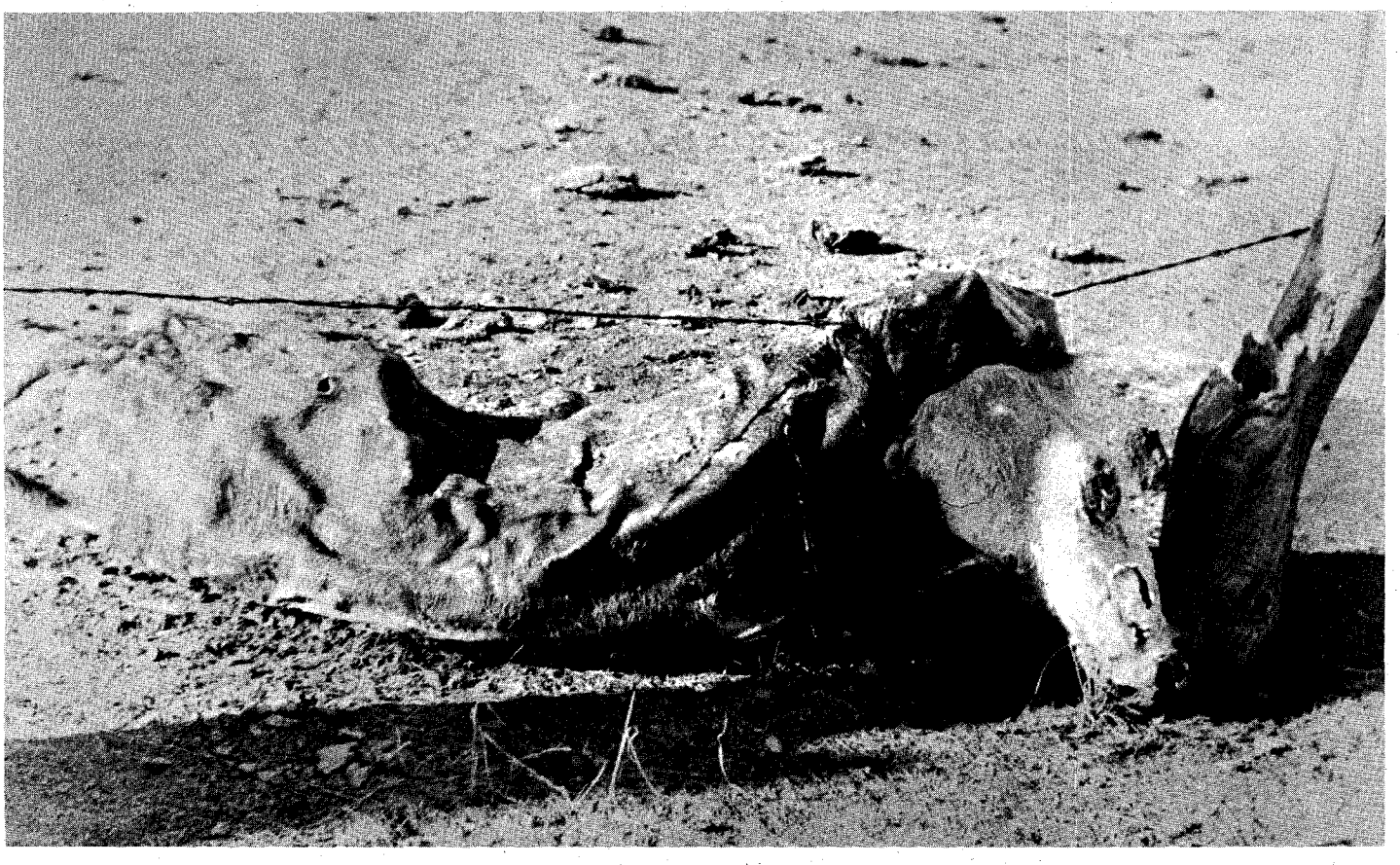
AS THEY SAT beside their fires listening to the fury of the wind, the ranchers knew that the herds so recently pushed across the Missouri would now begin to drift back.

A foot of hard snow packed on the ranges; this was not the season for chinooks, those warm south winds that can sweep the ranges free of snow overnight and send the temperature climbing fifty degrees in as many minutes.

Twice more during December Arctic storms roared down over the Great Plains and Montana suffered most.

January, to the Indians, is the month of Cold Exploding Trees and also the season when the Black Wind (chinooks) can be expected. Instead, on January 9, it began to snow at the rate of an inch an hour. Sixteen inches of new snow lay on top of the old by the next day. For two weeks it snowed

Spring comes and so does the toll of barbed wire.



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An eastern Montana roundup crew on the move during the 1880s. Note the white flannel shirts and vests which were worn by most cowboys on the Montana range during this time.

intermittently with the temperatures ranging from 22 to 40 below.

Visibility was barely the length of a lariat rope.

When the storm finally subsided snow lay waist deep to a long-legged rider and in Glacier Park it measured 10 feet 11 inches on the level. No one ever thought up a name for the storm—they just called it the GREAT BLIZZARD!

High up on the mountain slopes fir trees, three feet and more in diameter, froze solid and snapped off like match sticks when the gales hit them. Even railroad rails broke from the cold and it required superhuman effort on the part of section crews to reach them by hand-pumped handcars to make the repairs. Much needed freight was delayed.

Into this maelstrom of wind and driving snow rode the cowboys pulling the weak cattle out of snow banks and hazing them into more sheltered draws. That, and hope, was all that they could do.

Almost like the vast buffalo herds of only a few years back the cattle were now moving across the level, shelterless plain back toward the Missouri. Gaunt and tottering, they blundered into air holes in the ice and were pushed off of the shelf ice by the pressure of those behind them. But cross they did and in the Dakotas, riverbank residents knew without being told, from the hundreds of carcasses slowly floating downstream in the sluggish current, what was happening on the ranges along the Missouri and the Yellowstone.

Many of those that managed to cross the river blundered into homesteaders' barbed wire fences and the meadow and drift fences of both large and small outfits. Others froze standing up in snow-packed draws to finally fall down when the snow melted in the spring.

IN RETROSPECT, many blamed the fences for the losses, contending they prevented the cattle from drifting freely before the storms. But had there been no fences, the result would still have been the same. Only the places where animals died would have been different.

Of the cattle still remaining north of the Missouri, or held there by riders, the loss was especially heavy. In September the DSH pushed 3,000 head of acclimated cattle of Washington and Oregon stock north of the Missouri. These were the most fortunate of all the stock north of the river for they had especially good range and better than average shelter with riders constantly on the watch to keep them from drifting. Yet in one storm the latter part of January the DSH lost more than fifty per cent of that herd.

For such riding the cowboy dressed by putting on everything he owned. To start with he donned two or three pairs of heavy woolen underwear, followed by a couple of wool shirts, wool pants under overalls, topped off with Angora chaps, sheepskin lined coats, woolen mittens and leather mitts, and fur caps. Some, before putting on their socks, walked barefooted outside in the snow and then rubbed their feet dry with a wool cloth. Then with boots on, they stepped into water and stood outside until a coat of ice had formed. This prepared them to walk in the snow. Others, instead of boots, wore overshoes or moccasins, or just overshoes with their feet wrapped in layers of wool cloth or burlap to fill out the space.

Dressed in this fashion, mounting a horse was very difficult. While all this clothing did not entirely protect them from the cold, the motion of his horse tended to help the rider keep warm. Only the gentlest horses were used. On sunny days the glare of the white landscape was unbearable. To prevent snow blindness (most Plains Indians were snowblind by middle age), men painted their faces with soot and lamp black. Some rode with bandanas covering their eyes, lifting them now and then for another look when they were not actually handling cattle.

To prevent frosted lungs some men wrapped their heads in wool scarves through which they breathed; others made a complete mask with small slits for eye holes. In spite of these precautions numerous riders suffered frozen hands, feet, faces and even lungs.

A few died, too—each one slipping from the saddle into the deep snow where he lay until companions backtracked the trail of his horse and found him. He was tied to the saddle and brought to the home ranch where, like the cattle standing dead in the snowbanks, he was shoved into a drift to wait until it had warmed up enough to dig a grave.

For this the cowboys received their usual pay—forty a month and found. There was no bonus or extra pay because the weather, good or bad, was merely another hazard of the job.

MANY TAKE it for granted that a large number of people must have died in those storms. That is not true. In a check of all the newspapers printed in Montana, and covering those winter months, I found only one death attribused to the storms—a ranch cook down in Wyoming.

Although there were undoubtedly other tragedies never reported in the papers, the low death rate isn't anything unusual. In the first place experienced cattlemen knew and respected the capabilities of the country and the climate. All unnecessary trips were postponed.

(Continued on page 56)

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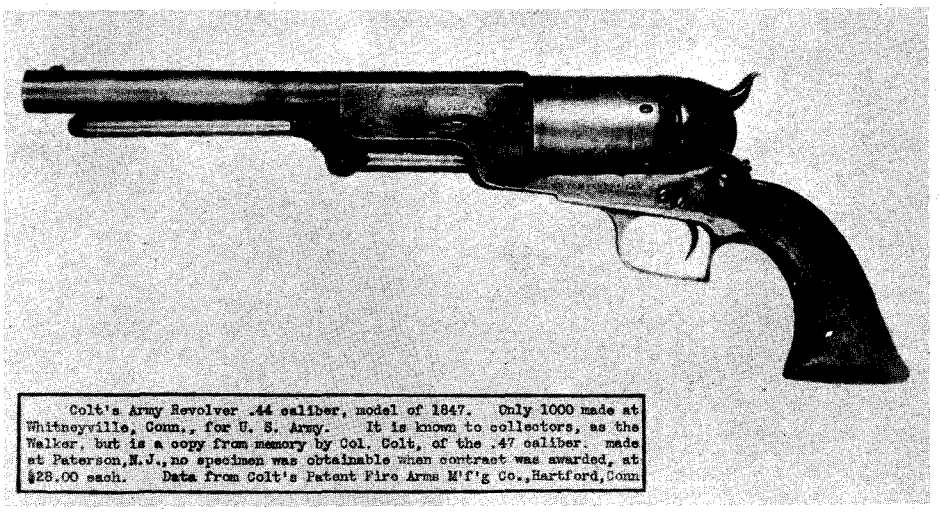

This is a photo of one of the 1,000 Colts Army Revolver .44 caliber pistols. The model was made in 1847.

Second in a series:

Sam Colt's Famed Five Shooter

The early West belonged to the strong. It was never known to give a break to the weak, the poorly armed, or the unprepared. Then came the "equalizer"

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Photos courtesy N. H. Rose Collection

IN JUNE, 1841, near Plum Creek, Texas, 100 Comanche braves got the greatest shock of their proud, warlike existence. Captain Jack Hays and twenty-five Texas Rangers, armed with .40 caliber Paterson Colts, routed the hard-riding warriors in what aptly has been called "an epic milestone in Plains warfare." Mounted Indians, armed with bows and lances, never again held decisive advantage over mounted white men armed only with clumsy, muzzle-loading single-shot arms.

For more than a century the Comanches had held the upper hand over all white invaders. The finest horsemen in the world, they defeated and demoralized first the Spanish and then the American settlers with their whooping charges and deadly accuracy with bow-and-arrow and lance. Once he had discharged his rifle, the white man had been virtually a sitting duck. All that changed after the fight at Plum Creek. The fall of the Comanche Nation and the conquest of the Southwest by the white man had begun.

Three years later the Comanches ran afoul of Captain Jack again. The "Little White Devil" and fifteen of his hard-bitten crew spotted a Comanche war party 200 strong in the wild Pedernales River country.

"We'll fort up and let them charge us," said Hays calmly.

Captain Jack and his small command waited while the Comanches circled them at full gallop, firing arrows and insults as they gradually closed in. The Rangers ignored the challenge, not firing a shot.

Unable to lure the white men out of the brush to be slaughtered on the open plain, the Indians charged. The sixteen rangers fired a volley from their short-barreled saddle rifles then charged, their "five-shooters" blazing.

A. J. Sowell, in his *Early Settlers and Indian Fighters in Southwest Texas*, dryly notes, "Never was a band of Indians more surprised than at this charge. They expected the Rangers to remain on the defense. . . . In vain the Comanches tried to turn their horses and make a stand but such was the wild confusion of running horses, popping pistols and yelling Rangers that they abandoned the idea of a rally and sought safety in flight."

Thirty-three Comanches as opposed to four Rangers were killed or wounded in this fight. The victorious Texans pursued the Indians for more than three miles. Sowell quotes a Comanche chief wounded in the battle as saying that he never wanted to fight Jack Hays and his Rangers again as they had "a shot for every finger on the hand." The Comanches were so bewildered by the five-shooters that for a time they believed the Texans were shooting Bowie knives at them!

THE Paterson Colt—so-called because it was turned out at the Colt Patent Arms Manufacturing Company in Paterson, New Jersey—was also made in .28, .31 and .34 calibers. Nearly all of the .40 caliber pistols went to Texas and became known as the "Texas Arm." On this weapon the inventor's reputation was founded.

Sam Colt did not invent the first revolver. That honor and distinction belonged to E. H. Collier of Boston—later England—who produced a limited quantity of flintlock revolvers in the first quarter of the 19th Century. But they were impractical and unreliable until Colt adapted Forsyth's caplock to the revolver principle.

Showing uncommon shrewdness for a youth of twenty, Colt safeguarded his

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improved invention by obtaining patents, first in England in 1835, then American patents in 1836, the year Colt formed his Patent Arms Manufacturing Company in Paterson. He began turning out revolving firearms of various types: pistols, rifles, muskets, carbines and shotguns.

Although the first five-shooters had plain barrels, later models were equipped with the distinctive octagon barrels most frequently seen in modern collections. A folding trigger which sprang out as the hammer was cocked also distinguished the weapon. The front sight was of the common knifeblade variety and the rear sight was merely a notch cut in the top of the hammer.

The pistols ranged in size from the "Baby Paterson," made up in .28 and .31 calibers, to the .40-caliber "Texas Arm" which measured twelve inches overall and had a seven-inch barrel and weighed slightly more than two pounds. (In comparison, the later Walker Colt, caliber .44, measured fifteen-and-a-half inches overall and weighed a whopping four pounds, nine ounces!)

All Patersons were sold complete with case and kit containing a five-chambers-at-once loader, cap magazine, bullet mold, rammer and combination tool. The astute frontiersman kept his extra cylinder loaded and handy, making it possible for him to fire a total of ten shots in little more time than was required to fire and reload the old single-barreled muzzle-loading pistol once.

Captain Hays proudly noted in his journal, "For the first time in history, a horseman became the superior of the foot soldier. With ten shots at his disposal, the cavalryman has finally become a foeman to be feared instead of a witless dolt to be easily disposed of once his rifle and horse pistol had been discharged."

Exact production figures on the Paterson were never made public, if indeed such figures were actually kept. Firearms historians estimate that not more than 6,000 Patersons were manufactured in all. Around 300 .40 caliber five-shooters were believed to have been issued to the Texas Rangers. Patersons were eagerly sought and privately purchased by many Army officers and gave effective service in both the Seminole and Mexican Wars. Records of the Texas Stores and Navy Yard at Galveston reveal that 230 five-shooters had been delivered to the Texas Navy by 1840.

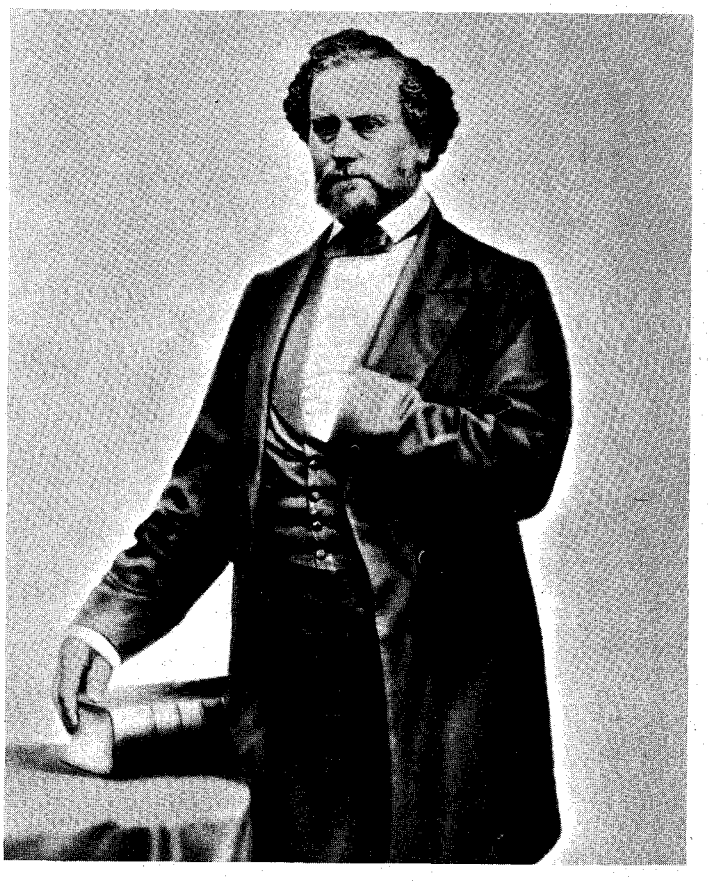
Today, a Paterson Colt in good condition sells for $1,000 up. Recently a Houston collector, through an agent, negotiated for the purchase of twin .40 caliber Patersons with kits, in extra-fine condition, for $5,000.

THE PATERSON COMPANY ceased operation in 1841 and went into bankruptcy in 1843. Capitalized at nearly $250,000 in 1836, the firm and its total assets sold for slightly over $6,000. Investors took a financial beating, but shrewd Sam Colt was not among them. He had supervised the manufacturing but had not held any stock in the company. In exchange for his American patent, he had drawn royalties on all firearms sold, a salary of $1,000 a year and a share in the net profits, if any.

In 1846, Cantain Sam Walker, whose Texas Ranger outfit had recently been integrated into the regular Army, was sent by General Zachary Taylor to persuade Colt to make 1,000 revolvers for use by mounted troops. A new and effective weapon was needed to combat

(*Continued on page 50*)

Above, Captain Jack Hays. Below a portrait of Colonel Sam Colt.



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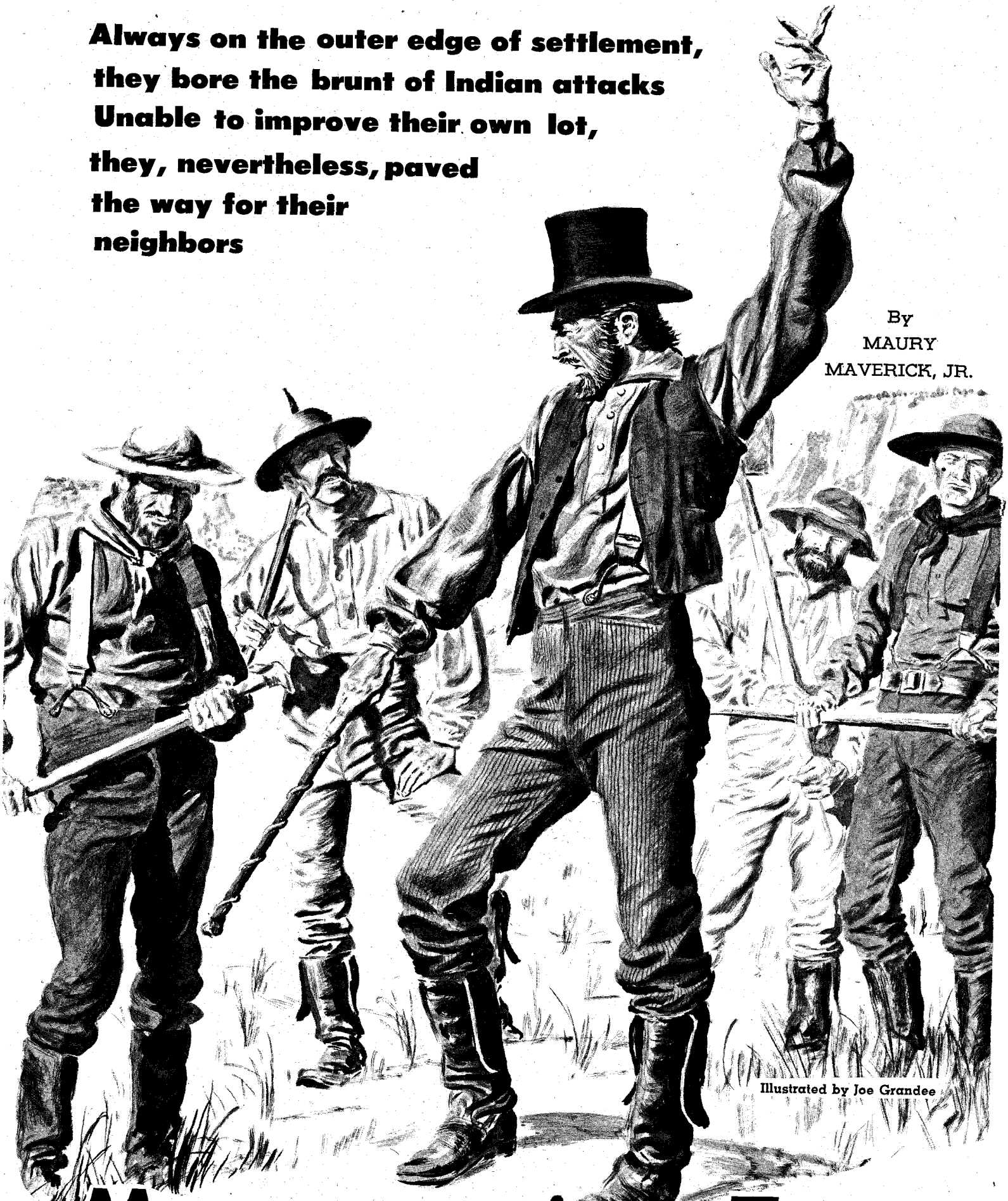
Always on the outer edge of settlement, they bore the brunt of Indian attacks Unable to improve their own lot, they, nevertheless, paved the way for their neighbors

By
MAURY
MAVERICK, JR.



Illustrated by Joe Grandee

Mormons in Texas

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ALL AMERICA remembers Joseph Smith, founder of the Church of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ, and his successor, Brigham Young. Few recall the Mormons who went to the Republic of Texas with Lyman Wight, then an apostle known as the "Wild Ram of the Mountains."

Born May 9, 1796, at Fairfield, Connecticut, Wight distinguished himself in the War of 1812 as a sixteen-year-old soldier in the Battle of Sackett's Harbor. Later he became a member of "The Quoroum of Twelve" which directed the Mormon Church.

Smith's murder in 1844 was followed by a scramble for power. Brigham Young, the new high prophet, eventually set out for Salt Lake Valley, while Lyman Wight, contending that he was the true successor, began floating down the Mississippi River on March 28, 1845, with 150 men, women and children aboard four boats.

Wight and his followers first saw Sam Houston's Republic when they crossed the Red River on November 10, 1845, moving to an evacuated fort several miles northeast of the present site of Fort Worth. Here they remained for the winter, a winter which saw the annexation of Texas by the United States.

The Mormons broke camp on April 24, 1846, crossed the Trinity River near the small village of Dallas, and pushed on to the Colorado. Six miles north of Austin they established their first Texas camp of any real importance. Present-day residents of the capital city still refer to the saints' camp as "Mormon Springs," a site now covered by the waters of Lake Austin.

To this young village, the Mormons contributed a number of firsts. Furniture was built from hackberry trees on an organized basis. They were the first to build a community saw and gristmill. Appropriately enough, the first jail in Austin was constructed by the saints, who also established themselves as the first professional home builders.

Among Austin residents, Wight evidently was the only male in the colony regarded as a polygamist. Even today there are those who identify a structure fifteen miles east of Austin on the old Webberville Road as the place "The Wild Ram of the Mountains" lived with his three wives in a "general store and temple." Others will deny Wight practiced polygamy and would resent the description of him in the *La Crosse Wisconsin Tribune* as a "sinner of the most pronounced type, hardest swearer, freest drinker in the vicinity; a man who combined a love for wine, women and wassail with professions of temperance."

A RAMPAGING Colorado River, which destroyed their mill, and a desire for greater privacy, prompted a search for a new colony site. The Pedernales River near Fredericksburg had plenty of good water and timber and was abounding with game and honey. Here the village of Zodiac was built in June, 1847, around a temple, a general store, a school, a cabinet shop and a gristmill. The concept of private property was not followed and the whole community held title to everything exceeding the actual needs of the individual.

The influence of Lyman Wight's colony apparently became felt among the Mormons who had followed Brigham Young to Salt Lake City, for in December, 1848, it is recorded that two of Young's disciples came to Texas, seeking to bring Wight and his followers back into the fold. They reputedly threatened Wight with disfellowship should he refuse.

Wight is said to have replied that "nobody under the light of the sun except Joseph Smith or John Smith could call him from Texas to go to Salt Lake City," and that "he had as much authority to call them from Utah as they had to call him from Texas." Before a year went by, the threat was carried out and Wight was excommunicated for failing to join the regular church at Salt Lake.

In 1850 Lyman Wight was elected Chief Justice of Gillespie County. His tenure was brief. After falling out with his county commissioners, he was removed from office for refusing to attend sessions of the court.

The Texas Mormons, however, were helpful to their German immigrant neighbors, many of whom were intellectuals who had fled persecution at the hands of the German monarchy. Coming to Texas under the auspices of an organization known as Verein zum Schutze deutscher Edwinanderer, they were mostly a people who knew little about planting and harvesting of crops. In 1946, the Fredericksburg *Standard* in its Centennial Edition recounted, ". . . had it not been for these strange, kind people, many of the early (German) pioneers would have starved to death for it was the Mormons who showed them how to raise many of the things best suited for Texas soil and climate necessary for survival in this great wilderness . . . . The Mormons were undoubtedly the first real pioneers in Gillespie County."

While the Mormons knew how to farm, they never found a way to cope with the flash-floods of Texas streams. When the stone burrs of the Zodiac gristmill were washed away, the saints retreated to a new location on Hamilton Creek.

Lyman Wight's son, Levi, described the move years later in an autobiography, "It was thought best by the community to seek other fields of labor and adventure, consequently we removed about fifty miles and located in Burnet County (and) built another mill on fine privileges.

"We now experienced frequent visits by the Indians of the western wilds of Texas. As their visits became more frequent, they began to give some trouble which increased to a rapid rate until several times they took all our horses, killed our milch cows, and drove our oxen to such a distance that it took us sometimes several days to recover them. They finally took and re-took our horses until we saw them no more. Of our neighbors, the men were often killed, women and children carried off to suffer torture worse than death . . . ."

The stone burrs of the new grist mill, roughly cut from marble excavated in the general vicinity, proved to be unsatisfactory. Time after time the mill broke down.

One morning Wight called his followers together and announced that through a divine revelation he knew the location of the sorely needed stone burrs lost on the Pedernales. If the angel "Moroni" could give Joseph Smith the source for the Book of Mormon, then surely Wight, the successor High Priest in the minds of his followers, could locate the lost mill stones!

Noah Smithwick in his book, *The Evolution of a State*, describes the incident: "Straight he bore as one in a dream, his divining rod in his hand; his awe-struck disciples following in silence. Pausing at last in the middle of a sand bar deposited by the flood, he struck down his rod. 'Dig right here,' he commanded. His followers never doubting, set to work, and upon removing a few feet of sand, lo and behold, there were revealed the buried mill stones. Wight said he saw them in a vision and his followers believed it.

". . . if there were any polygamous families, I did not know of them. . . . All titles of respect were discarded, men and women universally (were) called by their first names . . . . The proselytes were permitted to retain their Gentile names . . . . But those (male) children born in the fold received their baptismal names from the Book of Mormon—Luami, Albinandi, Romali, Cornoman . . . . There was (not) anything objectionable in the Mormons as neighbors . . . . Some of them were honest and industrious, others were shiftless and unreliable; and this must ever prove the potent argument against community holdings . . . the thriftless get just as much as the thrifty."

BY DECEMBER, 1853, Lyman Wight and his followers were on the move again, this time through the counties of Llano, Mason, Gillespie, Kerr and Bandera. Wight's son-in-law, Spencer Smith, noted in his diary, "29th., Monday (March, 1854), We have concluded to move across the river to take village lots in a new place called Bandera City. We have chosen our lots and commenced a school house today." Here the saints remained for the spring and summer, moving in the early fall some twelve miles down the Medina River to a new camp called Mountain Valley.

There they returned to their old trade of manufacturing furniture and cypress shingles.

Indian attacks began to mount. Repeated requests to the military for protection were ignored. Wight and nineteen others on March 18, 1855, wrote Major Robert S. Neighbors, Indian Agent at San Antonio, ". . . It sems very curious to us that troops are raised and sent five or six hundred miles from where an Indian ever roamed and leave our frontiers without protection . . . . Who has lost horses in the White Mountains? It must be the Rangers if anybody as they are the only ones in all probability that was ever there . . . . While Congress is spending six or eight months to find out whether it is best to reinforce the army or not, the Indians are killing men, women and children and driving off large quantities of stock and nothing to hinder . . . . We make this one more appeal."

A week later Neighbors replied to the saints, making a scathing denunciation of the U. S. Army but offering no help: "The Indian Agents have done all in their power to quiet the Indians; but so long as the military branch of the government continues to harass the friendly Indians and make indiscriminate war on them we must expect a continuance of Indian depredations . . . . It is impossible for the Indian Agents to make peace, or quiet the Indians until the troops stop making war . . . .

"It will also be impossible for me to make any progress in settling down and quieting the Indians until the troops are brought out of the Indian country . . . they are now in the Comanches' hunting ground and the Comanches are compelled to live in or near our settlements where there is no troop to harass them

(Continued on page 44)

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Wild Old Days!

AN EMBARRASSING REPUTATION

By William Rutledge III

WHEN WELLS DRURY applied to Alf Doten, publisher of the *Gold Hill News*, the luxuriantly bearded editor asked him, "Can you shoot?" Young Drury modestly admitted that he had this qualification.

One of Alf's arms was in a sling as the result of a gunshot wound. He waved his other arm to emphasize his instructions to his young reporter. "You write what you please. Nobody censors it. But you must defend yourself if anybody has a kick."

Doten pointed to a big dragoon six-shooter, essential equipment in any newspaper office. "This is our peace preserver. You may not need it. Again you may. Be careful. It has a feather-light trigger."

Drury's pay was to be $7.50 per day plus a "whiskey allowance" of $2.50 to be used in saloons where those who knew the news might be induced to talk.

Reporting for his first day's work, Drury overheard Doten remarking to Steve Gillis, "I've just hired a pink-cheeked Sunday School chap. He's too light in the saddle but the best I could get. I don't think he can possibly stick, but we had to have somebody."

Just then a passer-by rushed in with the news that a man was lying dead in the middle of B Street. The man, John Dalley, was on his back, blood flowing from a single bullet wound. He had been shot by Dick "Brigham" Carter, a case keeper for Tom Buckner's faro game in the old Sawdust Corner, in a quarrel over a woman, Katy Twist. (He was exonerated by a coroner's jury later.)

Back in Gold Hill, they found more news. A huge old stage wagon, called a "thoroughbrace," had been wrecked. The brake beam had given way on a steep grade and the team of four horses had streaked away. Bill McFarland, the driver, managed to steer the horseless runaway wagon away from the deep ravine and into a hillside. The wreckage of the thoroughbrace scraped out a new ore deposit. Drury picked up a piece of quartz from which $12 in silver was assayed.

That afternoon a carpenter was killed when timbers fell in the building on which he had been working and a number of miners were disfigured by an explosion in one of the diggings.

As the *News* went to press, Wells was told by Doten that it was a custom for the newest man on the staff to stay and proof-read the sheets as they came off the press. Alf and the rest went across the street of Tim Dumar's saloon.

Drury had pages spread over Doten's desk when a huge man came banging in, demanding to see the editor.

"I've been slandered! I've come to get an apology or satisfaction!" He boasted that he had cow-hided a previous editor. "I guess I'll have to repeat," he threatened.

Drury looked over to the drawer with the six-shooter.

"Are you the editor?" the intruder wanted to know.

The young reporter gulped and replied nervously, "No, I'm just a reporter. Can I call the editor for you?"

The big man, in a rage, announced that anyone on the *News* would do. Frightened, Wells reached into the drawer and pulled out the dragoon with the hair-trigger. The gun exploded and the would-be horsewhipper turned chalk white and went galloping out of the newspaper office. He was never seen on the Comstock again.

When Doten and the rest of the staff came running from the saloon, Drury hopelessly tried to explain that the big gun had gone off accidentally. But everyone believed he had bravely drawn on the bully and forced him to flee.

Wells Drury, who always looked like one of the short squat English squires of his ancestry, was a prolific journalist. In his declining years he authored three books: *California: Tourist Guide and Hand-Book*, *'An Editor on the Comstock Lode,'* and *To Old Hangtown or Bust.*

STRANGE BABY SEA MYSTERY

By Oscar H. Roesner

IN THE YEAR 1871 the windjammer *Rosa Minnie*, after rounding Cape Horn, was slowly plowing north through the lonely waste of waters off the west coast of South America. Suddenlv the crew sighted a raft ahead. To the utter amazement of both captain and crew, the only passengers were two girl babies less than a year old. Neither had any identification of any kind.

It was surmised that there had been a shipwreck and through some strange quirk of circumstance the two helpless children were the only survivors. Although ninety-one years have passed, not a single clue has been uncovered to help identify the waifs.

The two babies were taken aboard the ship and cared for. In San Francisco, their strange rescue story created a sensation and the survivors were placed in a foundling home. A collection of several hundred dollars donated by the ship's crew was placed to their credit in a San Francisco bank.

One of the tiny girls was named Rosa Minnie after the rescuing ship. She was adopted by a Sutter County, California, market hunter, Peter St. Clair. When she grew up, she married a Sacramento business man, Robert F. Dathe, and became the mother of two children, a boy and a girl.

Near the end of July, 1954, Mrs. Dathe passed away in a Sacramento hospital still completely in the dark as to who she really was. Of the other infant survivor, all trace was lost many years ago.

EVIDENCE OF CRIME

By Irene Ferguson

IN A little glade, high up near the summit of the Blue Mountains above Prineville, Oregon, lie the skeletons of six horses, which were left to struggle against hunger and thirst until death ended their suffering.

The gold camp at Canyon City attracted many men who sought to prey upon those who had been fortunate in their search for gold. In 1863, a group of men robbed a number of sluice boxes, obtained a large amount of gold which they loaded on their horses, and made their escape.

Going down the John Day River, the gang stopped long enough to rob the Dayville bank and took to the mountains to elude pursuit. They traveled through the Antone and Mitchell country and up into what is now the Ochoco National Forest, stopping at a spot which today is known as "Burglars Flat," about ten miles north of the present Divide ranger station.

No one knows what caused the robbers to become so frightened they took out on foot, leaving their string of horses tied to trees. The fact remains they did not return and the animals were not discovered by the men who were following the criminals.

One day a prospector entered the glade and discovered evidence of the tragedy which had befallen the hapless animals. The skeletons of the horses lay just as they had fallen when, dying of hunger and thirst, they had become too weak to stand. In front of the skeletons was a small log which the famishing animals had chewed on in their efforts to allay their hunger.

Before their hasty departure, the robbers are supposed to have buried their gold. Near the place the skeletons were found may be seen scores of excavations made by men who have vainly sought the cache.

Forest rangers and visitors, on their way to View Point and other parts of the north section of Ochoco Forest, have not disturbed the skeletons or the log, which still may be seen by anyone who cares to make the trip.

The journey may be made by auto from Prineville to within a few feet of where the skeletons lie. Directions can be received from any forest ranger.

FIRST WOMAN TO CIRCLE THE EARTH

By Zella Rogerson

JANE BARNES, an earthy miss who caught the roving eye of Donald Mc-

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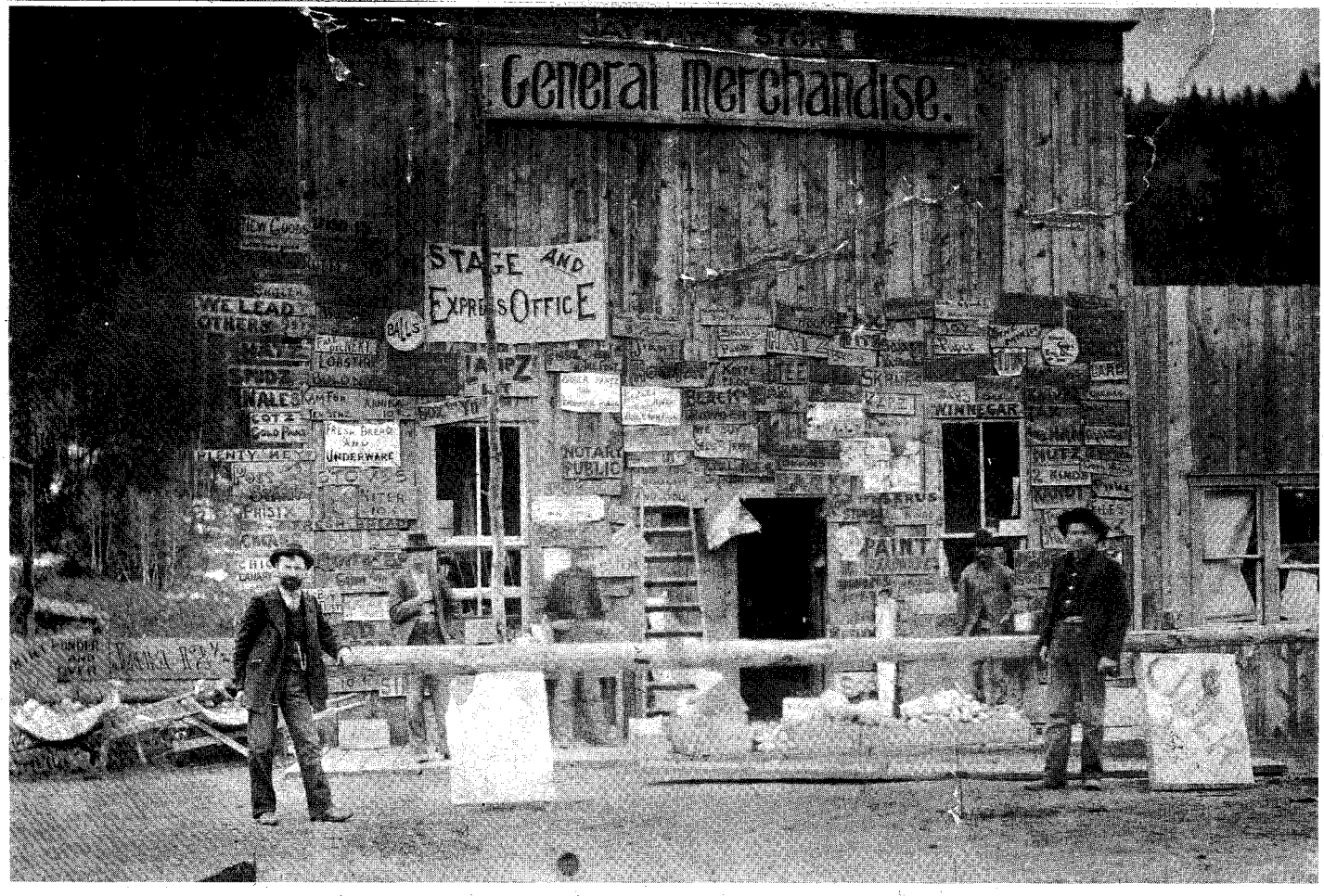

They had free delivery in 1877 when this picture was taken of the Jayhawk store. It was sent in by Gene Young of Young's Ranch, Red River, New Mexico. Gene writes that this store had a trained donkey. A prospector or miner would load up with a big supply of groceries; the store keeper would lend him his donkey, the animal would pack those groceries into the mountains; the grocer-buyer would turn the donkey loose; and the animal always came back! Don't miss those signs! You may have to get out your magnifying glass (and if you don't have one get one!)—some of them are priceless!

Tavish at the Sailor's Arms, Plymouth, England, was the first white woman in the Northwest, and probably the first to make a trip around the world. Always overly fond of a glass and a lass, McTavish became so enamored of the barmaid's charms that he took her with him when he sailed in 1814 to assume the duties of Governor of Fort George, on the present site of Astoria, Oregon.

McTavish furnished Jane with a fabulous wardrobe of the latest European fashions. An extremely pretty girl, she was the first white woman the Indians had ever seen. Gowned in satin and laces, perfumed and rouged, an ostrich-feathered chapeaux crowning her blond head, she created tremendous excitement. Regally she paced through the tiny settlement, followed by trappers and Indians.

The first few weeks were spent in riotous revelry but presently the duties of his office required McTavish's attention. He was also Captain of the Port and was compelled to be absent from Fort George on company business. As these absences grew longer, Jane became bored.

One day the son of the old one-eyed Chinook Chief Concomly, bedecked and reeking of fish oil, threw one hundred prime otter skins at her feet and proposed marriage. He also made some rash promises: she would always be the favorite of his dozen wives and she could always smoke as many pipes of tobacco a day as she wished. He was still promising as Jane locked herself in her bedchamber and her suitor left muttering threats ranging from kidnapping to sudden death.

For her safety a bodyguard was formed and Jane was flanked by colorful voyageurs and stalwart mountain men when she ventured out. In less time than it took to promenade around the fort twice, Jane had a new "protector," Alexander Henry, one of the trappers.

When the hard-working McTavish finally got back to the Fort he had to content himself with one of the local Chinook princesses and when he commandeered some of Jane's wardrobe, he probably started the first society squabble in the New World. Escorted through the settlement on the Governor's arm, the Indian princess in beribboned broadcloth and one of Jane's finest bonnets was a sight that brought the fickle population crowding around her. Jane, in a fine fit of temper, made a rather nasty public display of the less-attractive side of her personality and, while the fort buzzed with amusement, fretted at the crude and limited society it offered.

One stormy night McTavish, Henry and three friends were drowned almost directly in front of the fort when the boat in which they were riding capsized. Jane philosophically began to look around for a new "protector." She found a captain of a ship in port and sailed with him to China, through the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope and up the west coast of Africa back to Plymouth, England.

There was a brief moment of unpleasantness when Jane landed. The captain presented her with a bill for her passage, but she was equal to it. She sent it to the Northwest Company, advising them that their representative, Donald McTavish, had promised her an annuity. Jane then disappeared from history, the first white woman to circle the earth, and the first white woman on record to visit the Columbia River and the Pacific Northwest.

LUCK OF A DAMP ARIZONA WEDDING IN 1877

By Chris Geisler

(A Reminiscence taken from the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Archives)

1877—The dawn of Glory of Arizona's wildest days begins with the opening of Rich Tombstone and many other Mines, S.P.R.R. just entering the territory. Bare naked Indian Bucks, breech cloth, Bead necklace, Two braids of Black hair over their Backs, Squaws with silver bracelets and Calico Wrapper, every day sight. Haydens Ferry (now "Tempe") The main trading Post and Flour Mill.

Scott the manager engaged me to accompany him on the Semi Annual Collecting trip along the numerous Mining Camps. Getting a good supply of provisions for a week trip of Ham Bacon

(Continued on page 46)

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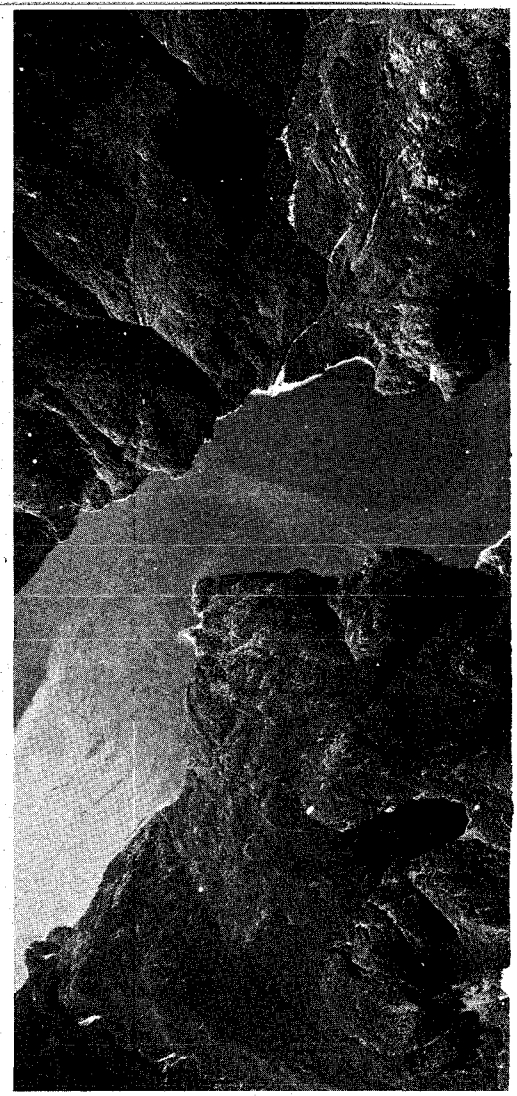
CURSE OF THE LOST CREEK MINE

By T. W. PATERSON

Legend has it that only one of Indian blood will ever find the Pitt River gold—but men thirsting for the yellow metal still defy the taboo!



The aerial survey of Pitt Lake shows the ruggedness of the area. Somewhere in this barren region may lie $100,000,000. But where?

THE OLD MAN mounted the gallows slowly, his white hair disarranged by the light morning breeze; moments later, the trap was sprung. So died Peter Slumach, convicted murderer and key to a reputed $100,000,000 in virgin gold.

Stories told of this fortune include nuggets the size of "walnuts," a suspected twelve murders, one hanging and twenty-three known disappearances! The legend has grown so over the years that it is difficult to distinguish truth from fiction.

This much is indisputable: Peter Slumach, a Salish Indian, discovered a vast hoard of incredibly rich ore somewhere in the Pitt River country of British Columbia. Since then, five others have known the secret. All died tragically.

The mine is thought to be about twenty miles north of the Pitt River which leads into Pitt Lake. Here is some of the roughest terrain on the continent. High altitudes, sub-zero temperatures, icy crevasses, blizzards and glaciers are but a few of the obstacles to be encountered. Pitt Lake is situated between the head of Howe Sound and the north end of Harrison Lake. Only forty-five miles away is the city of Vancouver.

Slumach first appeared with his newfound wealth in the town of New Westminster. There followed an orgy of spending, drinking and women. Later he would show up in town suddenly, his pockets laden with nuggets. It is said that he would drop his nuggets on the bar as others would silver coins. Then, his immediate supply exhausted, he would melt into the wilds until the next time he appeared, once again affluent.

However, a deadly series of coincidences seemed to plague the redman. Every time he trekked into the bush, a local woman—usually Indian—would disappear, never to be seen again—alive.

It was Indian custom to take a squaw on journeys into the bush to do the domestic chores. By making promises of unlimited riches, Slumach had little difficulty recruiting "wives." Then on the return trip, fearful lest they reveal the location of his mine, it is believed he murdered them to insure silence. Police suspected he killed no less than nine!

On one of his frequent trips to town, the body of Susan Jesner, an attractive young squaw, also Salish, was retrieved from the river. In her clothing were pieces of raw gold. The police questioned Slumach. Reluctantly he admitted that Susan had accompanied him on his last trip.

He sorrowfully told of how she had "accidentally" fallen from their raft and drowned. He hadn't thought it warranted reporting to the police. Authorities, suspicious as they were, could do nothing.

On his last trip to town, yet another body was taken from the river. From the back of the body, identified as Molly Tynan, protruded a knife.

Popular opinion held that the knife was Slumach's and that he was tried and executed for this murder. But somehow —the facts lie buried in history—Slumach managed to get out of this embarrassing position. It was shortly afterward that the law belatedly caught up with him for the killing of a French Canadian half-breed, Louis Bee.

ACCORDING to files of the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, the shooting occurred this way:

Bee and some Indians were fishing for trout in the Lillooet Slough (now called the Alouette River) near Pitt River on the afternoon of September 8, 1890. Slumach emerged from the bush and approached the party. Bee went forward to meet him.

"Who are you going to kill today?" sneered Louis.

"You," snapped Slumach, and shot him.

This taunt on the part of Bee was not considered enough to warrant killing. That Slumach, described as "rather intelligent," and possessor of indescribable wealth, would throw away such a fortune —indeed, his life—to avenge an insult does not seem too probable.

Did Slumach suspect that Bee was after more than the trout he claimed? Was Bee so near the site of the mine that Slumach's recourse was inescapable? For a man of Slumach's character the

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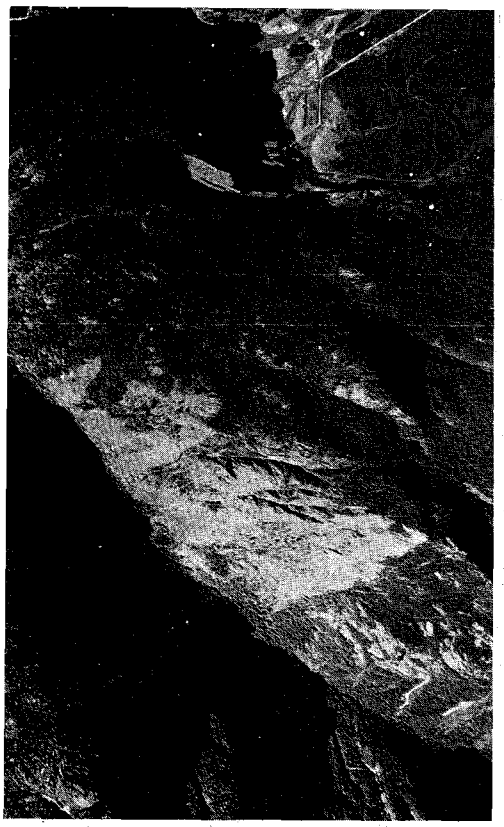

Air Surveys Division Department of Lands and Forests

Secret to Slumach's gold? Loose rock below is believed to be a bridge over a bottomless pit.

Basil King

answer would have been obvious and instant. This motive would seem more plausible but, until the summer of 1961, it was overlooked.

At last Slumach's luck had run out; there was no escape. At 8 o'clock, on the morning of January 16, 1891, he paid with his life for Bee's murder.

Prior to his execution, many attempts were made to worm from him the gold's location; the doomed man would confide only in his son, who, incidentally, could hardly wait for the clang of the gallows that he might rush after the precious metal.

Young Slumach made a few successful trips, then took on a partner, a half-breed. This proved fatal. The two headed into the bush. Three days later the half-breed returned, laden with nuggets. Slumach was never seen again.

Two Americans heard the tale, and decided to follow the half-breed. Legend says they succeeded in doing so, then shot him. They are supposed to have buried his body, an axe, a mining hammer and a pan of nuggets under the tent rock.

It is recorded in old newspapers that in 1903, an Alaskan prospector named John Jackson emerged from the Pitt River country with $10,000 worth of pure gold. (What happened to his partner can only be surmised.)

Jackson traveled to his home in San Francisco where he deposited $10,000 of the hoodoo gold in the local branch of the Bank of British North America, and learned that it was to cost him his life. Doctors told him he was dying. The ordeal he had suffered had broken him in health and spirit.

Here again, legend obscures fact. It is said that Jackson, with death looking over his shoulder, made two maps, giving one to a nurse who was with him in his final hours, and one to a friend named Shotwell in Seattle. With Shotwell's went a letter of instruction. According to the Indians, neither the nurse nor Shotwell attempted to find the hoard but both sold their copies for $500 apiece.

A landslide reaction followed. Prospectors on the "inside track" packed in by the score. This precipitated the known disappearances of twenty-three men. Many others are likely to have gone in the bush unreported and never returned. Starvation, freezing temperatures and inexperience accounted for many.

Periodically strangers turn up in New Westminster, their most guarded possession a piece of creased and yellowed paper, scanned as eagerly as any map by Captain Kidd. Two maps purporting to lead to the gold are in existence in Vancouver today, but the Lost Creek Mine remains unclaimed.

One of the most colorful of the characters to succumb to the gold bug was A. R. "Volcanic" Brown. Volcanic was known to have made four trips to the headwaters of the Pitt River between the years 1932 and 1938. On the third trip out, his toes were frozen and to prevent gangrene from setting in, he cut them off with his pocket knife. Such was the mettle of Volcanic Brown.

He always brought out gold, yet failed to file a claim. The fourth trip was his last; he was added to the list of missing. A search party sent in after him came upon the remains of his camp. Buried under the snow were his few effects including his shotgun. In a small screw-cap jar were eleven ounces of pure gold hammered out of a vein, for traces of quartz remained. Of Volcanic himself, there was nothing. Slumach's curse had claimed another.

TODAY the search goes on. The latest hopeful is a newspaperman in New Westminster. According to E. A. McClellan, city editor of the *British Columbian*, the site of the mine was shown him by a friend, Wally Lund, who had the location revealed to him in a dream.

The common belief is that the gold is about twenty miles to the north of Pitt River. Mr. McClellan feels that *Bee was killed because he was too close to Slumach's secret.* Research has proven that the location shown him by Wally Lund is less than two miles from the place of Bee's murder.

The site of the supposed mine is a

(Continued on page 71)

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Who Killed Judge Fountain?

Photos courtesy North Dakota State Historical Society

Judge Fountain

WHEN DEE HARKEY, the tough New Mexico marshal, published his controversial book, *Mean as Hell* (see TRUE WEST, April, 1959), he ended one chapter with the statement, "I think I know who killed Judge Fountain and his son, but of course I could be mistaken." It was the opinion of most old-timers that the sentence, instead of being the ending of a chapter, had been intended to begin a new one—a chapter which obviously had been omitted from the book. I interviewed Harkey just before his death, and asked him point-blank, "Dee, who killed Judge Fountain and his son?"

Harkey stiffened; through the thick lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses, he glared suspiciously at me. Then, relaxing, he answered, "Pat Garrett was the sheriff of the county in which they were murdered. He claimed to have first-hand evidence. Oliver Lee was tried for the murder."

"Oliver Lee was acquitted," I reminded Dee.

"Oliver Lee," said Harkey, "was at the time both a political figure and a substantial rancher in the south end of the county. He could kill with a six-shooter with the same calm and accurate daring that characterized Billy the Kid—except Lee killed only in defense of himself or his property rights. But both were known to be dangerous enemies of any man they did not like."

Briefly Harkey reviewed the Fountain case, explaining that Judge Fountain and his son had left the Lincoln County Courthouse on January 31, 1896, after having publicly accused Lee of cattle rustling. Neither Fountain nor his son was ever seen again. Harkey, a deputy United States marshal at the time, helped investigate the case. He said the team and hack that the Judge had been using when he left Lincoln were located near Oliver Lee's ranch. The hack was stained with blood and showed evidence of having been in the White Sands area where the two Fountains were probably murdered.

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"How the bodies were disposed of," said Harkey, "remains a mystery."

Harkey said that Pat Garrett, then sheriff of Lincoln County for the second time, and Judge Fountain not only were good friends, but also shared a common hatred for the Oliver Lee outfit.

"According to records of the Oliver Lee and Pat Garrett feud," said Harkey, "Pat Garrett backed his accusation in the Fountain murder with evidence to be presented at Lee's public trial, upon which a warrant was prematurely issued for Lee's arrest.

"It was some time after Pat Garrett obtained the warrant on the grounds that he had secret evidence that would convict Lee that I made my investigation of Lee's connection with this mysterious murder. In fact, I was just returning from Lee's ranch headquarters when I met Pat Garrett and a number of his men on their way there. Garrett told me he was going to arrest Oliver Lee and asked me to join them.

"'You are not going there to arrest Oliver Lee,' I told Garrett, 'You are going there to kill him!'

"Garrett admitted that, in his opinion, the best way to deal with a cold-blooded murderer was to kill him and be done with it.

"'Pat,' I told him, 'I have just come from Oliver Lee's headquarters. He did not kill Judge Fountain and his son. Lee told me that he would give himself up if he thought it were possible to get a fair trial. If you go there to arrest Lee, there will be plenty of trouble, and somebody is just sure to get killed.'"

Unable to talk Pat Garrett and his deputies out of going to the Oliver Lee Ranch, Harkey said he thought the main reason Garrett wanted to gun down Lee had to do with a personal animosity that had developed between Lee and his men and Pat Garrett and his deputies.

"This was not an unusual situation in the West at that time," Harkey explained, "and it seemed inevitable that these two headstrong fighting men must fight it out with guns sooner or later."

As a result of the gunfight that followed at the Lee Ranch, several of Garrett's deputies were wounded and at least one was killed. Lee allowed the defeated Pat Garrett faction to take their wounded and ride off the ranch. This Garrett did.

The fight failed to do anything more than increase the bitterness of Garrett's feeling toward Lee and, insistent that he had evidence that would prove the latter's guilt, Garrett finally succeeded in having Lee brought to trial. It opened in Hillsboro, May 25, 1899, and lasted eighteen days. A new county had been formed—according to some authorities, specifically to insure Lee of a fair trial—and interest in the outcome of the Garrett-Lee conflict was very high.

Lee was defended by a colorful attorney, Judge Robert Fells, and was acquitted. Garrett, for some reason, was unable to present the evidence he had claimed to have, which caused the prosecution's case to collapse.

"The purpose of the trial, as I saw it, was not to establish the guilt of anyone except Lee," Harkey told me. "Since Pat Garrett was unable to present the evidence he claimed to have—and since Oliver Lee was acquitted—the information which I had knowledge of, and which was in the possession of an attorney I knew, was irrelevant to the case."

"What evidence?" I wanted to know. "Would it have proved someone else guilty of Fountain's murder?"

Harkey stalled. "As I had nothing to do with gathering this information and was only a witness to it in case the lawyer I mentioned died, I considered my knowledge to be strictly confidential. The evidence belonged to this man and was of such a personal nature I could see no value in exposing it *except to prove Lee innocent if it were necessary to do so.* It wasn't and I have kept the secret and intend to keep it forever."

If Dee Harkey, I thought, were an honest and upright lawman—as most people considered him to be—and knew that Lee did not commit the murder (and further knew that evidence existed that might incriminate someone else) then why did he subject the Territory of New Mexico to the enormous expense of trying Oliver Lee and why did he allow an innocent man to stand trial on a murder charge? Why didn't he arrest the guilty party and see that he was brought to a speedy justice?

Explained Harkey, "My job as peace

(Continued on page 44)

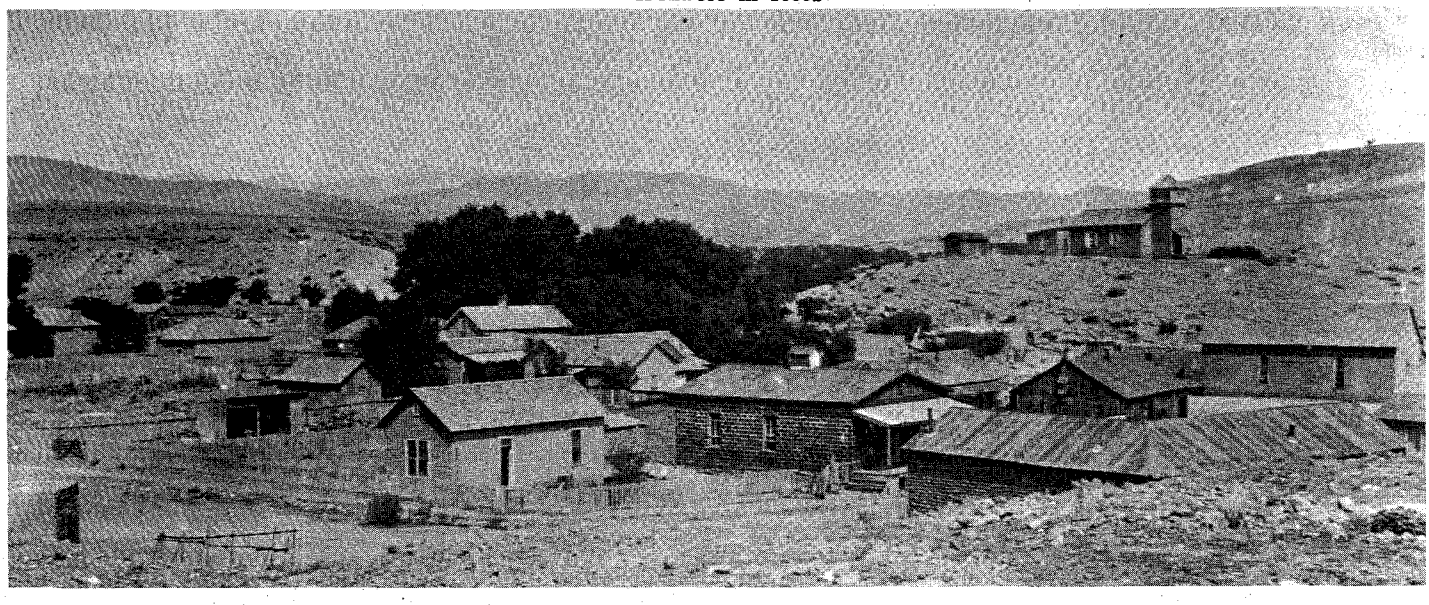
Here is a fine point of ethics: Is it wrong to withhold evidence if that evidence has not been demanded in court? And should opinions be voiced no matter how responsible, without cold facts to substantiate them?

By

MONK

LOFTON

Hillsboro in 1900s



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Charlie Pitts, 1876

By

GUY

GIFFEN

Photos courtesy

N. H. Rose Collection

CHARLIE PITTS—R.I.P.

This Northfield raider did more traveling after he was gunned down than he ever had before—and caused more trouble dead than alive!

THE ULTIMATE end of the James gang as individuals is not definitely known—some died "with their boots on," others disappeared. Contrary to the practice of most self-respecting badmen of the time (that of passing into oblivion after their deaths), Charlie Pitts, who was killed shortly after the attempted robbery at Northfield, Minnesota, September 7, 1876, played a return engagement and made the "front page" a second time before passing into the mouldy vault of no return.

Even prior to the Civil War, some sections of the United States existed under decidedly strained relations. Kansas and Missouri were suffering from the effects of an undeclared, unofficial orgy of pillage and murder that was dignified by the name of "Border War." It was a feud between the states, rather than families, and carried on in a much more vicious manner.

William Clarke Quantrill and his night riders swooped down on Lawrence, Kansas, and set fire to the town. This band of killers later claimed to be riding under a commission from the Confederate Army but the black flag they carried was a symbol of open defiance to any authority, save that of their own leader.

Although some members of the guerrillas had grievances and were out for revenge, the majority had simply reverted to type and had no justification in the course they pursued.

Quantrill's bloody career came to an end in June, 1865, through an accidental meeting with a large number of Union soldiers who were not hunting Quantrill but just happened to be in the area. Had the numbers been more nearly equal the result would probably have been different; however, in this encounter Quantrill's guerrillas were broken up and their leader mortally wounded. The rest of the band separated; those who honestly believed they were right scattered and returned to work; the more criminally inclined preferred to pursue a life of murder and robbery. Exit, Quantrill. Enter, the James Gang.

It was Frank James who, after the death of his former leader, formed a new

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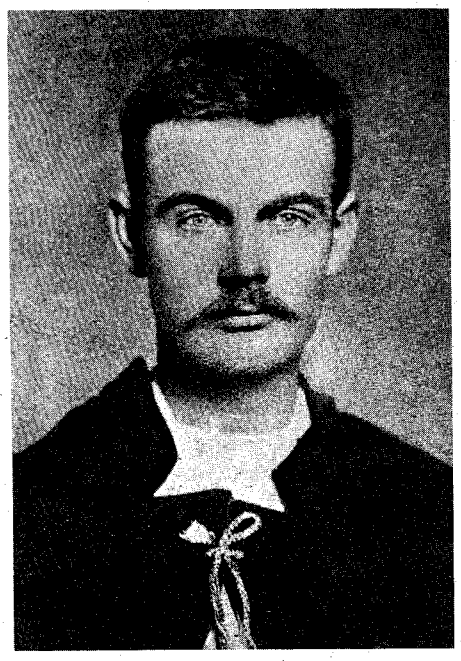


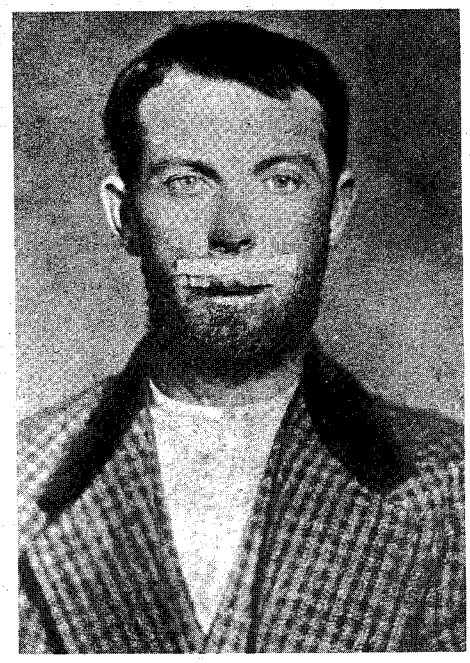
Bob Younger, who was captured near Madelia, Minnesota, on September 21, 1876, soon after the Northfield bank raid.

and smaller force of his own. Cole Younger was his first lieutenant and not only furnished most of the brains but in many cases was a restraining influence. The nucleus of the gang throughout its career was Frank and Jesse James and the four Younger Brothers, Coleman, Bob, John and Jim. In addition, known members were Clell Miller, John White, Jack Bishop, Jack Moore, Matt Keen, Bill Ryan, Bill Chadwell, Jim White, Charlie Ford, Jim Cummins, Wood Hite, Tom McDaniels. John Jarrett, Tucker Basham, Ed Miller, Jim Hines, Clarence Hite, Bud McDaniels, Dick Liddill and Charlie Pitts. Pitts must have been a member for a considerable length of time and proven himself dependable for he was selected as one of the participants in the ill-fated robbery.

Bill Chadwell, who was fairly well acquainted with the country around Northfield, was the one who suggested that the First National Bank there should yield a large sum of money—enough to keep them for some time. Frank James, posing as a Mr. Wood, Jesse James, posing as a Mr. Howard, Coleman, Bob and Jim Younger, Bill Chadwell, Clell Miller and our hero, Charlie Pitts, went to Northfield and established a camp near the town to work out details of the robbery. The boys visited the town in twos and threes to familiarize themselves with the movements of the population, schedules of employees, and the best vantage point for those who were to cover the route by which all were to leave town, so that no disastrous separation would occur. There was to be no drinking before the attempt and no unnecessary shooting during the robbery. Special orders were given by Cole Younger that no one was to be deliberately hurt.

The gang rode into town, each group prepared to take care of its particular assignment. One squad was to go into the bank and collect all the cash; one was to take key positions covering the exit; the third was to ride down the street and divert the townspeople long enough for the robbery to be completed.

THE ROBBERY as planned would have probably been a success had not Charlie Pitts and Bill Chadwell, both of whom thought they were able to handle their "likker," consumed the better part of a quart bottle of whiskey. Too befuddled to remember their instructions, both men attracted undue attention and aroused the suspicions of those in the bank before the squad who was to ride down the street got under way. The alarm was sounded and the whole town



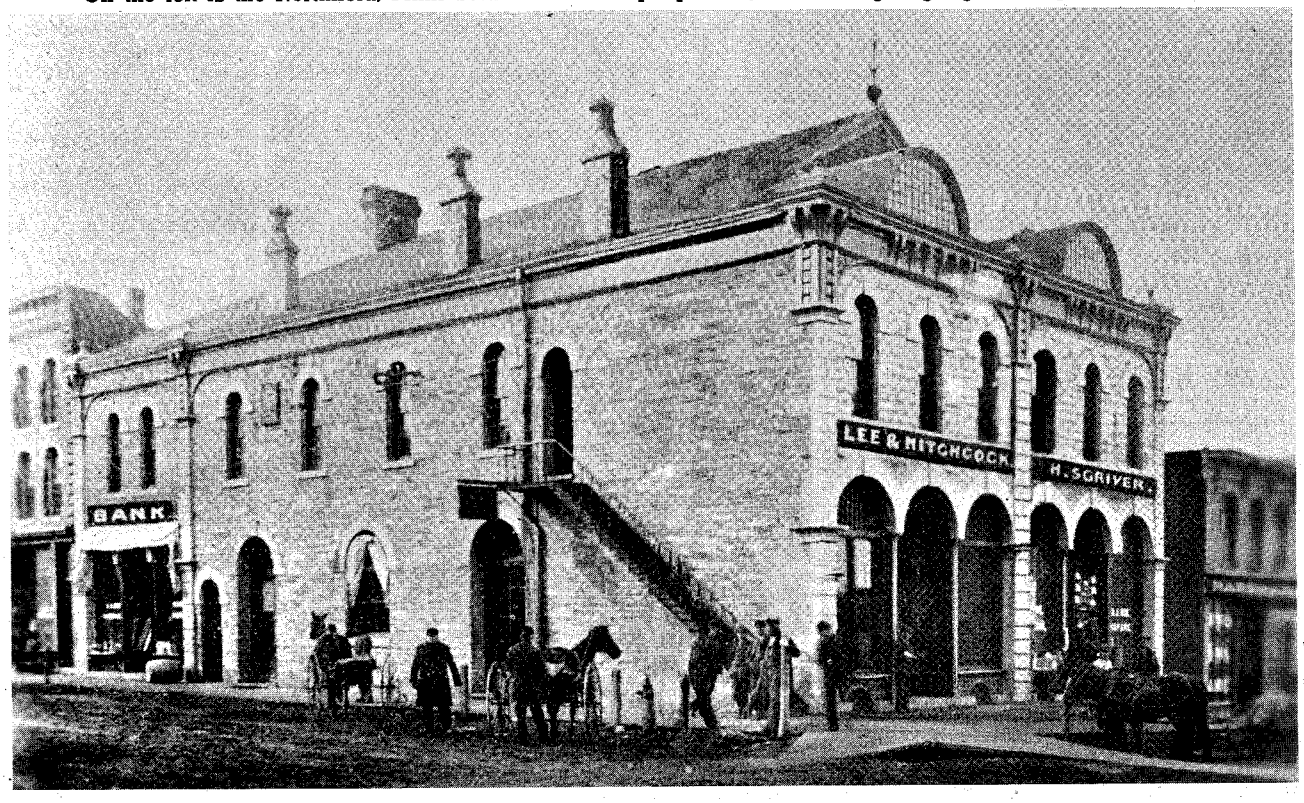
This photo was taken of Jim Younger upon his arrival at the Faribault jail, 1876.

knew that there was a holdup in progress.

Much to the surprise and disappointment of the outlaws, Northfield citizens took to their guns, and lead began to fly. In the short fight that followed, casualties were about even on both sides. Two Northfield residents were dead and one wounded, while two of the James Gang, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller, lay dead in the street. Frank and Jesse James made their escape by running out on their companions, while the three Younger brothers and Charlie Pitts were on the run with several posses in hot

(Continued on page 48)

On the left is the Northfield, Minnesota bank held up by the James-Younger gang on September 7, 1876.



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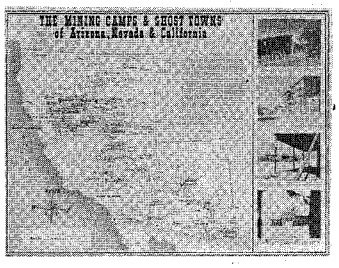

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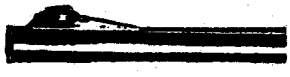

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Mormons in Texas

(Continued from page 35)

. . . . So you may thank General Smith for the presence of the Comanches in your homes."

Despite the lack of help from the Army and the Texas Rangers, the Mormons managed to defend themselves against the Indians, but their small commercial ventures met with repeated failures.

Financial reverses coupled with the threat of the Civil War finally brought defeat. A foe of slavery and loyal to the Union, Wight decided to return North, but hardly had the migration started when he died unexpectedly March 31, 1858, about eight miles out of San Antonio. His body was returned to Zodiac and interred in the Mormon cemetery, not far from a road which now leads to Vice-President Lyndon Johnson's ranch.

After that, the saints scattered to the winds. Some went to Shelby County, Iowa. Others went to Mexico, California and Salt Lake City. Three of Wight's sons remained in Texas and became soldiers in the Confederate Army.

Not long after the old prophet's death, the Galveston *News* wrote an epilogue to the early Texas Mormons:

"We believe we have omitted to notice the death of Mr. Lyman Wight who for some thirteen years past has been the leader of a small and independent Mormon settlement in Texas. . . . These Mormons have proved themselves to be most excellent citizens of our State, and we are greatly indebted to the deceased leader for the orderly conduct, sobriety, industry, and enterprise of his colony. Mr. Wight first came to Texas in November, 1845, and has been with his colony on our extreme frontier ever since, moving still farther west as settlements formed around him, thus always being the pioneer of advancing civilization affording protection against the Indians. He has been the first to settle five new counties, and prepare the way for others."

Who Killed Judge Fountain?

(Continued from page 41)

officer was to separate truths from opinions. I did not have in my possession the material to convict anyone. I only *knew* where it might have been obtained had it been necessary to save someone from falsely being convicted of a crime he didn't commit. Had the lawyer I spoke of denied the existence of the evidence I had been a witness to, I could not have forced him to come up with anything.

"To me, the expression of private opinions by a peace officer without facts to back them up is nothing light of shirking an officer's duty to refute or verify his opinion in connection with criminal offenses. It was not my duty to say anything I couldn't prove. Except for the evidence in the possession of this lawyer, I was not able to gather anything substantial to prove anyone's guilt.

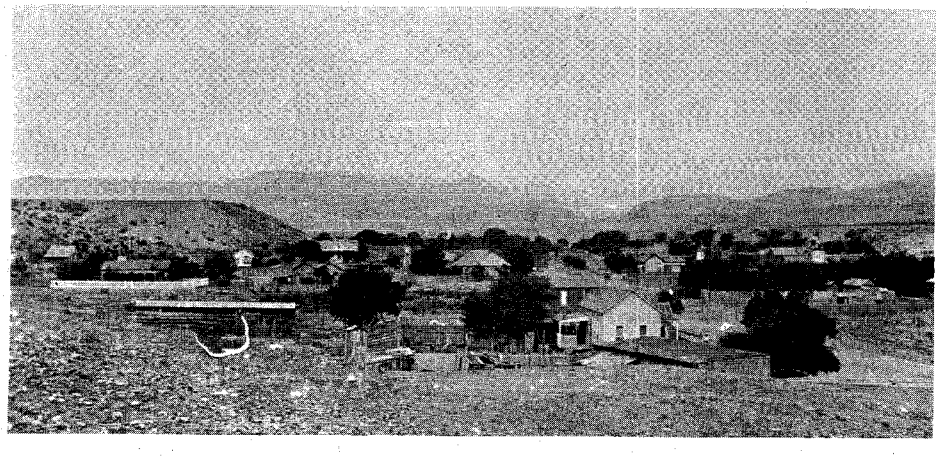
"Years later I wrote this lawyer, who at the time was living in Roswell, requesting authority to reveal the details of Judge Fountain's murder. He answered that he, too, was writing a book and wanted to reserve the information for his own manuscript. He died, however, before his manuscript was ever published.

"The information you are seeking is locked in a strong box in a Roswell bank and will be made public only when the estate of the owner of the information is settled."

Author's Note: This article was written prior to Dee Harkey's death. So far as I know, the manuscript containing the secret of Judge Fountain's strange murder has never been released to the public.

North Dakota State Historical Society

Another view of Hillsboro



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By ED WRIGHT as told to BOB HILTUNEN

Photographs by Erwin E. Smith from LIFE ON THE TEXAS RANGE by J. Evetts Haley, Printed by the University of Texas Press

I'VE NEVER talked with anyone other than some old-timers I met or grew up with who really knew what a cowboy's job was. The general public thinks cowboys used to always go around looking for a fight or someone to kill. That's not correct. The real cowboy was the man who settled the early West. He had to cope with outlaws, rustlers and crooked sheriffs, not to mention cattle and weather. There aren't many real old-time cowboys left. I know, because I am one of them.

In the early days a cowboy was known as a representative. Cowmen in the West had from 500 to 2,000 head of cattle roaming unfenced land; when they hired a cowboy they wanted someone responsible to take care of their interests.

A good cowboy had to be able to take the initiative and know what to do; he had to be the type of man who would be likely to make good running his own outfit. A good cowboy always knew the country well.

He knew every brand round about and who owned it. If he wasn't smart enough to read brands and to brand all the calves following his employer's stock, then the cowman would soon run out of cattle. More than likely, when he put his bed on his night horse and started off across the hills with his string of cow ponies, he wouldn't be seen for six or seven months.

A good rep fought for his outfit and was careful not to miss any stock. Cows and calves were often run off by rustlers and held until the calves were old enough to wean. The calves were then branded and the cows were run off so the calves couldn't follow them. There was a lot of rustling going on in the early days.

I guess everyone thinks they know what a roundup cook was (the fellow moving pictures have been trying to make a clown for years). He was not a clown. Very likely he was a cowboy who had been crippled, or was too old to ride hard anymore. All cowboys could cook. They had to eat their own cooking, too.

A roundup cook had to drive the cookwagon, which was pulled by either a four- or a six-horse team. The horses were spoiled saddlehorses and it sometimes took five or six cowboys to get them hooked to the cookwagon. The driver had to be a good reinsman as extra hands couldn't be spared to go with him.

THE HORSE wrangler took charge of the horses and herded them all day. When the wagon moved he followed with the cavvy. At night the nighthawk took charge after the cowboys had caught their night horses, which were used while standing guard on the main herd at night.

A cowboy was afoot only long enough to catch his mount from the rope corral. The main herd, composed of all the cattle the representatives had caught during the morning round-up, was guarded day and night and moved with the wagons.

Most cowhands never owned more than a couple pair of jeans or overalls, two or three shirts, an old pair of boots and a sourdough coat at any one time (I don't know where he would have carried more if he had had it). The sourdough coat got its name because the cook always wrapped his sourdough in one—the dough had to be kept warm so that it would rise. It was a sheepskin-lined coat. All the cowboys had one and it was a most welcome piece of equipment when the cowboy had to stand guard on the herd at night.

Crawling out of his bedroll long before daylight, the first thing he would do was to roll his bed up good and tight, and tie it. If the wagon moved that day he would throw it on the bed wagon. The nighthawk always drove the bed wagon, loaded with the rope corral, sledge hammer, extra ax handles and things like that, from one camp to the next.

Motion pictures show the modern cowboy sitting around a campfire until late at night and then going to sleep propped up against a wagonwheel with only a thin blanket wrapped around his shoulders. It wasn't like that in the old days. When a cowboy came into camp, after riding all day and beating

(Continued on page 55)

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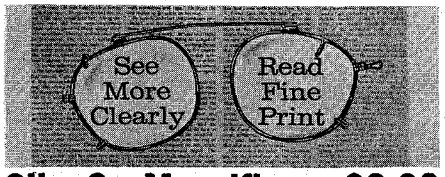

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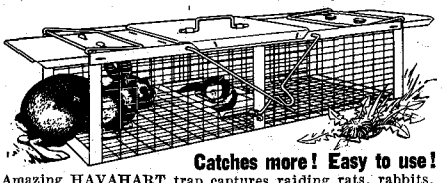

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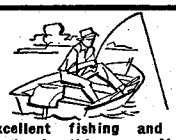

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 37)

flour Coffee and Canned goods. Two Winchester Rifles and old reliable Colts 45. Starting Early with two good Horses and Old Stage Buckboard. Across the desert, made Picket Post (now Pinal) that evening. Meeting many old friends, inviting us to stay next day to the Marriage feast and dance. Picket Post, town of several hundred people—2 Quartz Mills, milling ore from Silver King Mine —5 miles up the Mountain.

Bill "Duncan", the groom had cleaned up over 60 Thousand dollars, leasing Silver King tailings, Bill with the fortune and tired of bachelor life, found himself An old California Sweetheart. Brought her to Florence to be his Wife. The whole town was excited. Women tried to outdo each other in Baking and Cooking the feast. Large quantities of Wines Liquors Cigars Candies etc. had already arrived from California. The Companies large boarding house, Half of it resting on stilts over the Canyon in Pinal creek. Renovated and decorated. Everybody generous and liberal to Make the feast a success.

About 4 P.M. attention was called to the heavy black clouds over King Mountain. Being the end of June the season for Cloudbursts, in this section. Losing no time, Soon we were on our way, as we had 6 miles to go to Cross Pinal Creek in the narrow canyon. To cross the creek on higher ground. No crossing, once the torrent came. Before being half way, the storm of heavy brown dust, followed by Sheets of rain. We had Killed 6 Rattle Snakes in the road in the six miles. This section infested with big rattlers. Crossing the creek, not yet swollen, on the high Messa on the other side. 60 feet over the creek, to the abandoned old Hewitt Stage Station. A large Adoby building, no doors or Windows occupied by 2 prospectors, out of grub. A large fireplace and Pile of dry wood. Hurriedly packing our provisions and Blankets into the Adoby, a great relief that we were safe.

Stage with Bridal party, 2 hours late. Soon one of the Prospectors, came back from the creek saying, flood 10 feet high and rising. Rain pouring down in torrents and no stage could cross before morning. About 8 P.M. Rattle of stage could be heard and also the hilarious singing and shouting from the Water-soaked Bridal party. Creaking Brakes brought the old Coach to halt—Several open teams followed. Bride and groom were first to Enter, followed by the gay, dripping Wet followers. The Old Coach covered with old rotton Broken canvas, no protection to Sand Storms or rain, only adding to the Misery of passengers had to indure. Heaping on plenty of dry wood on the fire, in the large fireplace. Bright red flames soon send their rayes through the whole place, reflecting on the grotisque figurs, silueted on the brown Adoby walls. Drinking and singing—a gay humanity, looking more like a band of Painted Indians. They not realizing, what was going on at Picket Post 6 miles away, which they could not make before morning, "If then."

THE BRIDE a charming slender blonde Her tight fitting garments Drenched clinging to her graceful form, like tissue paper bringing out all fine lines of her shapely form. A little flower bedecked Hat over the golden blond hair, more like last years Birds Nest. Her dust covered face streaked by rain gave her the appearance of an Indian princess on the War path, instead a wedding. Bill the groom—was surely a scream the only unhappy man in the crowd. With a soft Black Hat, the dye of which had streaked his Brown face looking more like a New Zeland tatooed chief than a Bronzed Arizona Miner. His black Prince Albert, sleaves streched over his dirt stained hands, from, Hand-me-down in Florence.

Soon we got bussey getting a hot meal into the famished Water-soaked party, not So Elaborate, as the one expected at Picket Post. But satisfactory. Lucky we found a large 2 gal. Coffee pot and Large, Dutch oven—left over by the Old Stage Co. having a good supply of 5 pounds coffee 25 pounds flour. Soon had coffee a going, Dough for Bread in Oven, which I had to repeat several times to feed the half famished party. Soon we had the large 20 feet table covered with Hot Ham and bacon canned Beans and Canned fruit and Steaming-hot Strong Coffee. Scarcity of Plates & Cutty (cutlery) & Cups, their fingers had come in play best they could. All quietly eating with much gusto. An appetite only Mountains and desert can give.

A perfectly Well satisfied crowd and Appreciating. Calling me the mascott and life saver. (all Bunk) All quietly Smoking and chatting. Soon looking for quarters for the night. Spreading Our large tarepolin on the dry dirt floor. Donating blankets to the newly married to enjoy their hony moon, the First night. Soon all was quiet, in the Adoby, ruffled only by the roar of creek, tossing heavy boulders. Sounds like Cannonading. Just before daylight a man on horseback brought the already Anticipated news, Picket Post, over half Washed away by flood. Boarding House, with the fine liquors and dishes donated by Ladies, all gone down Creek. Not 300 feet from where we are. No use to go there, "nothing left"—go to Florence, the nearest, 35 miles.

Scott and myself got up early had Black Coffee and Bread—got to Florence the next day, Gila River too high to cross that day. Stopping at a ranch until we could cross the Gila River, which was the next day. Arriving at Florence, we gave them the first news of the disaster of the striken town of Pinal. The Sheriff lost no time to send out relief and provisions. As the only store of Pinal, was mostly Washed away. also tons of flour, stored over Pinal Creek. (We had collected, the day before, for all that flour!)—*Arizoniana, Vol. II, No. 1, Spring,* 1961.

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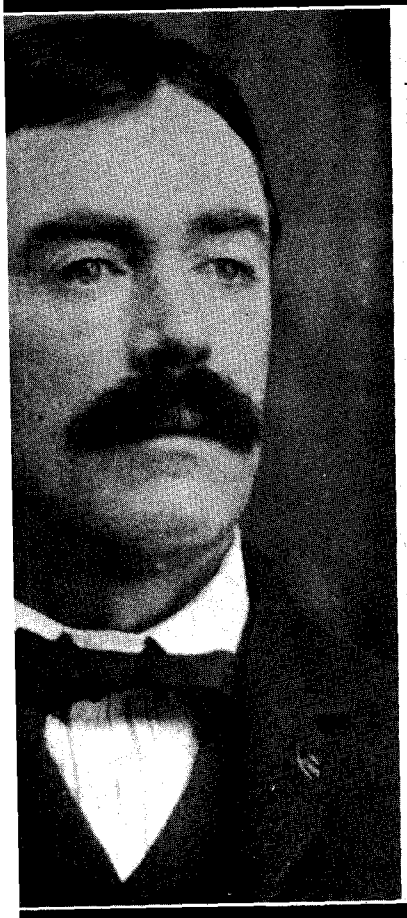
Man of Peace

He represented law and order during a turbulent era in Indian Territory, yet he never killed a man!



AT THE AGE of twenty, C. B. Rhodes left his Illinois home for Indian Territory and found employment on Major Drumm's ranch, located in the Cherokee Strip. A year later, 1884, he moved to Dodge City, Kansas, and filed a homestead claim. He drove an eight-mule team freightwagon from Dodge City to Mobeetie, Texas, a one-month trip and quite the reverse of the general traffic of the day, when giant cattle herds were being ushered northward along the Chisholm Trail to Abilene.

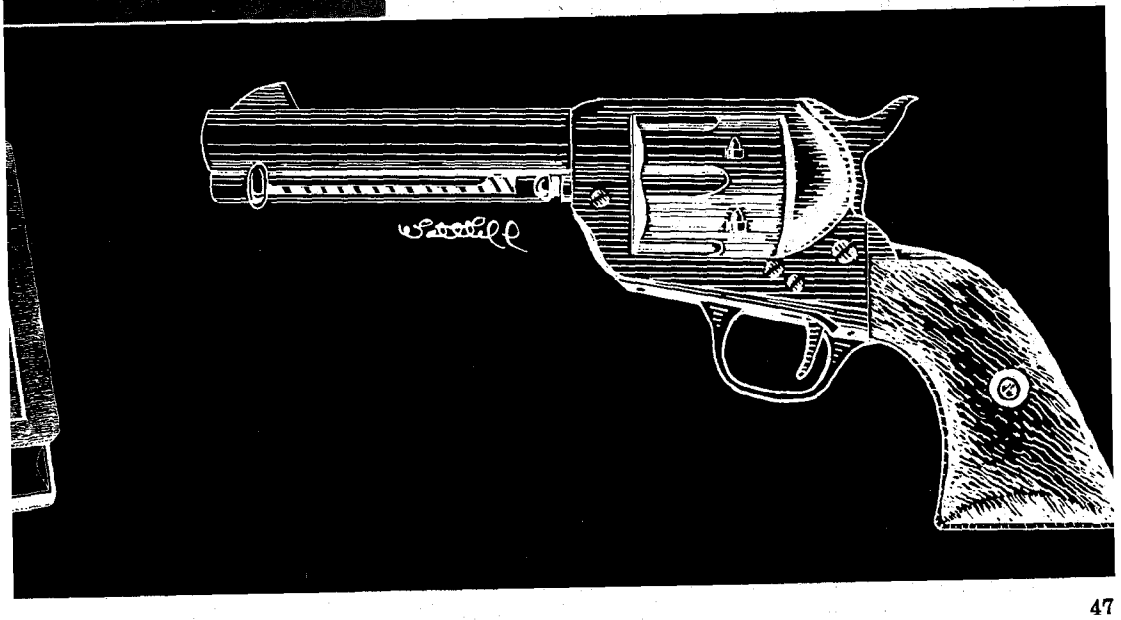
Rhodes was active in the founding of towns for county seats in Mead, Seward, Stevens, and Grant Counties. He built the first hotel in Mead, Kansas; then, after a short residence in Trinidad and Denver, Colorado, Rhodes explored the eastern part of Indian Territory with a friend who was seeking to establish a ranch.

The settlers of Hogshooter Creek, located in the Coo-Wee-Scoo-Wee District of the Cherokee Nation, had leased land from the Indians for their homes and barns. About fifty yards from the creek they constructed a box-like building which was used as a combination church, community hall and school. Rhodes learned that a schoolteacher was needed and the idea appealed to him. He took the job.

He canvassed a ten-square-mile area and secured enough pupils to fill the building. Each settler paid for the education of his children. The school was rather primitive. The seats were plain pine planks and the blackboard consisted of three wide planks painted with lampblack. On his desk, the new teacher kept a handbell, which he used to signal the beginning of the school day, and a big six-shooter!

In later years Rhodes admitted the school was "a bit rough." The nearest postoffice was twelve miles away and regular delivery came once a week, provided the weather was good and Cherokee Bill or Henry Starr were not in the neighborhood. Rhodes said his pupils dressed in "all colors of the rainbow" and lived in covered wagons, dugouts, tents and log houses. All had plenty to eat—the prairies were covered with cattle and the woods were full of hogs, quail, turkey, deer and rabbits.

(Continued on page 74)



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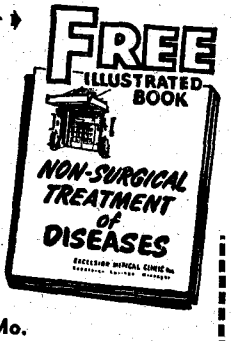

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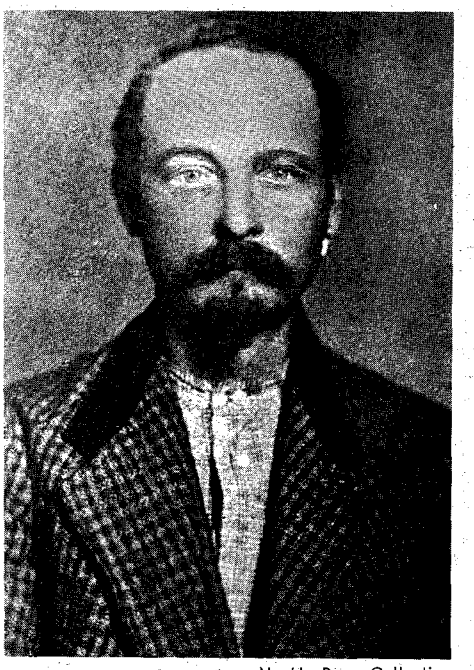

N. H. Rose Collection

Cole Younger, 1876

Charlie Pitts—R.I.P.

(Continued from page 43)

pursuit. Within the week Pitts had been killed and the Youngers captured.

Whether the family of Charlie Pitts (some say his name was Sam Wells) was aware of his death but refused to come forward, is not known. However, no claim was made for the remains, and Doctor Murphy, Surgeon General of the State of Minnesota, took charge of the corpse for scientific purposes. The doctor preserved his keepsake in a barrel of brine in the back room of his office, there it awaited final disposition. Charlie eventually ceased to be an important news item, and the population turned its attention to other affairs. He had been almost forgotten when a peculiar incident caused him to play a return engagement at St. Paul.

It was while Charlie was being "held in state," that one William Gibbs, a friend of Murphy's and later known to the writer, dropped in for a friendly call. Gibbs was asked if he would like to see Charlie Pitts. The two men retired to the back room in which was a large barrel similar to an old sauerkraut barrel, with a weight on the cover. The doctor removed the lid and reaching down, lifted the cadaver by its hair and said, "Come up, Charlie, you have company." After a good look, Charlie was returned to his barrel. In relating this incident, Mr. Gibbs stated that he visited the doctor many times afterward but was never again introduced to such an interesting guest.

HENRY HOYT, a young medical student and friend of Doctor Murphy's, needed a cadaver in the course of his medical studies so Murphy, acting in his legal capacity, gave Hoyt the body "for the benefit of science." Proper records were made of the transaction and young Hoyt, after that particular phase of his training had been completed, decided to keep the skeleton for his office when he had set up his practice.

"A skeleton in the closet" was part of every doctor's equipment at that time, but the bones had to be cured for that purpose. The easiest method was placing the bones in water for about a year, so Henry Hoyt placed Charlie in a box and submerged him in Lake Como.

After graduation Doctor Hoyt decided to go West. He was not too successful in establishing himself, and during the ensuing years probably forgot all about Charlie Pitts at the bottom of Lake Como back in Minnesota.

Sometime later, a young man named Robertson, who resided in St. Paul, went out on the frozen waters of the lake to spear muskrats through the ice. On his hunt he broke through the ice directly over Charlie's hiding place and knocked out one side of the box. A bone fell out of the opening. Mr. Robertson thinking he had solved the mystery of his missing prize hunting dog, returned to town considerably excited by his discovery.

People who heard the tale thought it odd that anyone would go to the trouble of boxing the bones of a dog, but egged on by the mystery a group led by Robertson returned to the spot. Investigating the box further, they were surprised to find a human skull penetrated with bullet holes! Feeling both upset and important, the young men returned to St. Paul and notified the authorities.

THE SHERIFF and coroner on viewing the remains found themselves facing an awkward situation. Here was the corpus delicti but no one was reported dead or missing. The police blotter was clear. Much space was given the incident in the papers and many questions were asked by the public, all of which caused the authorities concern. Who was the deceased? How did he get into the lake? When was he killed? Who did it? Fortunately about that time Doctor Murphy, who had been away from St. Paul, returned to hear of the mystery. He immediately produced records showing that he had come into possession of Charlie Pitts legally, and had transferred the body to Doctor Henry Hoyt, also legally. Hoyt was contacted and had no trouble in explaining the reason for the skeleton's being in Lake Como, so once again the bones were stored in Murphy's back room where they

(Continued on page 50)

A. B. Bunker, Teller of the First National Bank, Northfield.

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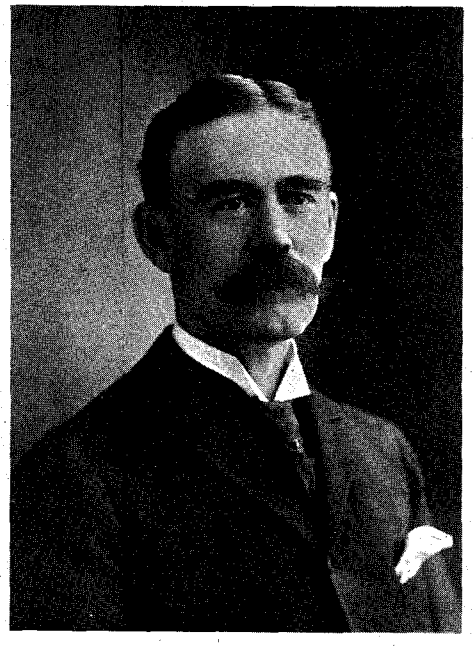

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Nothing stood between this woman and her new home but a Sioux war party. To offset the odds, she had friendly passengers (with guns) a good scout and three little mules that never slackened their pace...

By
MATILDA
WHITE
STARBRUCK

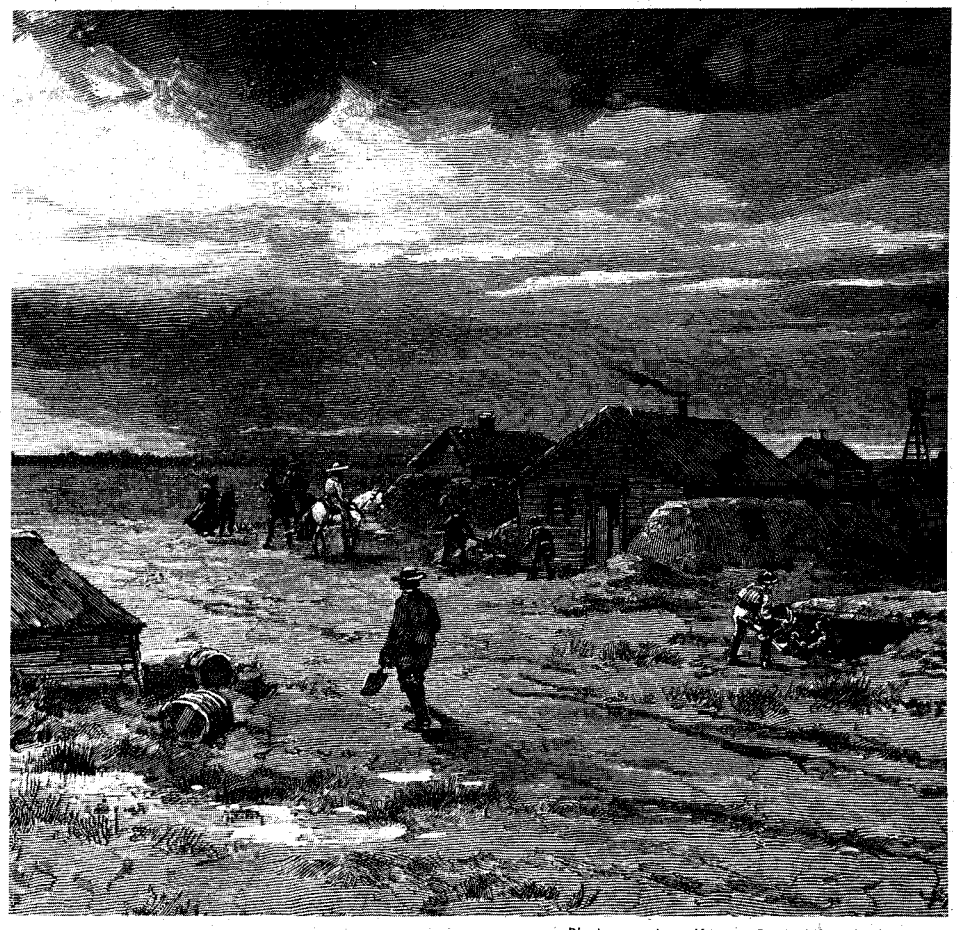

Photo courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Artist Charles Graham's illustration of the bleak desolate Dakota area which the author faced on her first trip.

Dark Wilderness

Editor's Note: Matilda White Starbuck was born December 12, 1850. Her first husband, Dr. J. W. C. White, was a well-known South Dakota practitioner. Her story presents a true insight into life in the rugged West. The manuscript was acquired exclusively for TRUE WEST by Mrs. H. D. Goc.

MOTHER came with me to the B and M Depot, Lincoln, Nebraska, kissed me and my two babies goodbye, and we started for Cheyenne to take the stagecoach for Custer. According to my husband's arrangements, I was to meet a Mr. McKay in Cheyenne, my husband saying that he was a Mason and that he would take care of me and the children. I met him at the Ford Hotel and he was kind and thoughtful. The next morning at two o'clock, Mr. McKay told me the coach was getting ready to start. I dressed the children with his help and he carried them downstairs.

We were soon settled for the dangerous journey through the wilderness. Mr. Kenedy, a passenger, took little sister, and she cuddled down in his good strong arms and went to sleep feeling perfectly safe, while Mr. McKay held Effie, aged three.

When daylight came, we stopped at a shelter of sod and sticks. Men came out and took the horses off the coach. I think those weary animals were glad to stop, for they had been driven as hard as they could jump.

While the change was being made, we went inside. A man was cooking bread in a camp kettle and making coffee in a big battered pot. We dipped our bread in bacon grease and it was all right with us.

The cooks were armed, the white handles of their six-shooters shining on either side of them. They gave Mr. Kenedy a can of condensed milk for the babies.

Some of the men thought we would be tired so a bunk was fixed at one side of the soddy. They said for us to lie down, they would watch over us.

I took my babies in my arms and we sure went to sleep, with those guns glistening around us ready to fight for us if there came a time for it.

Soon it was time to go again. Mr. McKay took the children out to the coach and we saw that the horses had been replaced by some big mules. There was scarcely any road, only a little mark or trail, but the mules went just as hard as they could go. We changed again for mules and had some more bread and bacon grease at the next stop. The men were on the lookout for those dreadful Sioux. At the next station our trouble began. We found that Indians had stolen our stock and while we were in the shack they drove away the mules, leaving us two little cayuses for wheelers and a sick mule for lead. They were hitched onto the coach and we dragged over the Laramie Plains.

Somewhere along here two men began to fuss and quarrel and talk loud until we thought they would tear one another up. Mr. McKay nudged me and said, "Sing something." To save me, I didn't know what to sing. Nothing but *Fairy Moonlight* would come to me, so I struck up. As I have a good strong voice, I let it come with all the power I possessed. It had the desired effect and the two antagonists began to look out of the windows (in different directions, of course). The driver pelted the little cayuses with rocks and they took considerable time kicking and jumping over the traces. Then we heard the yell of the Sioux! A scout came to the door and said to the driver, "They are after yer. Hide up in the rocks." We pulled up and the men stood at the heads of the poor wretched team, keeping them still when they began to get uneasy. The men told me they would fight until they found that the redskins were getting the better of them, then they would kill me and the children instantly. But as we waited, the same mysterious scout came to us and said the Sioux had gone past and we could pull for the Hat Creek stockade.

(Continued on page 72)

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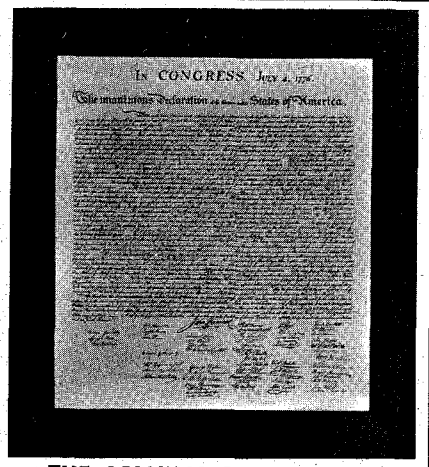

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Charlie Pitts—R.I.P.

(*Continued from page 48*)

had originally rested.

Sometime later a colleague of Doctor Murphy's visited St. Paul and paid a call. During their visit the subject of the James Gang entered the conversation and Charlie was mentioned, with the result that the skeleton was given to the Eastern physician to display in his Chicago office.

From that point all record of the wayward outlaw is lost. Diligent efforts have been made to locate the final resting place of Charlie Pitts without success. The medical profession and institutions, as well, have been consulted. "Number twenty-six" of the James Gang seems to be gone for good.

Frank Wilcox, Assistant Bookkeeper when bank was raided.

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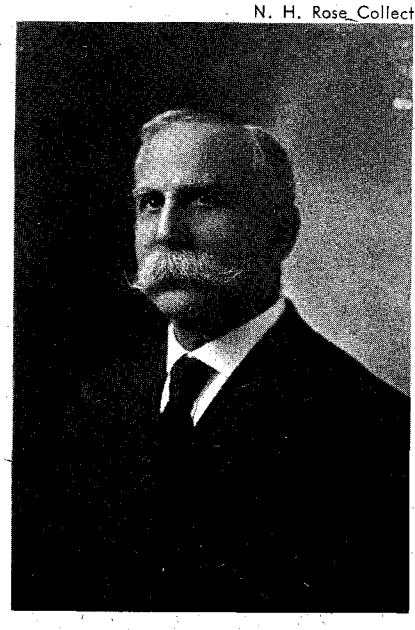


Sam Colt's Famed Five-Shooter

(*Continued from page 33*)

the famed Mexican Mounted Lancers and both Taylor and Walker figured that a Colt revolver more powerful than the Paterson five-shooter was needed.

The meeting between Captain Walker and Sam Colt resulted in the famous Walker Colt. The inventor entered into a business deal with Eli Whitney, Jr., to produce the weapons at the latter's Whitneyville, Connecticut, plant. Walker-Whitneyville Colts, originally sold to the Government for $28.00 each, now command a price of $1,000 to $3,000.

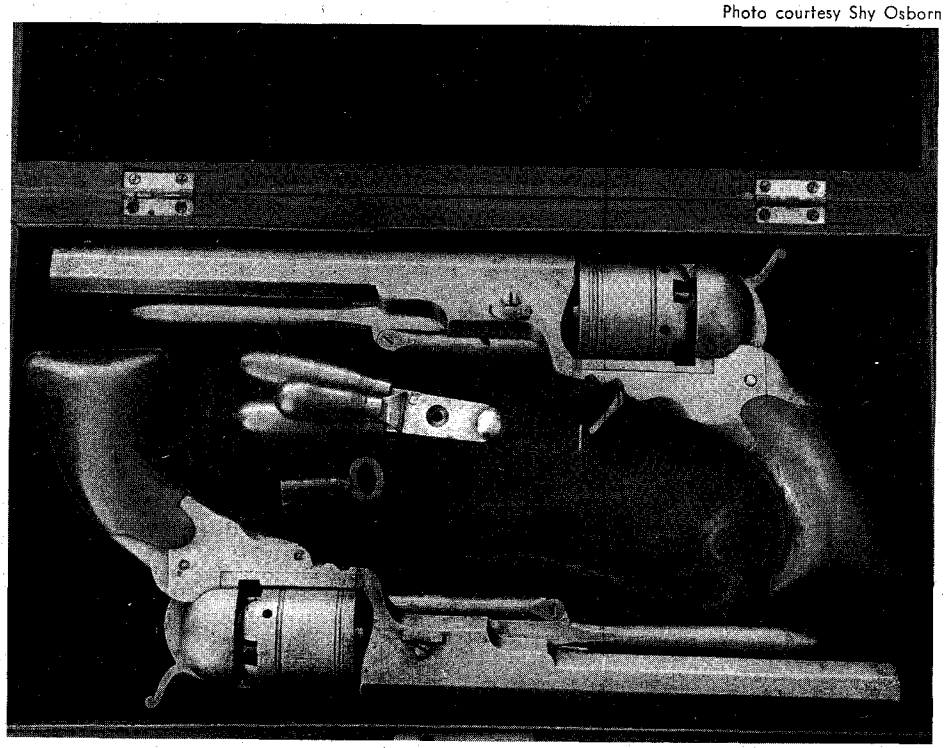
Captain Walker did all in his power to expedite manufacture of the new and powerful .44 caliber revolvers but all he managed was to get a pair for himself before shoving off for the Mexican front with his Rangers. He was clutching one in each hand when his body was found after the battle of Huamantla, in which General Santa Anna's army was routed with disastrous casualties. Later in the war, Captain Jack Hays' Rangers got into action armed with the deadly Walker Colts.

Throughout the Mexican War, from Monterrey to Mexico City, the hard-riding, fast-shooting Texas Rangers were envied by the regular American troops and dreaded by the Mexican soldiers. "These shaggy, bearded giants, with their long butcher (Bowie) knives and terrible revolving pistols, are truly more devil than man," wrote one Mexican war correspondent. "No mere human can stand against their screeching charge, a blazing pistol in each hand."

In 1848, with surplus machinery and tools from his Whitneyville venture, Sam Colt opened his own plant at Hartford, Connecticut. Production of the .44 caliber Dragoon, the .36 caliber Navy and the .44 caliber 1860 Army Colt paved the way for the advent of the great Peacemaker .45 in 1873—the famed "Equalizer" that won the West.

A set of Paterson .40 caliber five-shooters

Photo courtesy Shy Osborn



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By

G. E. ROBINSON

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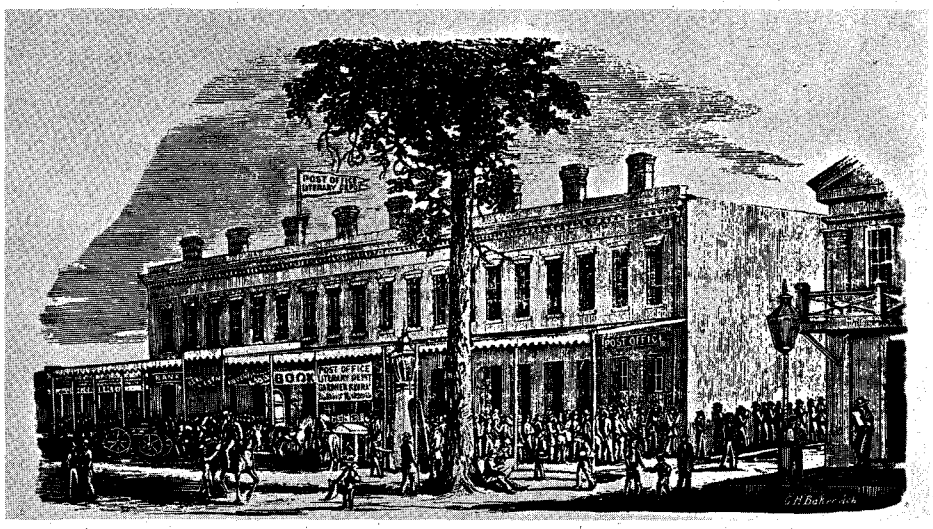
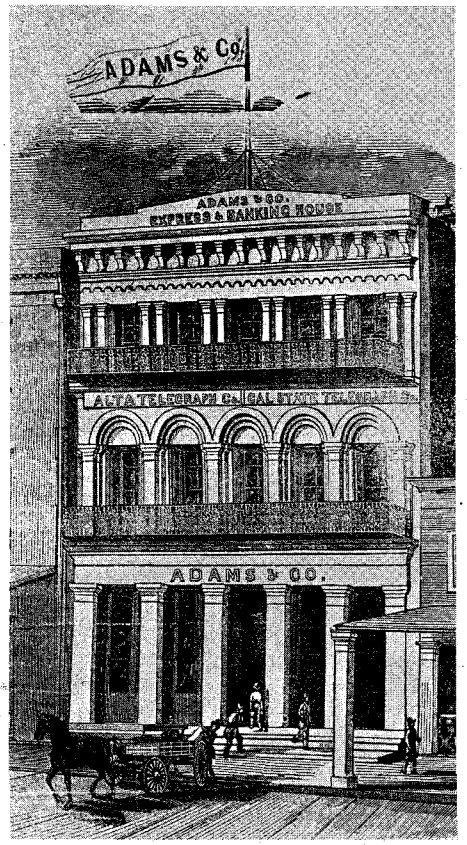


Front view of Sacramento Post Office, 1855.

The Rowboat Courier

Postman, banker, "taxi driver," merchant—Alex Todd did a thriving business in the Mother Lode—and his office was afloat!

Adams and Company's new Express and Banking House, 1854.



ALEXANDER TODD tugged at the oars and made ready to pull away from the bank when a yell came from downriver.

"Hello there, Todd! I say, Todd, wait for me!"

The man in the rowboat pretended not to hear and gave another yank on the oars.

"Todd, Todd, wait up!"

This time Alex Todd acknowledged the call and looked up to see Nate Cummings, a miner, running toward him.

"O.K., Nate," the man in the boat asked, "where to?"

"You know blamed well where to. How much will you charge me this trip?"

"Sixteen dollars, same as always."

"Too much," declared Nate.

Todd looked at the man on the bank, whose pack was already weighing heavily on his shoulders, and shrugged.

"Suit yourself, but it's sure enough a long walk to your diggin's." Alex pulled at the oars once again—but didn't pull very hard. He knew the miner would make up his mind double quick. Rowing a boat was a lot easier than carrying a pack on the long haul over rugged hills; if Nate wanted a ride, he'd have to supply the power necessary to propel the little rowboat through the sloughs and free reaches of the San Joaquin River. That's what it cost Alex Todd's passengers not to walk!

A United States mail carrier, he had purchased the rowboat in 1849 and the boat was big enough to carry sixteen passengers and several good-sized bundles of mail.

The tariff on delivery of letters came high. Carriers charged whatever the traffic would bear—as much as half-an-ounce of gold per letter if the going were tough and no competitors wanted to take on the job. Todd was able to come down to $4.00 a letter but only because he charged passengers $16.00 a head. There were always enough miners going to and from the foothills to make this venture profitable.

Alex Todd had come to the Mother Lode country primarily to prospect, but the exacting physical life of a miner proved too much for him. He did discover that miners in the isolated sections wanted mail and packages and were willing to pay well for the luxury of having them delivered. He rode through the southern Mother Lode region recording names (at $1.00 each) of the men who wanted mail brought up from San Francisco. Men gave their names and their dollars readily and before long Alex Todd had more than 2,000 customers.

On his first trip, a merchantman in Stockton commissioned Todd to transport $200,000 worth of gold dust to San Francisco. Alex divided the treasure into separate packages and put them in a butter keg. He charged five per cent on the dust for handling it. This delivery gave Todd his start as an expressman.

Before starting the trip back, he purchased all the New York newspapers he could lay his hands on, paying from $1.00 to $3.00 apiece for them. He sold

(Continued on page 62)

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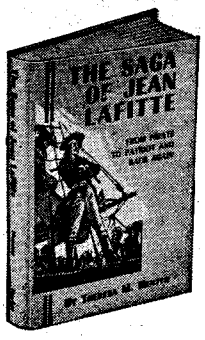

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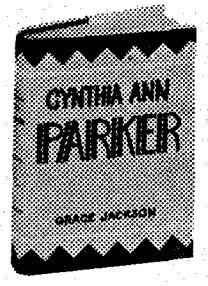

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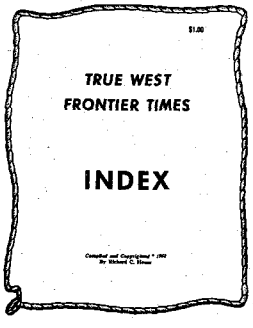

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The Oregon Trail

(Continued from page 13)

again to become objects of charity if separated entirely from friends. I knew one survivor who was out seven days without food other than a scant supply of berries, vegetable growth, and "a few crickets, but not many," as it was too laborious to catch them.

We had no trouble crossing the cattle, although the river was wide. It seems almost incredible how passively obedient cattle will become in crossing streams on such a trip.

We had not finished crossing when tempting offers came from others to cross them, but all of our party said, "No, we must travel." A rule had been adopted to travel some every day possible. Travel, travel, travel, was the watchword, and nothing would divert us from that resolution, so on the third day we were ready to pull out from the river with the cattle rested from the enforced detention.

But what about the lower crossing? Those who had crossed over the river must somehow or another get back. It was less than 150 miles to where we were again to cross back to the south side (left bank) of the river. I could walk that in three days, while it would take our teams ten. Could I not go ahead, procure a wagon-box and start a ferry of my own?

The thought prompted an affirmative answer at once, so with a little food and a small blanket the trip to the lower crossing was made. The most I remember about that trip is the jack rabbits—such swarms of them I had never seen before as I traveled down the Boise Valley, and never expect to see the like again.

I soon obtained the wagon-bed and was at work during all of the daylight hours crossing people till the teams came up, and for several days after, and left the river with $110 in my pocket, all of which was gone before I arrived in Portland, save $2.75.

TO MANY the strain was great and suffering intense, and to such, small wonder if their recollections of the days on the trail are a little colored in their minds. For myself, I can truly say that in pioneer life on Puget Sound there was just as great discomfort as on the Plains, but neither experience laid a firm grip upon me. L. B. Rowland recently told me of the experiences of his train between the two crossings of the Snake. Of the twenty-three who crossed, eleven died before they reached the lower crossing. Other trains suffered, but probably few to such a great extent. All down the Snake, the dust and heat were great. They were intolerable to many who gave way in despair and died.

The scourge of cholera on the Platte in 1852 is far beyond my power of description. In later years I witnessed panics on shipboard, experienced the horrors of the flight of a whole population from Indians, but never before or since, such scenes as those during the ravages of cholera. People lost all control of themselves and of others. Whole trains could be seen contending for the mastery of the road by day and testing the endurance of both men and beast to the utmost at night. The scourge came from the south, as we met the trains that crossed the Platte and congested the trail. Mrs. M. E. Jones, now of North Yakima, relates that forty people of their train died in one day and two nights before reaching the crossing of the Platte. Martin Cook of Newbury, Oregon, reported that a family of seven persons, the father known as "Dad Friels," from Hartford, Warren County, Iowa, all died of cholera and were buried in one grave. While camped with a sick brother four days a short distance above Grand Island, a neighboring burial place grew from a few to fifty-two fresh graves. All such have long ago been leveled by the passing of the hoofs of the buffalo or domestic stock or desecrated by the hungry wolves.

In September we reached the great Columbia, at The Dalles. Every few hours stragglers came in from off the dusty road and a motley crowd these people were. Cosmopolitan in nationality, all vestige of race peculiarities or race prejudices had been ground away in the mill of adversity and trials common to all alike in danger.

Some were buoyant and hopeful in anticipation of meeting friends whom they knew were awaiting them at their journey's end, while others were downcast and despondent as their thoughts went back to their old homes left behind and forward to the unknown land ahead.

The constant gathering and constant departures of the emigrants on the bank of the Columbia did not materially change the numbers encamped, nor the general appearance. The great trip had moulded this army of homeseekers into one homogenous mass, a common brotherhood.

We camped but two days on the bank of the river. When I say "we" I mean myself, my young wife, and the little baby boy, who was but seven weeks old when the start was made near Eddyville, Iowa. Both were sick, the mother from gradual exhaustion during the trip and the little one in sympathy.

Did you ever think of the wonderful mystery of the inner action of the mind, how some impressions once made seem to remain, how seemingly trivial happenings will be fastened upon one's memory while others of more importance have faded forever from our grasp? I can well believe all readers have had this experience, and so will receive with leniency the confession of an elderly gentleman when I admit that I do not remember embarking on the great scow for the float down the river to the Cascades, but vividly remember incidents of the voyage.

We all felt (I mean the emigrants) that now our journey was ended. The cattle had been unyoked for the last time; the wagons had been rolled to the last bivouac; the embers of the last campfire had died out; the last word of gossip had been spoken; and now we were entering a new field with new present experience, and with new expectancy for the morrow.

The scow (or lighter) upon which we took passage was decked over, but without railing. I think there must have been a dozen families, or more, of sixty or more persons, principally women and children, as the young men (and some old ones, too) were struggling on the mountain trail to get the teams through to the west side. The whole deck surface of the scow was covered with the remnants of the emigrants' outfits, which in turn were covered by the owners, either sitting or reclining upon their possessions, leaving but scant room to change position or move about in any way.

Did you ever, reader, have the experience when some sorrow overtook you, or when some disappointment had been ex-

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perienced, or when deferred hopes had not been realized, or sometimes even without these and from some unknown, subtle cause, feel that depression of spirits that for lack of a better name we call "the blues"? When the world ahead looked dark; when hope seemed extinguished and the future looked like a blank? I know you all to a greater or less degree have had just this experience. Can you wonder that, after our craft had been turned loose upon the waters of the great river, and begun floating lazily down with the current, that such a feeling as that described would seize us as with an iron grip?

We were like an army that had burned the bridges behind them as they marched, and with scant knowledge of what lay in the track before them. Here we were, more than 2,000 miles from home, separated by a trackless, uninhabited waste of country, impossible for us to retrace. Go ahead we must, no matter what we were to encounter. Then, too, we had been strung up for months to duties that could not be avoided or delayed, and many were on the verge of collapse. Some were sick and all reduced in flesh from the urgent call for camp duty, and lack of variety of food. Such were the feelings of the motley crowd of sixty persons as we slowly neared that wonderful crevice through which the great river flows while passing the Cascade Mountain range.

In our company, a party of three, a young married couple and an unmarried sister lounged on their belongings, listlessly watching the ripples of the water, as did others of the party. But little conversation was passing. Each seemed to be communing with himself or herself, but it was easy to see what were the thoughts occupying the minds of all. The young husband, it was plain to be seen, would soon complete that greater journey to the unknown beyond, a condition that weighed so heavily upon the ladies of the party that they could ill conceal their solicitude and sorrow.

Finally to cheer up the sick husband and brother, the ladies began to sing in sweet subdued voices the old familiar song of *Home, Sweet Home,* whereupon others of the party joined in the chorus with increased volume of sound. As the echoes died away at the moment of gliding under the shadow of the high mountain, the second verse was begun, but was never finished. If an electric shock had startled every individual of the party, there could have been no more simultaneous effect than when the second line of the second verse was reached. Instead of song, sobs and outcries of grief poured forth from all lips. It seemed as if there were a tumult of despair mingled with prayer pouring forth without restraint. The rugged boatmen rested upon their oars in awe and gave away in sympathy with the scene before them, until it could truly be said no dry eyes were left.

Like the downpour of a summer shower that suddenly clears the atmosphere to welcome the bright shining sun that follows, so this sudden outburst of grief cleared away the despondency, to be replaced by an exalted, exhilarating feeling of buoyancy and hopefulness. The tears were not dried before mirth took possession—a real hysterical manifestation of the whole party that ended all depression for the remainder of the trip.

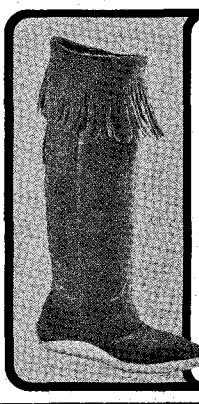
My little young wife was ill so long she had to be carried in arms up the bank of the Willamette and to a lodging house in Portland, an easy task for me, as the weight incident to health was gone and only the frame left. For myself, I can truly say that the trip had not drawn on my vitality as I saw with so many. True, I had lost nearly twenty pounds but what weight I had left was the bone and sinew of my system.

And so, if asked, did you experience hardship on the trip across the Plains, I could not answer yes without a mental reservation that it could have been a great deal worse.

Editor's Note: Fifty-four years after completing his journey West, realizing that the 2,000 miles of the Oregon and Santa Fe Trails had never been marked and would soon be lost forever, Ezra Meeker and a young grandchild assumed the enormous task of retracing his route of years before and erecting monuments along the way as markers.

The aged pioneer started from his home in Puyallup, Washington, on January 29, 1906 in a wagon which was new except for one hub which had done service in '53. The team consisted of a seven-year-old ox named Twist and one un-

"And now out of chute Number Two—"



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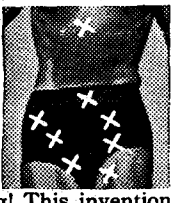

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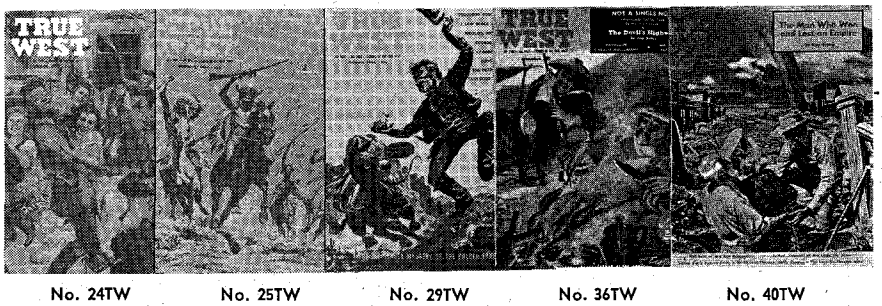

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broken four-year-old steer named Dave. At his own expense, Mr. Meeker began the tedious march back along the Trail to its eastern terminus on the Missouri River, then across Iowa and Illinois to his Indiana birthplace.

As he journeyed, the old man interested the people along the route in the importance of saving the Oregon Trail from oblivion. Their fathers and grandfathers had helped to make it but the past was in a fair way to be forgotten.

It took a year's travel to complete the journey and between Payallup and Omaha nineteen monuments were erected. The NEW YORK EVENING POST of May 18, 1907 carried this tribute:

LAST BLAZES ON THE OREGON TRAIL

AGED PIONEER RETRACED HIS MARCH OF FIFTY-FOUR YEARS BEFORE—EZRA MEEKER'S JOURNEY FROM PUYALLUP TO HIS INDIANA HOME—MANY MONUMENTS ERECTED ALONG THE WAY—FAMOUS TRAVELERS WHO TROD THE ROUGH ROAD'S 2,000 MILES—BOTH THE OREGON AND SANTA FE TRAILS NOW PERMANENTLY MARKED.

"Originally blazed for a portion of the way by De la Verendrye, in 1742; trodden a distance by Lewis and Clark as they pushed across the vast trans-Mississippi empire; worn by the trappers and adventurers of the first quarter of the 19th Century, such men as Ezekiel Williams, General Ashley, "Jim" Bridger, Campbell, Fitzpatrick, Sublette, and Wilson Price Hunt; made into a hard and smooth highway by the hardy Missourians rushing across the continent in search of gold, by the Mormons seeking a new land of liberty, and by countless soldiers of fortune—the famous Oregon Trail has at last been rescued from oblivion and marked with stone monuments, thanks largely to the work of one man, Ezra Meeker.

"After he left his Washington home, more than 2,500 people contributed to the erection of Oregon Trail monuments. At intervals along the route, Mr. Meeker, with the aid of people for whom he and others blazed the way, erected a huge stone boulder here, a cairn of stones there, a signboard or post in another place. In Baker City, Oregon, the monument was erected by contributions received from 800 schoolchildren, all of whom were present when it was dedicated. At Boise, Idaho, Mr. Meeker camped for several days beside the post office. He spoke to the public schoolchildren of his object, and 1,200 contributed to purchase the granite monument, which will mark the place where the old-timers passed through what is now a thriving city. The Governor of the State and other state officers insisted that the monument be erected on the State House yard, and it was dedicated in the presence of more than 3,000 people.

"To erect a monument at the summit of South Pass, Mr. Meeker traveled eighty-four miles from a post office, and twenty-four persons who reside in the neighborhood were the only witnesses of the event. The monument stands on the irrigation survey near Sweetwater, and is 7,450 feet above sea level, one of the highest of such landmarks in the country.

"In many of the towns and places where monuments were erected, Mr. Meeker stayed to see the work done, but in many other instances he turned the matter over to a local committee appointed for that purpose.

"The Oregon Trail began, as did the

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Santa Fe Trail leading to the Southwest, at the town of Independence, on the Missouri River. Practically, St. Louis was the eastern terminus, men and goods going up the Missouri River to Independence, and there taking wagon and setting out either for the Northwest or the Southwest.

"The two trails were the same for forty-one miles, when, as the historian Chittenden remarks, a single signboard was seen which carried the words, 'Road to Oregon.' That signboard today, with its lack of ostentation and its epigrammatic clearness, would be worth more than its proverbial weight in gold to any state historical society.

"There were branch trails that came into the road from Leavenworth and St. Joseph, striking it above the point of departure from the Santa Fe Trail; but the Oregon Trail proper swung off from this fork, running steadily to the northwest, part of the time along the Little Blue River, until at length it struck the valley of the Platte, so essential to its welfare. The distance from Independence to the Platte was 316 miles (about twenty miles below the head of Grand Island). The course thence lay up the Platte Valley to the two forks, 433 or 493 miles.

"Here was a point of departure; if one chose to follow the South Forks of the Platte he might bring up in the Bayou Salade, within reach of the Spanish settlements and the head of the Arkansas, or he might take the other arm and come out on the edge of the Continental Divide, much higher to the north.

"The Oregon Trail followed the South Fork for a time, then swung over to the North Fork at Ash Creek. It was 667 miles to Fort Laramie, which was the last post on the eastern side of the Rockies. Thence the trail struggled on up the Platte, keeping close as it might to the stream, till it reached well up toward the mountains, 794 miles out from Independence, and nearly the same distance from that point as was Santa Fe on the lower trail.

"A little farther on, the trail forsook the Platte, 807 miles out from Missouri, and swung across to the valley of the Sweetwater. The famous Independence Rock was one of the most noteworthy features along the Trail. It marked the entrance into the Sweetwater district and was a sort of register, holding the rudely carved names of many of the hardy western adventurers.

"By the Sweetwater the Oregon Trailers were taken below the foot of the Big Horns, past the Devil's Gate, and up to that remarkable crossing of the Rockies known as South Pass, where Ezra Meeker later dedicated his monument under such unusual circumstances (taking water from the irrigation ditches on the east side of the Continental Divide to irrigate the west side). This is 947 miles from the Missouri River.

"Starting now down the Pacific side of the Great Divide, the traveler passed over 125 miles of somewhat forbidding country, crossing the Green River before he came to Fort Bridger, the first resting point west of the Rockies, 1,070 miles from the Missouri. This was a delightful spot in every way, and always welcomed by the Oregon Trailers.

"The Bear River was 1,136 miles from Independence, and to Soda Springs, on the big bend of the Bear, was 1,206 miles. Thence one crossed over the height of land between the Bear and Port Neuf Rivers, and at a distance of 1,288 miles from Independence, reached the very important point of Fort Hall, the post established by Nathaniel Wyeth. This was the first point at which the trail struck the Snake River, that great lower arm of the Columbia.

"At the Raft River was another point of great interest, for here turned aside the arm of the transcontinental trail which led to California. Working as best it might from the Raft River, down the Great Snake Valley, touching and crossing and parallelling several different streams, the Oregon Trail proper ran until it reached the Grande Ronde Valley, at the eastern edge of the difficult Blue Mountains, 1,736 miles from the starting point. The railway today crosses the Blues exactly where the old Trail did.

"Then the route struck the Umatilla and shortly thereafter, the Columbia River. It was 1,934 miles to the Dalles, 1,977 to the Cascades, 2,020 miles to Fort Vancouver, and 2,134 to the mouth of the Columbia, though the trail proper terminated at Fort Vancouver.

"Such was the Oregon Trail, traversed by hundreds and thousands of hardy adventurers, outlet of the Missouri rendezvousing station, a mighty highway across which surged the advance tide of a nation's traffic.

"Years passed and its very whereabouts was forgotten; disputes arose. Then an old man, almost eighty, with his grandchild, clambered into a prairie schooner, made in part of the one in which he had journed westward in 1852, and the Oregon Trail was retraced and marked with monuments that a people and a nation may not forget."

The Way it Really Was

(Continued from page 45)

the brush for cattle, he was dead tired and needed a good night's sleep.

His bed was made up of a tarp and several soogans (blankets). The tarp was a piece of heavy canvas, eighteen feet long and about nine feet wide, spread out on the ground with the soogans laid on one end about a foot from the top. Two or three soogans were folded double and placed one on top of the other and the cowboy slept between them and had a couple more soogans on top of him. The bottom of the tarp was thrown over the bedding and the cowboy would tuck the sides under. That made it harder for snakes or centipedes to get in bed with him.

Those soogans we used were darn near square, and we had to scratch our heads sometimes trying to figure out which was the long way of one. Every time we'd pull them up under our chins, our feet would stick out. It was known all over the West that most sheepherders went crazy trying to find the long way of a soogan. If you don't believe they did, just ask any old-time cowboy.

Most of the water on the range wasn't very good, especially after the cattle had stood in the waterholes for awhile. We carried barrels of fresh water on each side of the bed and cookwagons.

The barrels always got pollywogs in them before they got empty. When a cowboy wanted a drink, he would hit the top of the water with the dipper so the pollywogs would duck to the bottom—then he would dip out a cupful. When the water level got so low the pollywogs couldn't duck, he had to strain the water through a flour sack. It was the cook's job to do the straining and that water never hurt me.

There were two things oldtime cowhands seemed to take for granted—one was work and the other was germs. Neither one was ever powerful enough to get his goat.

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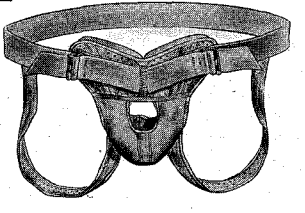

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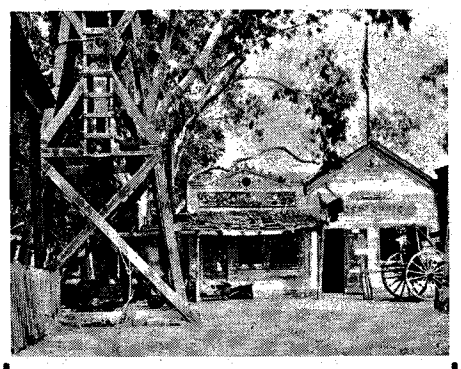

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The Wind Blows Cold

(Continued from page 31)

They were adequately dressed and used the most dependable form of transportation—horses. (That applies to all others whose work required battling the storms, such as stage drivers.)

Gaunt grey wolves weighing from 125 to 150 pounds, in packs of twenty-five to forty, constantly flanked the drifting herds. Not since the buffalo had they had such good pickings!

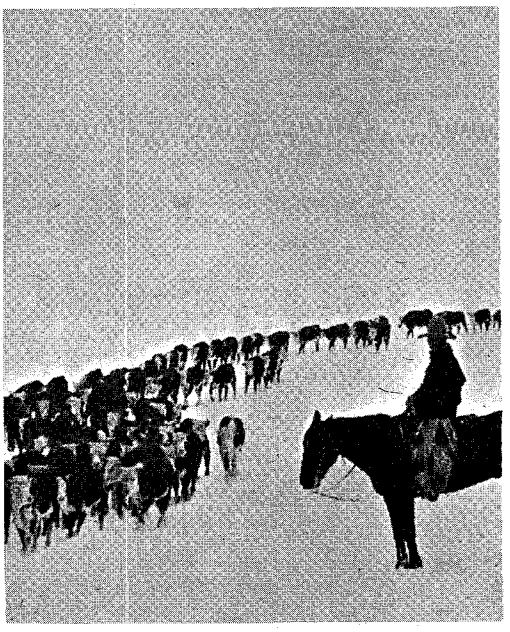
It seemed all the wolves in Canada had suddenly migrated to Montana. Cowboys fought them with guns and poison, neither method very effective. They seemed to know instinctively how close they could come to man and still be out of rifle range.

As the storms continued through February, contact between ranches and towns almost vanished. Cowtown residents knew what was happening on the ranges and manfully strove to whistle away the blues. An unemployed cowboy would ride out and return to report the cattle he saw on the ridges seemed to be in good condition. What he didn't add, and no one ever reminded him, was that the area on the ridges was comparatively small and at the best had the poorest grass. Local papers would carry the rider's report to reassure its readers that while the winter kill might be heavier than usual, nothing in the way of an actual disaster was in prospect.

Trying to cover up the true situation these same papers, such as the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, viciously branded editors in the larger cities as prophets of gloom and accused them of trying to kill off all the cattle in Montana with a pen. The farther east the paper was located the more relentless the attacks on the cattlemen. One of the more restrained papers, which was close enough to understand some of the problems, was the *Minneapolis Tribune*. On February 21, this story was carried.

"It is reported that in Montana and North Dakota the shelterless range cattle are dying by the thousands. If ranchers prefer to take the financial risk, there is a moral side to the subject which has been much neglected and which calls for a vigorous exercise of public opinion. Cattlemen must provide the means to prevent the loss and the disgrace of this decimation of animal life through starvation and exposure."

This moral side, as they called it, had been a thorn in the side of cattlemen for some time as the eastern humanitarians hammered at them for cruel practices such as branding and dehorning. Now they really had something to talk about!

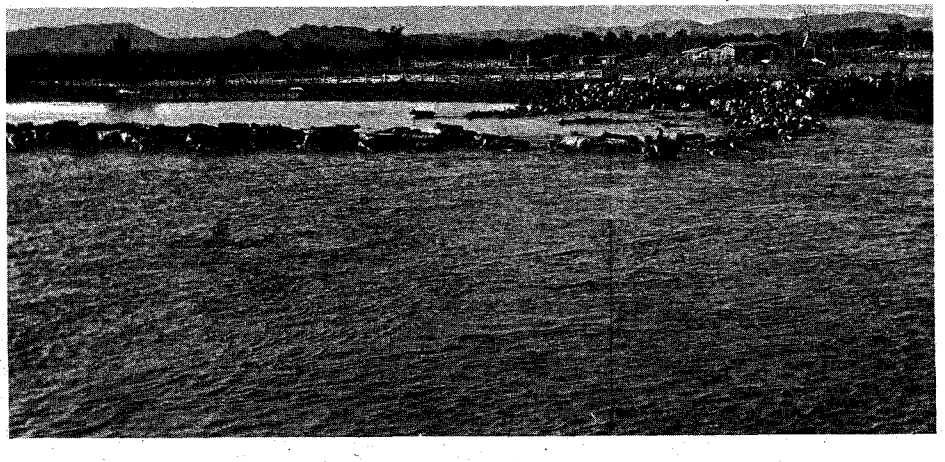


IN FEBRUARY the cattle began to invade the towns, wandering restlessly through the streets and gnawing at everything that might dull their hunger. It was estimated that at least 5,000 head milled through Great Falls, bawling incessantly as they rummaged through garbage cans for food. Hundreds of saplings the city had planted the summer before were chewed to the ground. Riders drove them back out on the range only to have them return during the night. The first job in the morning, before the stores could open, was dragging away the carcasses of dead cows from the doorways of business establishments.

Bunkhouse conversations were likely to be interrupted abruptly as the men waited and listened for a chinook. A sudden change in the tone of the wind would cause conversations and card games to come to a stop as men listened. Then one would slip outside to feel the wind and quickly duck back in again, sadly shaking his head.

Finally in March, a month later than usual, the usual spring thaw turned every coulee into a torrent of raging water. It revealed a land barren of all vegetation, but liberally sprinkled with coyote-picked skeletons. Some draws could

A Texas trail herd crossing the Powder River at the N BAR Ranch in the summer of 1885.



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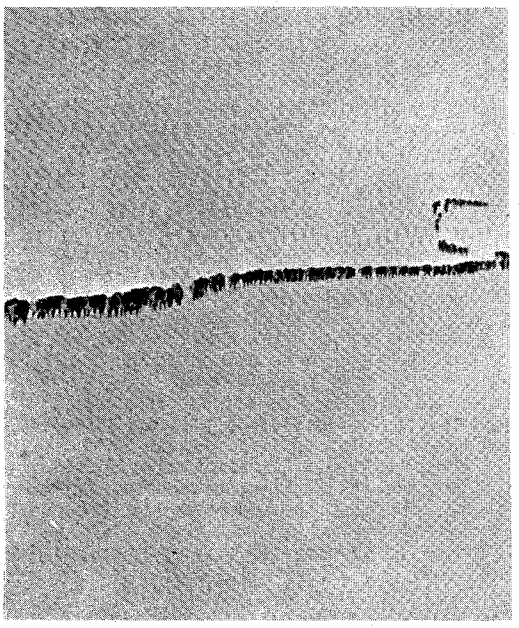

It was a cold, colorless winter.

not be approached for the stench of decaying beef and along some creeks it was possible to walk for miles without stepping off the carcasses of cows. By the stockmen's associations' estimates $20,000,000 worth of beef—not to mention a large number of sheep—lay rotting on the prairie. No one ever estimated the number of horses that died in the storm.

The losses for the state as a whole were estimated at sixty per cent and it must be remembered that Montana, west of the Continental Divide, had an average winter. On some ranges, especially those along the Yellowstone, the loss ran a straight ninety-five per cent with some outfits losing every animal they had. The Niobrara Cattle Co. of Texas had less than 10,000 left of the 40,000 head it had on the Montana ranges. Of the 6,000 it pushed across the Missouri, the Home Land and Cattle Co. had less than 2,000 left. Nelson Story, who in the 1860s drove the first herd of longhorns into Montana, lost a straight sixty-six per cent of his entire herd. The famous Swan Land and Cattle Co. of Wyoming, entirely Scotch owned, went bankrupt as did many others. Some found themselves $250,000 to $500,000 in debt. One man's only salvage from the disaster was $2,000 from the sale of hides from some of his dead stock.

For one or two outfits, at least, the winter saved the managers from making some embarrassing explanations. It wiped out some cattle these outfits actually didn't have although they were shown on the books. All the managers had to do was report the actual number of cattle the outfit had left in the spring and blame everything else on the winter.

The Miles City paper, the *Yellowstone Journal*, commented on this: "It is comforting to reflect on the number of reputations saved by the 'hard winter'."

Many outfits, deep in debt, had to sell what cattle they had left, forcing the cattle market still lower. In one year the price of a 1,200-pound steer had dropped from $56 to $20 with $6 off for freight in either case.

THOSE WHO HAD money or could borrow it had a good choice of replacements. An estimated 100,000 head of cattle were trailed up from Texas that summer and found a ready market. But

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AS LOW AS 9¢	EACH	5 plants for
RED WEIGELA; deep red	.25	$1.19
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DEUTZIA, snow white	.19	.89
MOCK ORANGE; white	.19	.89
*PINK SPIREA; pink	.09	.40
ALTHEA DOUBLE; red, pink, white	.19	.89
PUSSY WILLOW; bears catkins	.29	1.29
RED BUSH HONEYSUCKLE; red	.29	1.29
ALTHEA ROSE OF SHARON; mixed	.09	.40
PINK WEIGELA; pure pink	.19	.89
CRAPE MYRTLE; colors, red or pink	.59	2.89
HYDRANGEA, P. G.; pinkish white	.39	1.89
SPIREA VAN HOUTTEI; white flowers	.25	1.19
RED OZIER DOGWOOD; red bark	.19	.89
CYDONIA JAPONICA; red flowers	.39	1.89
PERSIAN LILAC; old favorite orchid	.49	2.29
*SNOWBALL; huge, white flowers	.29	1.29
WISTERIA VINE; purple flowers	.39	1.89
PINK BUSH HONEYSUCKLE; pink	.25	1.19
FLOWERING ALMOND; pink flowers	.59	2.89
*PINK AZALEA; pink	.39	1.89
FLOWERING CRABS; red or pink	.79	3.89
RED SNOWBERRY; red berries	.25	1.19

(Above SHRUBS, 1 to 2 ft. tall, 1 or 2 yrs. old)

EVERGREENS (for lasting beauty)

AS LOW AS 15¢	EACH	3 for
MAGNOLIA; 1 to 1½ ft.	.69	$1.79
PFITZER JUNIPER; low spreading, 1 to 1½ ft.	.79	2.29
JAP. LIGUSTRUM; ½-1 ft.	.15	.40
JAP. LIGUSTRUM; 1-2 ft.	.59	1.59
WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM; 1 yr., 6 in.	.19	.55
WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM; 1 to 1½ ft.	.49	1.39
ABELIA; glossy leaves, ½ to 1 ft.	.29	.79
*RHODODENDRON; ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.95
COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE; ½ to 1 ft.	.49	1.39
NANDINAS; fiery red ones, 1 to 1½ ft.	.49	1.39
*MOUNTAIN LAUREL; 1 ft.	.29	.79
RED BERRY PYRACANTHA; ½ to 1 ft.	.89	2.49
GARDENIA; white blooms, 1 to 1½ ft.	.59	1.69
BOXWOOD; tiny leaves, 1 yr., ½ to 1 ft.	.49	1.39
CAMELLIA SASANQUA; 1 ft.	.89	2.49
BURFORDI HOLLY; ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.95
*CANADA HEMLOCK; 1 to 1½ ft.	.29	.79

(Above EVERGREENS are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

BULBS & PERENNIALS

	EACH	5 for
CANNAS; colors, red, pink, yellow	.19	$ .90
PEONIES; red, pink, white	.49	2.29
IRIS; blue, pink, purple, yellow	.09	.40
HOLLYHOCKS; mixed colors, roots	.25	1.19
SHASTA DAISY, root divisions	.19	.90
RED CARNATION; red	.25	1.19
ORIENTAL POPPY; scarlet	.25	1.19
CREEPING PHLOX; pink, blue, white	.18	.85
GLADIOLA; red, pink, yellow	.08	.35
HIBISCUS; giant blooms	.09	.40
PAMPAS GRASS; white plumes	.29	1.29

(All PERENNIALS and BULBS are 1 yr. or older)

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(All HEDGE 1 to 2 ft. tall, 1 or 2 yrs. old)

SHADE TREES & FLOWERING TREES

	EACH	3 for
CHINESE ELM; 2½ to 4 ft. tall	.29	$ .79
CHINESE ELM; 5½ to 7 ft. tall	.79	2.19
GINKGO TREE; 1 to 2 ft. tall	.59	1.69
LOMBARDY POPLAR; 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.29	.79
LOMBARDY POPLAR; 5½ to 7 ft. tall	.79	2.19
SILVER MAPLE; 3-4 ft. tall	.19	.53
SILVER MAPLE; 5½-7 ft.	.79	2.19
SYCAMORE; 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.49	1.39
WEEPING WILLOW; 4½-6 ft.	.59	1.69
*RED BUD; 5½ to 7 ft. tall	.79	2.19
PINK FL. MIMOSA; 2½ to 4 ft.	.39	.99
PINK FL. MIMOSA; 4½ to 6 ft.	.79	2.19
*WHITE FL DOGWOOD; 2½ to 4 ft.	.29	.79
PINK FL. DOGWOOD; 1 to 2 ft.	1.69	4.98
RED FLOW. PEACH; 2½ to 4 ft.	.79	2.19
PINK FLOW. PEACH; 2½ to 4 ft.	.79	2.19
*TULIP TREE; 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.79	2.19
GOLDEN RAIN TREE; 1 to 2 ft.	.79	2.19
*TREE OF HEAVEN; 3½ to 5 ft.	.59	1.59
PURPLE LEAF PLUM; 1 to 2 ft. tall	.69	1.98

(All above TREES 1 or 2 yrs. old)

FRUIT TREES

PEACHES; Varieties: Elberta, J. H. Hale, Red Haven, Golden Jubilee, Belle Georgia, Hale Haven, Dixie Red. **Prices on Peach: 1 to 2 ft. — 39¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 49¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — 89¢ ea.**

PLUM TREES; Varieties: Burbank, Munson, Abundance, Golden. **Price: 1 to 2 ft. — 49¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 79¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — 98¢ ea.**

APPLE TREES; Varieties: Red Delicious, Red Stayman, Early Harvest, Yellow Delicious. **Prices: 1 to 2 ft. — 49¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 59¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — 98¢ ea.**

PEAR TREES; Varieties: Keiffer; Bartlett. **Prices: 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — $1.29 ea.**

APRICOT TREES; Varieties: Early Golden, Moorpark. **Prices: 2 to 3 ft. — 79¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — $1.39 ea.**

CHERRY TREES; Variety: Montmorency. **Prices: 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea.; 3 to 4 ft. — $1.49 ea.**

MARIANA PLUM (for jelly); 1 yr., 1 to 2 ft. **49¢ ea.**

HARDY PECAN; ½-1 ft. — **69¢ ea.;** 1-2 ft. — **98¢ ea.**

(All above TREES 1 or 2 yrs. old)

GRAPE VINES; Varieties; Concord, Carmen, Fredonia. **Price: 1 yr., ½ to 1 ft. tall — 59¢ ea.**

BLACKBERRY; 1 yr. plants, ½ to 1 ft. **15¢ ea.**

DEWBERRY; 1 yr. plants, ½ to 1 ft. **15¢ ea.**

GEM EVERBEAR STRAWBERRY; 1 yr. **25 for 1.29**

FIGS; Magnolia. 1 yr., 1 to 2 ft. **98c ea.**

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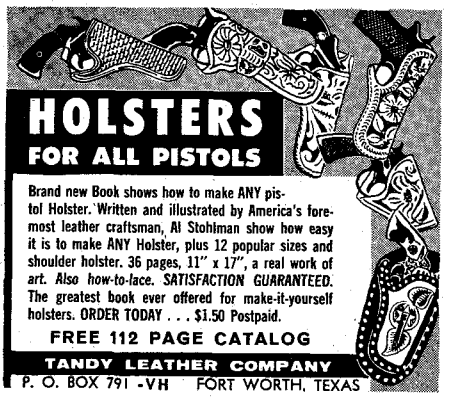

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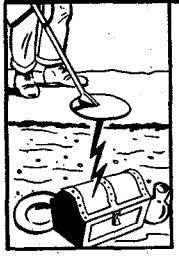

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it was to a radically changed industry that they were sold. The real open range era was ended in Montana. The trend shifted toward smaller outfits with fenced ranges, supplemental feeding, and man-made shelters where needed. Ended, too, was the old-time cowboy life as it had been up to that time. More and more the cowboy became just a ranch hand, part of whose work was done on horseback.

That winter of '86 not only broke the cattlemen financially but frequently in spirit as well. After standing by helplessly, the business which many had considered the most glamorous of all, suddenly became distasteful. Many ranchers, and cowboys alike, sought town jobs, forsaking the range forever, preferring a life where they never again would hear the bawl of a hungry cow or the wail of winter winds over a snowy prairie. Granville Stuart spoke for them all when he wrote, "I never again wanted to own an animal I couldn't feed!"

It was that winter which started the cowboy artist, Charlie Russell, on the way to fame. Kauffman and Stadler, Helena cattlemen, wrote to their foreman in the Judith Basin for a report. The foreman gave the letter to Charlie to answer. On a postcard Charlie sketched the coyotes waiting for a gaunt old steer to fall and entitled it "Waiting for a Chinook." That's all the report the owners got and all they needed.

No man loved the carefree life of the open range more than Theodore Roosevelt, but the following summer he sold his ranch in the North Dakota badlands, on the Little Missouri just east of the Montana line, and returned to civilization. Had it not been for the winter of '86 it is possible Teddy might never have gotten around to returning east and the nation would have lost the services of a great president.

What happened once can happen again —only not quite in the same way. The empire of grass has been turned under by the homesteader's plow. The area now is Montana's great wheat belt. Cattle are under fence and winter feeding is an accepted practice. A pitchfork is as much of a cowboy's equipment as his gun, rope and spurs. But the Great Plains are still there and out of the north the fury of the Arctic can lash them again. If the great white owls of the Arctic come riding with muffled wings to perch on housetops and corral fences, it will again be in the language of the old, long forgotten Cree a *Kissineyooway'o winter—The winds blow cold!*

Chief Washakie's Sack of Scalps

(Continued from page 21)

small in number to directly charge the highly conical mounds; his only alternative was to scale the north wall. Shouting his men on, he led them up the side ravine where they found a deer trail leading to the canyon rim.

FOLLOWING on the heels of Lieutenant Young, Captain Bates with his dismounted cavalrymen entered the village where they began mopping-up operations. A series of individual actions broke out when they found enemy warriors hiding under creek banks, behind large rocks on the hillside, and in the sagebrush. One enlisted man, sighting his rifle up an "alley" between lodges, found that all he had to do was pull the trigger when an Arapahoe brave made a run down the alleyway for the twin hills or slopes above the village. He accounted for several of the enemy.

Captain Bates held the village for almost a half-hour and was preparing to destroy the lodges when the Indians' fire from the two key hills forced him to withdraw some 400 yards, beyond accurate rifle range, in the direction toward his horses.

Lieutenant Young was having a rough time of it with his detail of less than a score of men. At first everything had gone well. Emerging on top of the canyon rim, he had found a small mesa, approximately 250 yards square. Advancing to the side overlooking the village, his men had concentrated their fire on the lower mound. Little was accomplished, for the warriors quickly moved to the twin position. With the addition of these men, there were approximately 150 Arapahoes occupying the second vantage point.

Lieutenant Young was moving his men along the rim to fire upon this second concentration when he was suddenly attacked by 200 warriors who had climbed to the rim from the lower or eastern part of the village.

Although he was outnumbered ten to one, Young had courage and determination. Still trying to save the situation for Captain Bates, he was leading a mounted charge on the Indian infantry when he received a disabling wound in the thigh.

The detail was left leaderless and it came to a halt. With the exception of the four white hunters, the remainder of the personnel was all Shoshone. Washakie, that unconquered and wise old leader of many Indian battles, recognized the situation as hopeless under such forbidding odds. Assuming command, he sent a courier to Captain Bates advising him of Lieutenant Young's predicament.

It was impossible to remain on the rim within point-blank range of the opposition, with additional enemy reinforcements arriving momentarily. Only the accurate fire of the hunters, armed with Spencer repeating rifles, prevented the Arapahoes from overrunning the remaining few of the small detail. With his seasoned men falling steadily on each side of him, Washakie gave orders for one of the white men to assist Lieutenant Young off the rim, while the others fought

(Continued on page 60)

Sharp Nose, Chief of Arapahoes, Ft. Washakie, Wyoming, 1899.

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Has the Lost Dutchman Been Found?

(Continued from page 15)

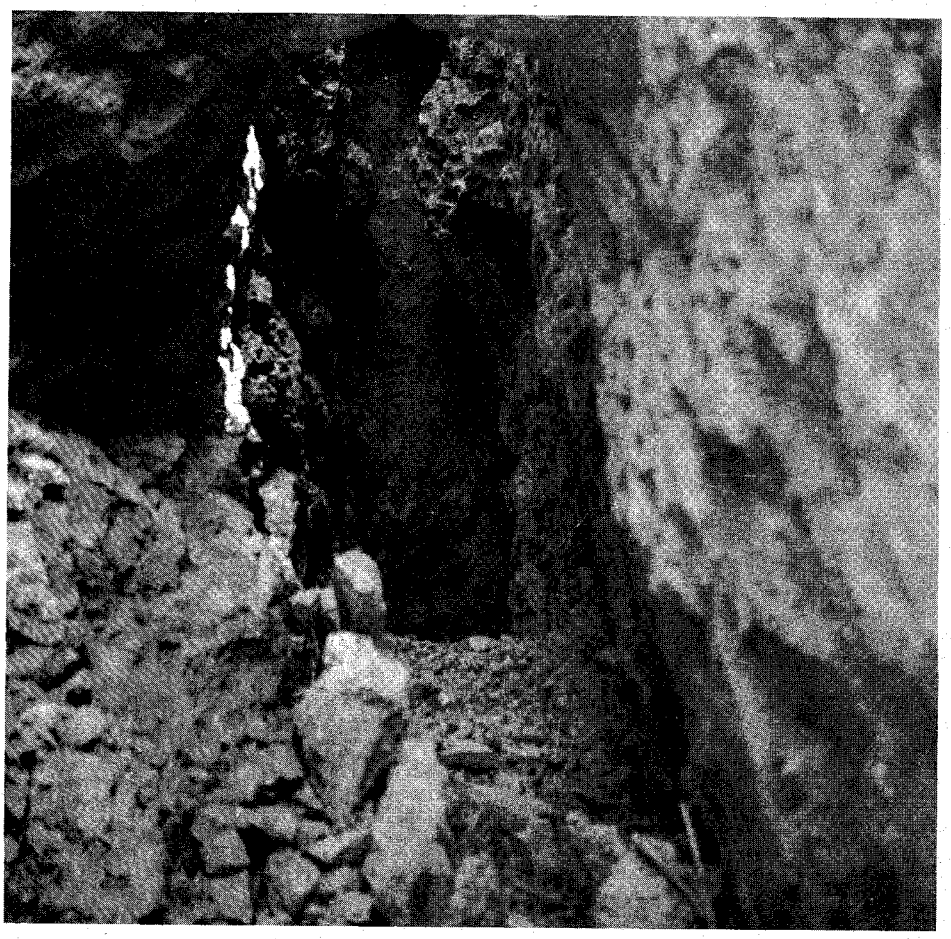
trouble for? You might just as well cut off the rattles and turn the snake loose. You might not get a second warning!"

Jesse Mullins prospected the Superstitions for over half of his life. His comment was, "I never found the Lost Dutchman myself. Go see Abe Reid or John Pearce. Nothing goes on in there without their knowing all about it. If anyone ever found it they did. I gave up looking for it a long time ago. Got too dangerous over there around the Needle after Adolph Ruth was shot. If you ever find it, you'd better make believe you didn't! And don't ever tell me—I don't want to know. I want to die a natural death!"

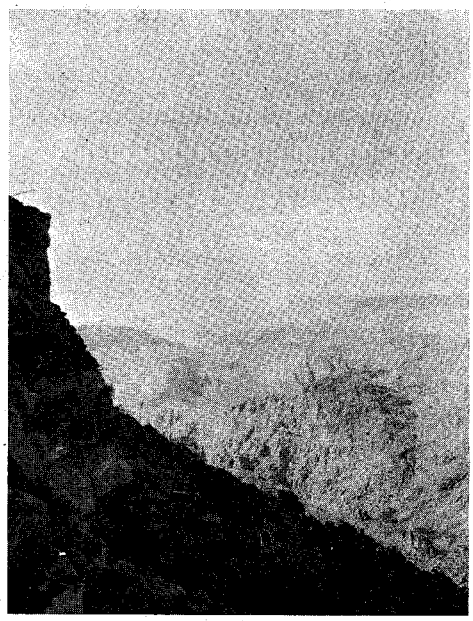
All three of these old prospectors are dead now and I feel free to reveal my findings. The photographs on these pages will show that I'm not merely blowing off steam. I have seen what's left of the Lost Dutchman Mine and could lead you to it tomorrow. But the trip would hardly be worth it. There's not an ounce of gold left!

Above, view as seen from upper tunnel, showing where "ledge of solid gold" was extracted.

Below, view showing interior of lower tunnel of "Lost Dutchman Mine." Sunlight comes from upper tunnel, through opening which originally contained ledge of solid gold.



Below, panoramic view of area in which "Lost Dutchman Mine" is located. Photo taken from Weaver's Needle emphasizes roughness of the terrain.



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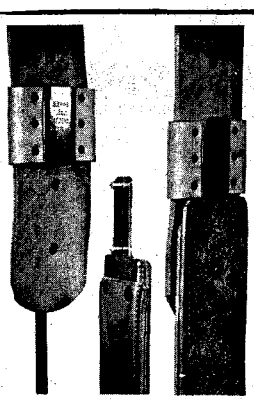

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Chief Washakie's Sack of Scalps

(Continued from page 58)

a covering action.

Captain Bates, receiving word of the precarious position of the wounded lieutenant and his men charged through the village for the second time. Hitting the vengeful Arapahoes with the full force of his mounted company, he drove them back to gain the distance and time necessary to effect a safe rescue of Lieutenant Young and his courageous few.

As Captain Bates withdrew through the village, he prepared to destroy the lodges by slashing their coverings. (He could have burned them more easily, but refrained from doing so because of the women and children huddled inside.)

The Arapahoes and their allies held a different viewpoint on the matter. They now held all the key positions, the canyon rim and the twin mounds.

Some of the Indians on the canyon rim hastily erected stone rifle pits, as insurance again Bates' return. The remainder joined those on the two hills who were firing at the white men below. Disregarding the fact that their own people were in the lodges, they added to the toll already taken among the innocent in the previous fighting.

The white men were out in the open without protection of any kind, unable to fire effectively upon their tormenters so well concealed above them. There was no choice but to retire to the position they had occupied early that morning, prior to the first attack.

Even that location proved to be no longer safe or secure. Doctor Maghee coolly dressed the injuries of the wounded men under direct fire from the Arapahoes. While bandaging a wound, a bullet passed between him and the injured man. Thinking that the bullet was a "stray," he continued with his work. When a second and still a third came more than comfortably close, he looked up to see an enemy warrior creeping through the brush for a more certain shot. Doctor Maghee had laid aside his pistol and belt for convenience in his work. Making a lunge for the revolver, he quickly fired and killed his personal stalker, then calmly returned to his care of the wounded.

Captain Bates was finding it increasingly difficult to maintain his position when he noticed smoke signals rising in the air over the north canyon rim.

On June 30, when the Shoshone scouts had originally reported the location of the Arapahoe village, they had also reported that this band had recently split off from the main encampment of Sioux and Cheyennes. The larger camp was supposed to have been located at the mouth of No Wood, on the Wind River. If the main village were to see the smoke signals, Captain Bates and his small company might well be forced to run a gauntlet of fire for the eighty-mile return to Camp Brown through a country that lent itself to ambush at every turn.

Captain Bates dispatched couriers to headquarters with reports of the "victory" over the Arapahoes and requested that he be met with reinforcements. The relieving column met him thirty miles out of Camp Brown on the sixth of July.

Casualties amounted to two men killed and four seriously wounded, including Lieutenant Young. Several of their Shoshone allies had been killed in the fighting on the bluff and many more wounded. For years afterward, the crevices along the north rim contained the intermingled bones of both warring factions.

Arapahoes reported killed ranged from fifty to over a hundred, with that many more wounded. No estimate was made of the number of women and children killed in the village, although the Arapahoes stated there were a great number.

When his warriors gathered the evidence of the number slain, Chief Washakie dumped them into a sack to be tied on the back of a captured horse. This would have been actual evidence, but for the fact that the horse escaped on the return to Camp Brown.

Little Phil Sheridan would have been delighted with this indisputable evidence of victory, but he had already departed to continue his inspection trip along the frontier posts. After all, the dangerous fight, while important to the participants, was only another episode on the frontier with the Indian fighting army.

Humor of the Cousin Jacks

(Continued from page 22)

talk and joke a minute or two and talk a little Cousin Jack lingo.

Dick would say, "Damme ole son how commus on you" meaning "How are you getting on?" When Dick started to leave he would say, "Damme belongs to me to be getting home, you." Every sentence ended, if possible, with the word "you," and "How commus on you?" was the common salutation when two men met. An old adage which says that in distinguishing names by Tre, Tri, Tro, and Trem you know all Cornishmen—for example, Trevilian, Treferen, etc.—is, of course, not true.

Alec Drowne was a native of Cornwall, an old miner killed at the Frost shaft in Austin when I worked there in 1909. Old Man Blackburn was a first generation Cousin, who had a general merchandise store in Austin. He was a little sawed-off fellow, wore a black alpaca coat and little round skullcap to match; he was honest and never cheated a soul in his life, and for that reason he had quite an Indian trade. His daughter was married to Harry Wills, a Cousin Jack gambler. While he was courting

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her he took her around quite a little; after marriage he somewhat neglected her. One day, she was bawling her head off to a neighbor and said, "Afore we was married 'e used to putt me everywhere; now 'e don't putt me no whar and I 'ate im, I 'ate im!"

The Cornish women were famous for their saffron cake (I never did like it), and their pasties or meat pies. These pies contained meat and vegetables surrounded with a crust and they were nourishing. A Cousin Jack miner would always expect to find a pasty in his lunch bucket.

It is well known that the Welsh are famous singers, and that goes for the Cornish, too. At lunch time they would get the cage to pull them up to the station in the mine where they could all get together and, as singing was a favorite pastime, their voices would blend in pleasing harmony. They were beer drinkers, too, and liked to congregate in a saloon, four or five or more, and sing and drink. They would do more singing than drinking much to the disgust of the bartender.

The Cornish were very clannish and in a Cousin Jack camp if you got paired with a Cousin Jack underground, you might have to watch out as there were many ways you could get accidentally hurt. Conditions got so bad in Virginia City, and hatred so deep, that the Cousins and the Irish got to killing each other and several ended up in the penitentiary at Carson. Two Irishmen were hanged for murder. I think the record is clear.

A new man came to work in a mine one day, a husky young fellow with red cheeks. His name turned out to be Ben Eaton. They were all jealous and suspicious and at lunch time as they sat around, one old Cousin said to another, "Damme what's his name you?" and the other said, "Ben Eaton", to which the first replied, "Damme tho't 'e'd been drinking."

Marcus Daly had introduced Irish miners into Butte, and there was quite an exodus of Cousins all at once. Marcus couldn't live forever and when he died it was said, "Ten thousand micks lay down their picks, when Marcus Daly

Central City, 1890.

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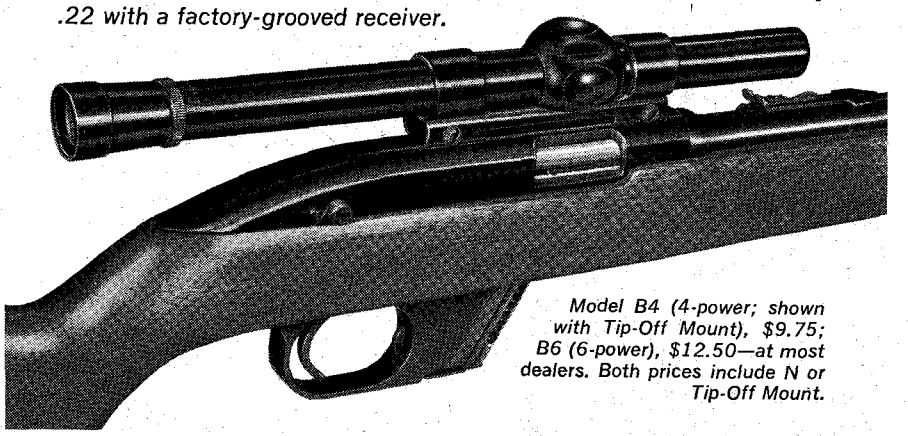

Model B4 (4-power; shown with Tip-Off Mount), $9.75; B6 (6-power), $12.50—at most dealers. Both prices include N or Tip-Off Mount.

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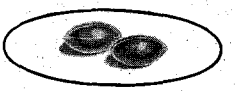

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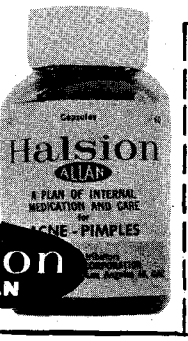

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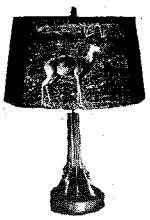

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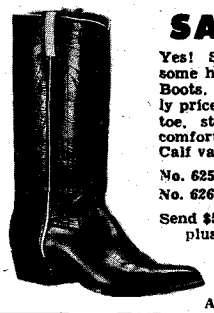

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died," but by that time the Irish were well entrenched.

Upon the hill stood the shaft and gallows frame of the old Parrot Mine and one day a handful of Cousins who had been fired were walking down the gulch. In one hand they carried a carpetbag with their earthly belongings, in the other, a greyhound leash. Next to singing and drinking beer, the Cousins love to race greyhounds. All at once a Cousin stopped, set his carpetbag down and still hanging on to the greyhound leash, looked up to the Parrot Mine, shook his fist, and said, "Goodbye, thee bloody birdie, the beastly Irish have thee now."

IN WORKING solid rock underground it was not uncommon to come to a fissure or seam in the rock. Your drill, if it got into the fissure, would stick and when you once got it loose, you would have a three-cornered hole, which was called a Dutchman and it would be quite a job to straighten your hole up. The Cousin Jack called a fissure a "fitchure" and when his drill stuck he would say, "Damme, bloody 'ole fitchured."

The Mae Lundy Mine was some little distance from Bodie, higher up, and snow stayed late in the draws and canyons. One day, some Cousins working in Bodie decided to go up to Mae Lundy to visit some of their cronies and there were four of them. Three went on ahead; the other one went to the livery stable to hire a saddle horse, and said to the liveryman, "Give us long-backed bugger you." The liveryman said, "Why does your horse have to have a long back?" to which Dickey replied, "Four of we is going to ride." So the stable man gave him a tough lazy old horse and the Cousins headed for Lundy.

Several hours later the stage was coming down the canyon and the driver saw a strange sight, an old horse stuck in a snowdrift and four men sitting astride him. He called out, "What's matter, boys?" and Dickey Roe called back, "Nothing matter. We's bloody 'orse fitchured!"

Bill Pooley, a Cousin Jack in Silver City was once telling about a friend who had smallpox and he said, " 'E was so deep pitted that 'e 'ad to shave 'isself with a brace and bit!"

"Big Bill" Haywood told a good one about what the Cousin Jacks called "tributing," which was nothing more than leasing, but it always gave them an incentive to get out more ore. Simon Harris, superintendent of the Poor Man Mine, had decided to stop this kind of work and to work all men on wages. Eight or ten of the Cousin Jacks were sitting around a big round table in the Brewery Saloon.

They were complaining and lamenting about the loss of their tributes, when one of the group said to another, "See 'ere, Tussy, can't thee pray? Can't thee pray for we tributes?"

Tussy answered, "It's been a long time since I made a prayer, but I'll try." He began, "Dear Lord, dost Thee know Simmon 'arris, superintendent of the Poor Man Mine? If Thee know 'em, we wish for Thee to take 'em and put 'em in 'ell, and there let the bugger frizzle and fry until 'e give us back we just tributes. And when 'e do, dear Lord, we ask Thee to take 'em out of 'ell again, an' grease 'em up a bit, and turn of 'em loose. Amen."

All were pleased with the prayer and bought another gallon of beer in Tussy's honor. In spite of his ardent entreaty, however, leasing was abolished and the Cousin Jacks lost their tributes.

Rowboat Courier

(Continued from page 51)

them to the miners for $8.00 each.

His first trip from San Francisco to the southern Mother Lode took exactly twenty-four hours—with the help of rowing passengers.

BEFORE LONG the postmaster in San Francisco began to feel that Todd's business was altogether too profitable and, to prove his point, demanded that Todd pay twenty-five cents for each letter he took out of the mail for delivery to his customers. The postmasters in Stockton and Sacramento, learning about this choice bit of blackmail, proceeded to get their two bits a letter, too. But Todd didn't care—he was getting more than his share from his customers.

From his main office in Stockton, he covered every camp from Stockton to Jacksonville and Gold Creek. He set up an office at each important point. The principal merchants in a town were his agents and Todd served as banker for the miners, who had no way to take care of their dust.

He charged one-half per cent a month for banking their dust (this entailed the privilege of investing it, also). For special deposit—the miner put his name on it and sealed the bag—Todd charged one per cent a month. The net earnings from this business alone brought Todd $1,000.00 a day.

In 1852, one of Todd's clerks robbed him of $70,000.00. Other thefts—$50,000.00 in Mariposa and $40,000.00 in Mokelumne Hill—also occurred. In addition, he was burned out nine times in different parts of the country. But in spite of these setbacks, Todd kept building up his profits.

In April, 1851, the President's message arrived in San Francisco from the East and Todd decided to go all out to get it to Stockton before any of the other expressmen could do so. He knew that Adams & Company, his fiercest competitor, was watching him; to throw them off guard, he went into the theatre while his partners packed the message and other papers and exchanges into an India rubber waterproof sack. One of his assistants, carrying the routine mail, boarded the San Francisco-Stockton steamer and the Adams people assumed he had been entrusted with the message.

Todd, meanwhile, slipped away unnoticed, got into his boat and rowed quietly to Oakland. He acquired a horse there, and riding as fast as possible, hanging onto his horse's tail when it was impossible to swim a stream any other way, made it to Stockton the next morning about two. After delivering the message to the printers, he took to his horse again and went on to all the principal points as far as Mariposa. He then returned, getting back to Stockton in about three days.

Adams' messenger did not get into Stockton until Tuesday, after paying the steamship people $50.00 to put him off before Todd's messenger debarked. When Adams' courier arrived at the printers, he was astonished to learn they had received the news the Sunday before.

Other men took up the work of delivering mail to remote locations. Among them were Bill Ballou; A. T. Dowd, the first white man to see the Calaveras "Big Trees"; and Snowshoe Thompson, who traveled on skis over the snow-covered ridges into Nevada. All, like Todd, were honest and daring, contributing to California's meteoric growth a touch of culture and civilization.

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ATTENTION, COLLECTORS!

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Why don't you take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high-quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues.

And don't forget that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are really the same type magazine—we are just sneaky enough to issue them under different titles so they will stay on the newsstands longer.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

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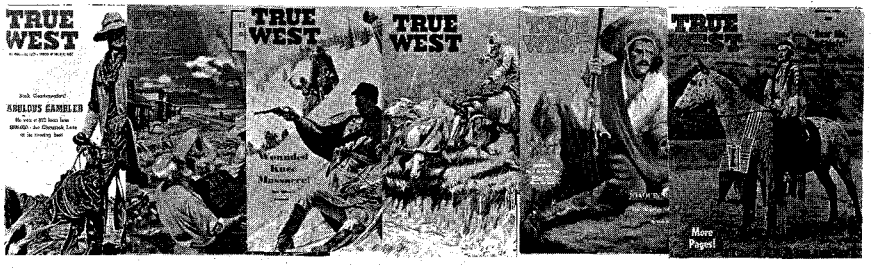
21—25c 22—25c 24—25c 25—25c 26—25c 27—25c 28—25c

29—25c 30—25c 31—25c 33—25c 36—25c 37—25c 38—25c



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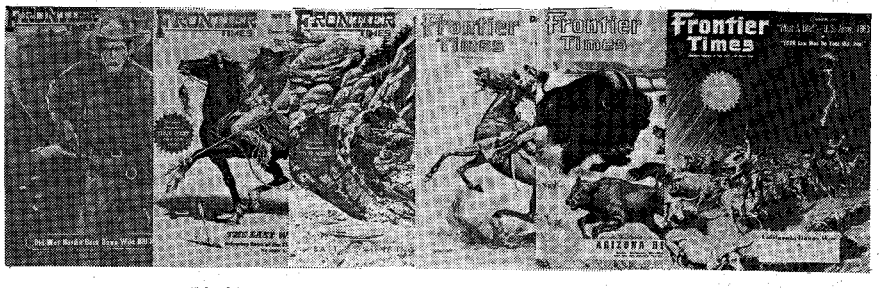
48—35c 49—35c 50—35c 51—35c 52—35c 53—35c



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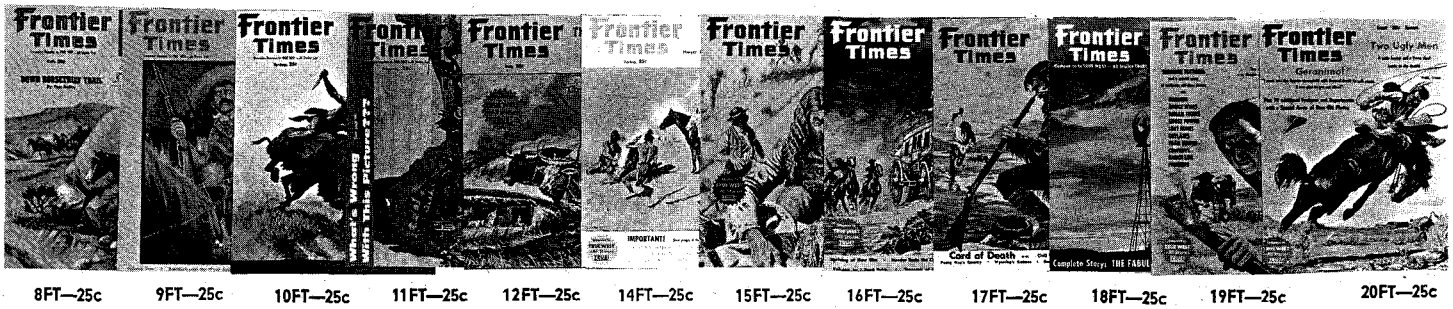

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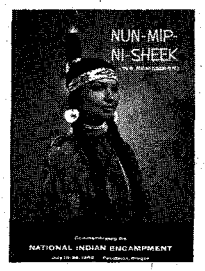

AN INVALUABLE ADDITION to your Indian and Western Americana collection, the 64 page booklet NUN-MIP-NI-SHEEK (We Remember) is truly a collector's item commemorating the 1959 National Indian Encampment. Profusely illustrated in color, you'll want several copies for your library. $1.00 Postpaid.

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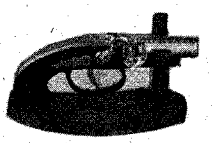

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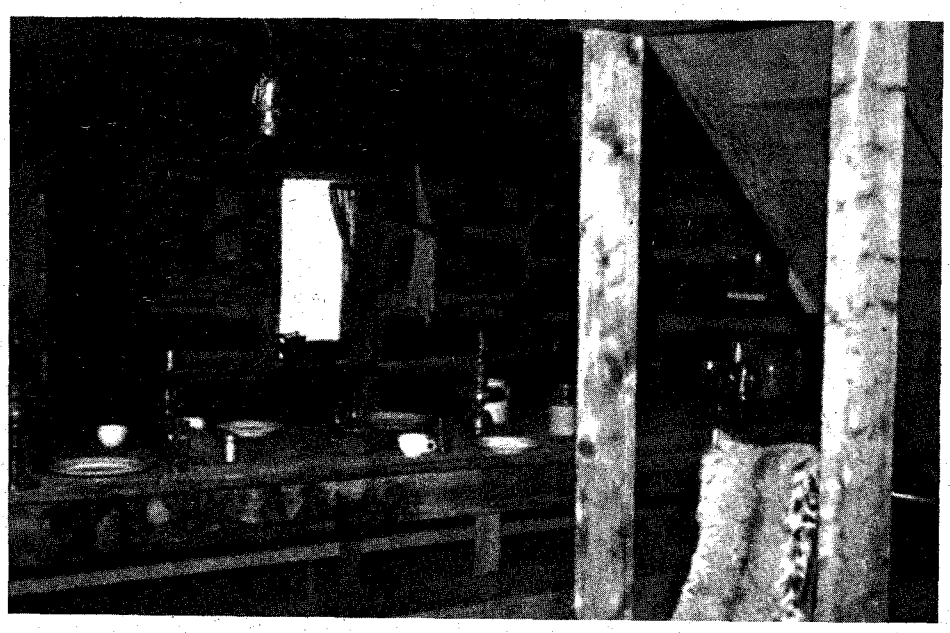
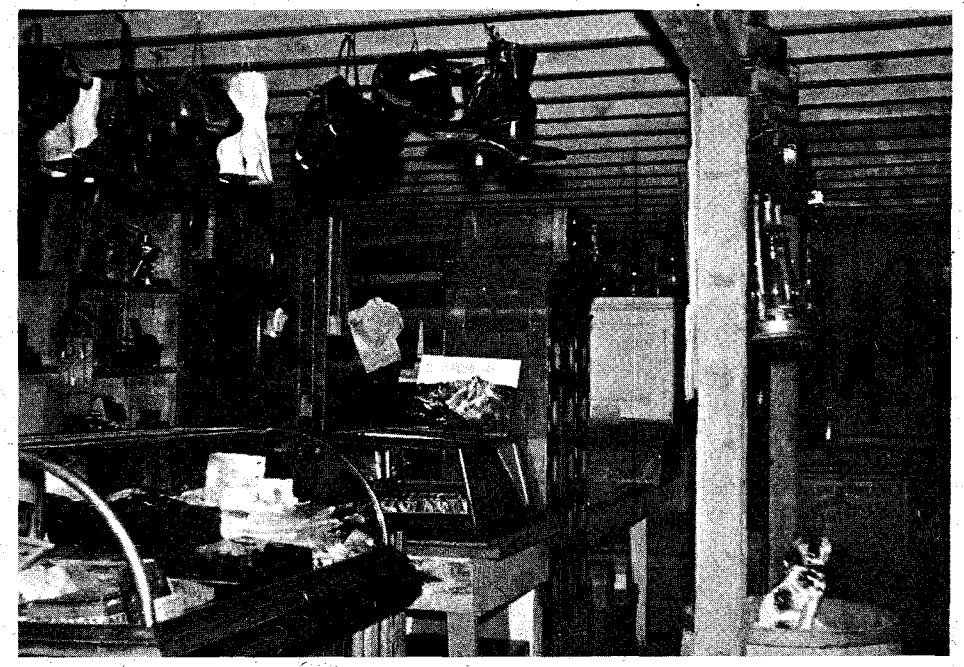


The table is set and waiting for the passengers. Note the eating utensils furnished in stagecoach days.

The interior of this post office looks much like a general store with the high-button shoes and knick-knacks.



South Park City— A Gold Camp Sleeps in the Sun

(Continued from page 27)

the faces of a deck of cards instead of the modern plums, lemons and other fruit, to the heavy, hanging light fixtures of shining brass, the scarred bar with its brass rail, and the ever present "goboons" (cuspidors), Rachel's Place looks complete and ready for customers.

As in most saloons of that period, a "study in art" occupies a place of honor on one wall. Some say this full-length nude is a likeness of Rachel herself; others say that the model was a prominent woman of the area and that the picture was not at first intended for display in a bar. The work does seem much better in quality and composition than the usual picture of its type, so who knows?

Much of the credit for the preservation and the restoring of South Park City goes to Leon Snyder, an attorney of Colorado Springs. With the help and interest of many others of the community, including R. P. Alskog, grocery owner and former mayor of Fairplay, South Park City today has been made into a place of unique interest.

Here the living reminders of the men who worked and sweated, won fortunes or lost their grubstakes, hover in this "living" ghost town's dust—with dignity.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

HISTORIC BROWN'S HOLE

It's always a pleasure to welcome a new book that is a standout nominee for honors in its particular field. The one we have in mind is *Where The Old West Stayed Young* (Morrow, $15) by John Rolfe Burroughs, a remarkable history of Brown's Park plus an account of the origin and development of the range cattle trade in northwestern Colorado.

Brown's Park, a quality name for Brown's Hole, is a huge sunken basin located where Utah and Colorado corner against Wyoming's southern border, about fifty miles south of Rock Springs, Wyoming. A favorite winter hangout for Indians, William Ashley and party were the first whites in the park which later became known as Brown's Hole after a fur trapper named Brown who temporarily settled there.

Lying between two transcontinental highways, fenced in by high mountains, remote Brown's Park is little known to Americans despite the fact that many of the notorious characters who hid out there were among the toughest gunmen and bandits in the Wild West.

Following Ashley's first western trapper-Indian rendezvous in 1826 upstream near the spot Henry's Fork joins the Green River, Brown's Park became a trappers' wintering camp. Later, trail herds wintered in the protected basin on the long trip from Texas to California and permanent ranches were established. This hidden basin with its favorable climate provided a protected hideout for long riders on the dodge from peace officers.

Matt Warner's ranch, at the foot of Diamond Mountain, was both a hiding place and training center where Butch Cassidy schooled members of his Wild Bunch in robbing trains and banks. At one time or another, the most notorious western rustlers, murderers, train and bank bandits either were recruited, trained or cooled off in the Brown's Hole area. There were numerous bloody cattle and sheep wars and other little known range wars described for the first time in this book. Tom Horn, who enjoyed his work and pay, was hired to discourage a few cattle rustlers who preyed on local ranches. Those he failed to catch left for healthier climes. There was even a "Queen of Cattle Rustlers." She was Ann Bassett, a girl educated in a Boston finishing school.

Also there were many honorable ranching enterprises in northwestern Colorado. Perhaps the most illustrious was Ora Haley, a runaway orphan from Bangor, Maine, who helped build solid foundations in the cattle business and left an estate valued at over $2,000,000.

This unusual and large book is illustrated with maps and 180 photographs of early western scenes.

SANTA FE TRAIL TOWN

Las Vegas, New Mexico—The Town That Wouldn't Gamble (Las Vegas Daily Optic, $5.75) by Milton W. Callon is a historical review of a town with a dual personality. The rise and decline of this Hispanic settlement on the Sante Fe Trail is a history of violence, commerce, politics and all the fascinating phases of early Western living that have made the West a depository of thrilling adventure stories. Some new and revealing incidents are described in this book which will add to the knowledge of our West.

Descendants of Cabeza de Vaca were among the earliest Europeans to settle around Las Vegas and the immense Baca Land Grant was given to the family by the King of Spain. The infamous and famous have left their mark on the town. Billy the Kid spent his last Christmas on earth in the Las Vegas jail.

Teddy Roosevelt made his presidential bid while attending the first Rough Riders convention at Las Vegas. It was there that Jack Johnson beat Pueblo's Jim Flynn and regained the world heavyweight belt. Tom Mix rode to movie stardom along the dusty trails of the Gallinas River Valley. Killer of Jesse James, Bob Ford was taken to town by the toughs who hung out in the old Mexican quarter. Mountain men including Jedediah Smith, Kit Carson and Old Bill Williams made Las Vegas regularly in their time.

We believe many readers will enjoy the book about this controversial New Mexican City with the heretofore untold story of New Mexico's battle for statehood and numerous tales about famous Western characters.

SURVEYING OUR WEST

After the Civil War, the U. S. Government began again to develop its neglected western colonial empire. Surveys were needed to provide facts on geology, soil, water, plants and animals to help national planners guide the hordes of eager easterners aching to head west for homes and fortunes.

Four great geological and geographical surveys were initiated to provide information about the vast but little explored resources lying west of the 100th meridian.

Great Surveys of the American West (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) by Richard A. Bartlett is a brilliant account of the scientific evaluations made by parties led by Dr. F. V. Hayden, Clarence King, John Wesley Powell and Lieutenant George Wheeler.

The Hayden Expeditions covered Colorado and Wyoming plus parts of New Mexico, Utah and Nebraska. His famous photographer, W. H. Jackson, photographed the classic Mountain of the Holy Cross in Colorado and his artist, Thomas Moran, painted his famous picture of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

Clarence King headed the survey along the Fortieth Parallel. It was he who fought so doggedly against powerful opposition and exposed the Great Diamond Hoax on Diamond Peak east of Brown's Park in northwestern Colorado.

John Wesley Powell led the survey of the treacherous Colorado River and the

WESTERN FACT BOOKS

WESTERN HARD-CASES or Gunfighters Named Smith, by Ed Bartholomew. A roundup of factual accounts and characters of early western law and order. Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Wyoming, Dakota, Utah. Here is new and deep research, behind the scenes, concerned with Soapy Smith, and some eighty other men named Smith, law and outlaw, as well as many others such as John Ringo, Jesse James, Rube Burrows, Joel Fowler, and Wyatt Earp. Clothbound, dust jacket, 192 pages, $3.50

A TEXAS RANGER, by N. A. Jennings, who lived this hectic life on the Texas border of the 1870s, as a Ranger, with the Rangers. He rode with Captain McNelly after Mexican bandits, rebels, King Fisher, Wes Hardin, a host of others—and they got them too! 321 pages, clothbound, $4.00

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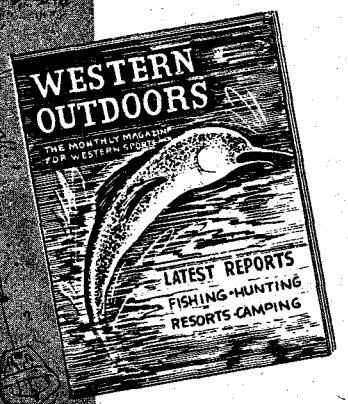

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adjoining cliffs and plateaus. His clairvoyant views on arid land use and planning, although ignored at the time they were made, have since been proved valid and inspired. George M. Wheeler, an inventive young scientist with a lusty crew, wormed the secrets from desert along the lower Colorado River.

This book provides an inspiring analysis of four important scientific surveys which the public should find delightful reading. There are numerous maps and the half tones of surveyors and scenery that are masterpieces of art and photography.

CONQUEST OF OUR WEST

The Race West: Boom Town to Ghost Town (Signet, 50c) is by Robert West Howard and is a first printing paperback available in no other edition. Howard writes well and he has tackled a big subject—the manner in which the Americana people fulfilled their manifest destiny. The settling of the West was no easy task—the terrain, the weather and the freedom loving Indians were conquered but with difficulty. Howard points out that many present-day Americans believe that a small number of daring frontiersmen were responsible for the conquest whereas actually, some 11,000,000 home seekers and town builders did the job in the two decades following the Civil War. This is straight talk, enhanced by some good photos—a bargain.

GREAT WESTERN LAWMAN

Wilson Rockwell, Colorado rancher and author, has turned out a first-class biography about C. W. (Doc) Shores, one of the West's best peace officers. Shores, formerly sheriff and deputy U.S. Marshal at Gunnison, Colorado, wrote some assorted memoirs about his life which his niece turned over to Rockwell. From Doc's writings, the author has developed a noteworthy book—*Memoirs of a Lawman* (Sage Books, $6) which should place the nervy old sheriff among the top ranking western peace officers—a position he earned by manhandling and outwitting a long list of rusty toughs. He was acquainted with Wild Bill Hickok; chased robbers twice with Tom Horn and was cannibal Alfred Packer's jailer for three years.

A bloodhound on the trail, he was feared and respected by badmen all over the West. There are a lot of new angles on some old characters that gives a freshness to this book. Also it is well illustrated with page-size photos.

CHOICE SELECTIONS

The Old West in Fact (Obolensky, $7.50) edited by Irvin R. Blacker is another anthology about early exploring and pioneering in the Trans-Mississippi West.

Included in the book are: trail ventures by mountain men, the saga of James Clyman, western adventures of Francis Parkman on the Oregon Trail, Dame Shirley's cultured account of her Conestoga wagon trip to California and chatty excerpts from Mark Twain's *Roughing It.*

Also, there are choice selections about cowboys and the cattle country, mavericks, and six-guns by such authorities as Charles Siringo, J. Frank Dobie and Walter P. Webb. The book ends up fittingly with F. J. Turner's celebrated essay, *The Significance of the Frontier in American History.*

There's a section on badmen with Pat Garrett's account of the death of Billy the Kid. One chapter tells of the capture, torture and enslavement of white women by Indians and another chapter deals with the perils endured and starvation suffered by the Donner Party in the snowy Sierras. This is an excellent book but an index would help it.

IMPORTANT HISTORY

One of the most important books ever written about early California is *A History of California Newspapers—1846-1858* (Talisman Press, $10) by Edward C. Kemble and is reprinted from the supplement to the Sacramento Union on December 25, 1858. This edition has been capably edited by Helen Harding Bretnor who also has written the foreword which adds considerable interpretive data.

When Kemble wrote the original manuscript, newspaper publishing in California was a little less than twelve years old, but its history was already an active, adventurous, and a complicated one. Several hundred newspapers had come and gone, their destiny varying with fortunes of Gold Rush towns that supported their brief existence. Fortunately, Kemble wrote their history before those who knew their stories moved away. A singularly well qualified writer, he put out crisply written biographies of numerous pioneer California newspapers capturing a lot of local history which otherwise would have perished with the collapse of the Gold Rush.

FIGHTING THE SIOUX

Antelope Bill (Ross & Haines, $12.50) is a beautiful reprint of Parker I. Peirce's account of his experiences as a seventeen-year-old lad in the Sioux uprising in Minnesota during the Civil War. It was first issued at Marshall, Minnesota, in 1898 and that edition is now very scarce indeed. Peirce tells of the defense of Fort Ridgley, the good work of the Renville Rangers, and of the execution at Mankato of thirty-eight Sioux convicted of heinous crimes during the uprising. The last few pages of the book are devoted to the author's services as an army scout at Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, beginning in 1865. He spent five years on the Wyoming-Montana frontier and had many strange and exciting encounters with the Plains Indians. This new edition is limited to 550 numbered copies, sturdily boxed, and it is enhanced with drawings by Mary Mitchell. A real collector's item all the way.

HE FOUGHT CUSTER

Wooden Leg—Warrior Who Fought With Custer (University of Nebraska Press, $1.90) by Dr. Thomas B. Marquis is the first book to tell the Indian's side of the famous Custer Battle on the Little Big Horn. There were no white survivors, so the veteran hostile Sioux and Cheyenne braves were the only ones who knew the mysterious details of this great American Tragedy. In 1922, Dr. Marquis began his research among the surviving warriors and their revelations were published in the book, *A Warrior Who Fought Custer* (1931).

This book, a biographical narrative of Wooden Leg, a Cheyenne warrior who helped liquidate Custer's command—is an introspective saga of Cheyenne Indian life in the Great Plains. Wooden Leg describes Cheyenne tribal life, marriage customs, hunting and warfare. He tells also how these nomads bucked against the bossy white military rule imposed upon them. Many white readers, angered by Wooden Leg's statements about the Battle on the Little Big Horn, called the book a package of prejudice and untruths. However, Dr. Marquis in-

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terviewed many other Indians who had fought against Custer and their stories squared with Wooden Leg's testimony. The old man's reflective but remorseful story projects an air of modesty totally lacking in the bitter hatred typical of prejudiced people.

Wooden Leg claimed some of the Indians saw a few of Custer's soldiers shoot themselves during the final skirmishes. Saving the last bullet for yourself was a practice often resorted to by whites about to be overwhelmed by Indians. This was done in order to avoid horrible torture inflicted by Indians on their captives. This provocative statement by Wooden Leg has been a heated controversial subject ever since the book first was published.

THE CALIFORNIOS

The California dons were sent by the King of Spain to establish military posts at San Diego and Monterey to guard the coastal areas against foreign invaders and to provide safe harbors for Spanish merchant ships. Many of the dons came from the Spanish nobility, others were soldiers of fortune, later raised in rank for their valorous deeds in behalf of the King of Spain. From 1769 to 1846 the dons controlled California. The story of the tempestuous and colorful reign of these early Californios is available in *The California Dons* (Appleton Century Crofts, $5.50) by Edna Deu Pree Nelson.

The dons built a classic Hispanic-Indian empire on grants of land given by the Spanish King. Here they constructed homes of unique California architecture; they farmed, raised cattle and fruits, explored new lands, and fought and enslaved the Indians. These were the picturesque Californians whom U. S. explorers and military men found and finally conquered. While there is much on the cultural life of this unique feudal society, we had hoped for more about the cattle industry which provided the major income for the dons and their Indian retainers.

An accomplished author, Mrs. Nelson's writings have appeared in the major slick paper magazines in the U. S. Also, she is author of a biography of Bernardo O'Higgins, the Chilean liberator and many stories with Latin-American themes.

Old Gran'pa

(Continued from page 18)

'bout urgin' him in a tight place. I hed played with my spurs on him, but he never hed been spurred in his life 'cept a signal touch to turn or jump. I allus carried a quirt on the horn o' my saddle, but 'cept to tap him in a frenly way or in work he hed never knowed its use. What was I a-goin' to do in a pinch? I knowed he would use his limit under my word, but what if he didn't? Did I hev to hit him? If I owned this here ranch I'd hev give it all to be out o' the race an 'not look like a quitter.

"Well, the time was cum. Stud he'd been frettin' an' I was stewin', but when we toed the line sumthin' funny happened: we both seemed to settle down an' was as cam as this here night. I jest hed time to give him one pat an' say, 'God A'mighty, Stud, I'm glad I got you,' when the starter hollered, 'Git ready!' An' the gun popped! I yelled, 'Now!' at the same time, an' we was off.

"Midnight was a mite the quickest, but Stud caught his neck in the third jump, an' I helt him there. I wanted Midnight to lead, but kep' pushin' him. We didn't change a yard in the fust quarter, an' Split yelled, 'Kid yer holdin' out well, but

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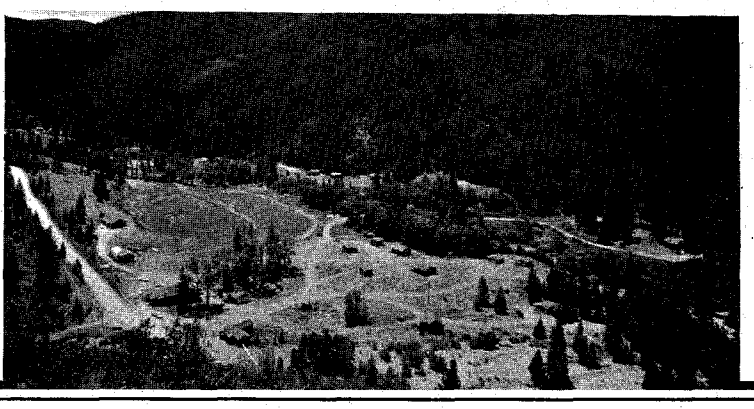

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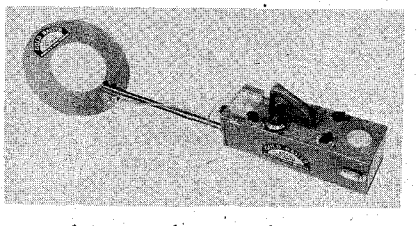

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I got to tell you farewell.' An' he hit Midnight a crack with his quirt. Stud heard it singin' through the air an' jumped like he was hit hisself. In thirty yards we was nose an' nose; ten more, a nose ahead. Then I knowed we hed to go fer it. I was ridin' high over his neck, spurs ready, my quirt helt high, an' I kep' talkin' to him an' saying, 'Good boy, Stud!' The crowd was a-yellin' like demons. We was in the last eighth, nose an' nose, an' I let out one o' them Injun yells, an', 'Now, Stud! Now!'

"It seemed like he'd been waitin' fer it. I could feel his heart beatin' faster. There was a quiver wint through him like a man nervin' hisself fer some big shock. An' I could see him gainin'—slow, but gainin'. The crowd hed stopt yellin'. It come sudden. They was so still you could hear 'em breathe. I guess we must a-been three feet ahead, with a hundred yards to go. Split was a-cussin' an' spurrin' an' whippin'. I didn't hev no mind to yell in all thet stillness. I was ready to spur, ready to whip, an' my heart was a-bleedin'. I don't think now thet I could a-done it to win, an' I jest whispered, 'Now, Stud! Now! Now!'

"I thought he was a-runnin' a-fore, but he shot out like a cry o' joy when a los' child is foun' an' we crosed the line a length an' a half ahead. I seed the black-eyed girl with her arms 'roun Pop Sellers' neck an' a-jumpin up an' down. Pop was jumpin' too, like a yearlin', an' the crowd was doin' an Injun dance generally. Stud didn't seem to sense the race was over, an' was still hittin' the breeze. I checked him in slow, pattin' him on the neck, an' talkin' to him like a crazy man, 'til he stood still, all a-quiver, his nostrils red as fire an' eyes still blazin'. Then I clum down an' throwed my arms 'roun' his neck and sez, 'Stud, I didn't hev to hit you.' Stud's eyes seemed to softin, an' he laid his head down over my shoulder. I was cryin' like a baby, huggin' him hard. The boys was ridin' to us an' Stud raised his head an' whinnied. I guess it was jest the other hosses comin', but I thought he sed, 'Didn't we raise hell with 'em?' An' I sez, 'You bet we did, Stud, but it was you done it.'

"News travels fast, an' long 'fore I got in with my strays, they knowed all 'bout it at headquarters. I kep' thinkin' 'bout what Shorty sed, 'Come back with your hed up,' but I hed mine down when he met me at the corral. I knowed we hadn't no hosses to race fer money. He looked kinda hard at my extra saddled hoss an' roll o'plunder an sez, 'Kid, this ain't no racin' stable. This here is a cow outfit, an' our best hosses is fer cuttin', not racin'.' I didn't say a word, jest unsaddled, an' started fer the dog-house, when I heard him comin'.

"He caught up with me, grabbed me by both shoulders an' turned me 'roun'. I saw a great big tear stealin' down his cheek, an' he sez, 'God A'mighty, Kid, I wisht you was my boy!' Then he turned away quick an' was gone, while I set down on the groun' an' blubbered in my ole fool way thet I hev never got over. When payday come, Shorty handed me my wage check, which had growed some, an' sed, 'Kid, when a boy does a man's work he gits a man's pay. You begin doin' a man's work when you went to gather them strays, and you come back the same way.'

"Then he started to go on, but turned an' sed, 'Say, Kid, if I owned this here S M S Ranch, hosses an' cattle, I'd a-give the whole damned outfit to a-seed you an' Stud come over thet line.' "

Truly Western

(Continued from page 6)

Range Wars," by James E. Harvey in the December issue of TRUE WEST.

In 1955 and 1956 I had the privilege of spending a lot of time camping and prospecting in this very area with Mr. Harvey, having met him in 1951.

I listened intently to stories of the homesteaders. The land upon which this pioneer lived is still referred to as "Harvey's place."

The cattlemen dynamited the outlet of the small lake, mentioned in Harvey's story, to make sure that no other homesteader moved in. The lake bed is now dry and parched with sagebrush slowly creeping down the sides toward the center. Now there is no water for miles and miles in this area.—Dwain Yates, 870 North 235 East, Orem, Utah.

The Battle of Vicksburg

Dear Sir;

The following is a letter written by Wiley Pinnell to his mother and stepfather on July 16, 1863, shortly after the Battle of Vicksburg. His cavalry detachment had taken part in the defense of the city for many months and after it fell on July 4, 1863, Company "C", Baylor's Regiment, Texas Cavalry managed to fight its way through the encircling Union forces, swim the Mississippi River and escape to Louisiana.

"It has been some time since I had a chance to write you but it has not been my wish. I suppose that all of you have heard by now that Vicksburg has fallen. It is said that there isn't a scrap of food or a live cat or dog left in the city . . . .

"We are camped about forty miles west of the river (Mississippi) in the flat delta lands and hope to stay here just long enough to rest up, treat our sick and wounded, and try to get new mounts. Over three-fourths of the men are very sick and at least one dies every night—sometimes more than one man.

"Food is our big problem right now. Our horses, although they are just skin and bones, manage to get by, as there is enough forage to feed them for the first time since last fall. With the men it is different. The people of the countryside are wonderful and give us all they can which is pitiful enough. They have so little themselves—a few ears of corn from one—a scrawny chicken from another—a head of cabbage or a handful of potatoes. This to feed all of us and there is never half enough to go round. In the past and at different times I have lived for days on nothing but parched field corn or acorns but the corn around here is already gone and there are no trees here and therefore no acorns.

"Our clothing is a mess. Many of the men are almost naked and over half of them do not have any shoes. I am a little luckier than most of the others. My shoes are in fair shape and my clothes are holding together. I got two shirts and a tolerable fair coat from one of the men who was killed at Vicksburg. . . .

"Hope to get a chance to send this letter to you soon. Someone will surely be going West and will see that it is sent along to you. Don't worry about me. I am luckier than most and will make it back alright. Will close for this time. I remain your affectionate son Wylie Pinnell. To Thomas and Matilda Atwood with love."—Harley Smith, Box 6018, Odessa, Texas.

(Continued on page 70)

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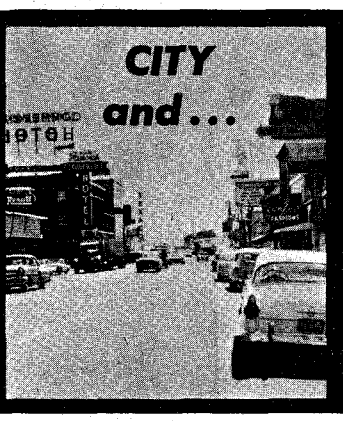

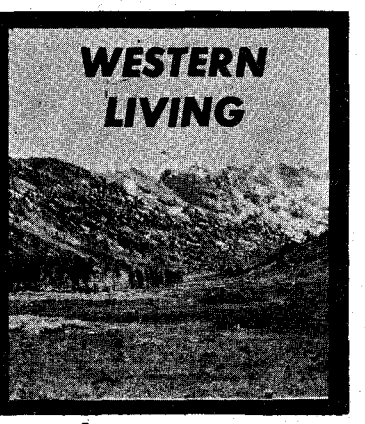

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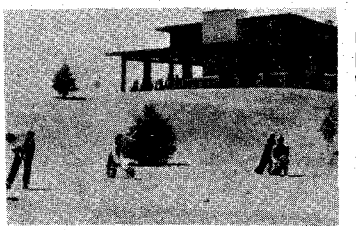

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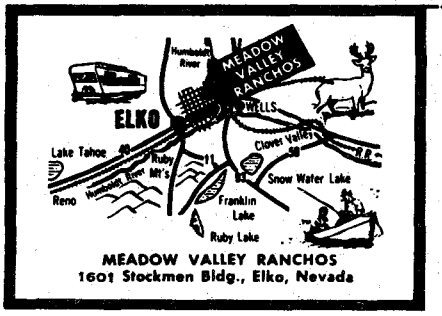

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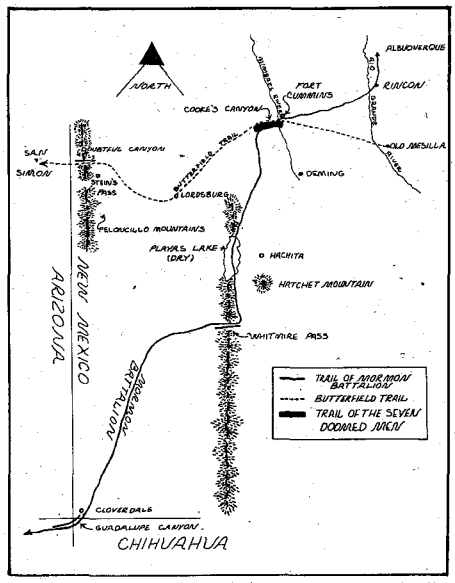
Doubtful Canyon?

Dear Mr. Small:

In the October 1962 TRUE WEST, the article, "Battle at Cooke's Canyon", contains two glaring errors in the first paragraph. (Note the map). The seven men in the story were on the trail of the Mormon Battalion for only about twenty miles, maybe less. They really followed the old Butterfield Trail. They fought the Apaches in Doubtful Canyon, not in Cooke's Canyon.

Then the article says, "The mail party . . . . began winding slowly up the difficult pass." I have been in Doubtful



Canyon many times and it is level ground all the way.

The Indians, during the time the Butterfield Trail was used, killed 400 white men, women and children there, but the battle you describe took place in Doubtful Canyon, not Cooke's Canyon.—Rhea Kuykendall, Box 180, Guaymas Sonora, Mexico.

Research of Cooke's Canyon

Dear Mr. Kuykendall:

I researched "Battle At Cooke's Canyon" and saw that it was a top-notch article by a top-notch writer. I was not surprised to learn that it was by Douglas D. Martin, a Pulitzer Prize winner, author of several books and many articles about Arizona, and Professor of Journalism at the University of Arizona.

I am a native of Arizona, as was my father. My grandfather was in the U.S. Cavalry in 1860-61 in the area now known as Cochise County. I've ridden horseback, buckboards, jeeps and Buicks over most of Cochise County. The terrain in and around the Cooke's Canyon-Doubtful Canyon country is very familiar to me, as is a considerable amount of the history and legend woven about the area!

This includes the fact that Doubtful Canyon runs north and south as well as east and west, and Cooke's Canyon, with its intersecting and confusing canyons, was sometimes called "Doubtful" by the old-timers. In those days it was very doubtful if either the emigrants, soldiers or mail riders could make it through because of the Apaches.

There is always the chance of a slip-up in writing about history that was so poorly (and rarely) documented by frontiersmen and Indians who were there when it happened. Naturally, controversies result which make it interesting.—A. Kinney Griffith, P.O. Box 5008, Austin 3, Texas.

Help Her Trace Her Grandparents!

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if any of your readers could help me trace my maternal grandparents. My mother passed away in 1909 and my father's people took me in; hence, I know very little about my mother's people.

My grandfather came to California as a very young boy in a wagontrain, either from Vermont or Iowa. His name was Elisha Crane and he had a brother George. They settled near Hanford, where my mother, Francis (Fanny) Crane was born. My grandfather took mother, her sister Bersha and brother Walter to Casa Grande, Arizona, but I don't know exactly when.

My mother's first husband was Will Hucle. She had two children by him. She married my father in March, 1904, in Tucson, Arizona Territory.—Olive Ivers, 5228 Avis Avenue, Lawndale, California.

"A Great Cowboy and a Good Friend"

Dear Bob Stout:

Buck Bucko, a fine cowboy, has recently died.

With his brother, Roy, and sister, Beulah, Buck used to ranch and work cattle on their ranch near Winnemucca, Nevada. None of the three ever married and Beulah, now, is the only one left.

Buck had ridden longer for the movies than any other cowboy I know and had appeared in nearly every western filmed during the past thirty years. He had been desperately trying to hold together the famous old-timers' organization, "The Chuck Wagon Trailers," but the old cowboys have slipped away so fast the organization is slipping away also.

I have Curley Fletcher's *Songs of the Sage*, which Buck gave me; on the flyleaf Curley had written, "To Roy Bucko, a great cowboy and a good friend, Hollywood Calif, 5/24/32."

Many were present to pay homage to one of the last of a real tough breed.—John Hoffman, Route 2, Box 311A1, Saugus, California.

All Shook Up

Howdy, Joe!

I read something in the last issue of TRUE WEST that dang near scared me to death! Man, I was shaking when you said TRUE WEST readers had really let you down by not buying FRONTIER TIMES.

What would us genuine Western fans do if anything happened to either magazine? It just doesn't seem right that anyone who has ever read TRUE WEST couldn't recognize FRONTIER TIMES as the very same!

Now, don't get riled, but now and then I buy some of these poor imitations of your magazine on the newsstands because I just can't get enough reading. All you have to do is thumb through one and you'll see immediately that they don't compare to your magazines! Why, I wouldn't give one copy of TW or FT for a lifetime subscription to any of them! I guess I've done wrong by buying the others—just encourages more trash that shouldn't be read. Yours for more TW and FT.—Howard C. Grayson, 3504 Reagan Avenue, Knoxville 19, Tennessee.

Editor's Note: By golly, Howard, we don't mind competition so long as they sweat, bleed and labor over getting the REAL truth. What is bad on us is the fact that many people buy the "eastern

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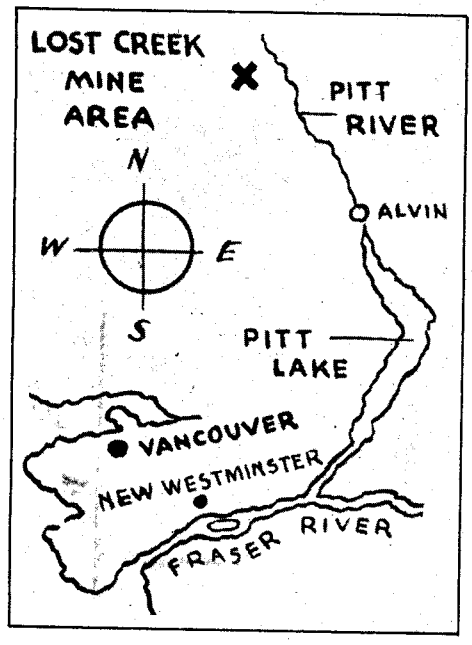
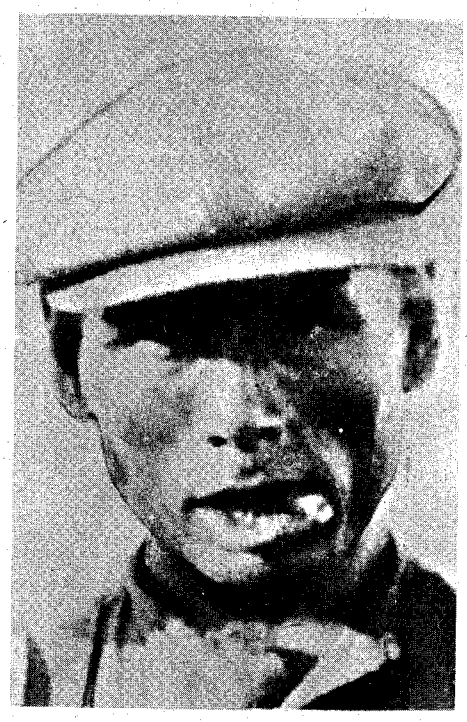
westerns" thinking they have bought TW or FT—and then write us a hot letter for falling down on our quality! One man blasted us to purgatory—he had been failed by the one magazine he thought stood for truth, and now he'd had it! I wonder how he felt after receiving our letter and checking again to find that he was reading another magazine all the time! Sounds impossible, but it happens.



B. C. Constable Grainger

Below, Susan Jesner.



Above, Killer John Slumach

Tillie Malcolm, one of Slumach's victims.

Curse of the Lost Creek Mine

(Continued from page 39)

cavern entailing a thirty-minute drive, a twenty-minute walk, and a fifteen-minute climb from downtown New Westminster. The area is quite swampy. It is known that Slumach often returned from his mine in forty-eight hours. By canoe, this distance would take about that long. The thought of men vainly searching the deadly tracts of the Pitt River Mountains probably appealed to Slumach's perverted fancy.

The cavern is atop a 400-foot rock named Sheridan Hill. It is believed to have been bored by the pressure of a now-extinct volcano covered by Pitt Lake. It is now thirty feet deep straight down, and at the bottom is a mass of loose rock and debris which may be a bridge over a bottomless pit. Slumach's tribe used the site as a ritualistic center.

Slumach's use of squaws also strengthens McClellan's theory. He believes that

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Miscellaneous

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"Volcanic" Brown

"... the old Indian had had help in extracting the gold. No one man could go down and up on his own. He would have to lower someone else down and pull him up with the gold. And the wily old Indian had chosen women for this task as they were nice and light and more easily murdered. For once having seen such a rich cache, no one could be expected to keep the secret, no one except the owner."

Mr. McClellan and his associates have staked 750,000 square feet of Sheridan Hill. At last report, nothing had been found. It is now established, however, that the site was a religious center used by Slumach's tribe, and it is thought he knew his cache would be safe from trespassing there.

Even though Sheridan Hill has been explored thoroughly but unsuccessfully, the search will continue. At this moment, at least two men are actively seeking the mine. The promise of $100,000,000 will lure more adventurers into the Pitt River Mountains' deadly grasp. It is Indian legend that only he of Indian blood will claim Slumach's hoodoo gold. But regardless of race, the bold will try!

Dark Wilderness

(Continued from page 49)

Poor little baby sister began to cry. The driver whispered, "Keep that child quiet!" I covered her head with a little quilt and held her tight. I had seen where the Indians had torn poor Mrs. Metz to pieces and scattered her clothes, stripped into rags, over the brush at Red Canyon. I didn't want the same thing to happen to us.

At last we dragged into the stockade. There was a little fire on the ground. Some men were standing around it, with their rifles ready for war. They came to us and said, "We thot they had got yer." It was snowing.

THE MEN woke the children and we went into one of the little cabins in the stockade. They gave the babies some warm condensed milk to drink, which the poor things were glad to get. Mr. Kenedy found an old whiskey bottle and filled it with milk and put it against his breast to warm for them. Do you know, I was pretty near worn out, and tried to keep still. I trembled so I could hardly stand.

We managed to get into the coach again which went through those gates with a jump and a whirl. There was no stopping it; we bounced over rocks, stumps, logs, everything that lay in our way. Those old rubber strap springs were put to the limit. Inside we were jumping and bumping and bruising one another, trying to hang on to anything. But we were on the road to Custer!

The men were afraid the Indians would find out they had missed us and turn back and catch us. Oh! but how those horses did go! They seemed to know that our lives depended on their running power. They got us into Custer and the coach stopped. As the old saying goes, "I didn't know whether I was on my 'ed or me 'eels."

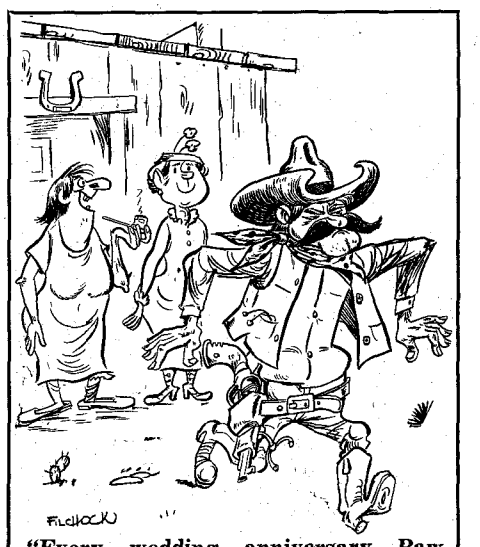
Hurbert Godard came to the door and found us among the other poor bewildered passengers. I managed to stand while he took up the children and pointed to a little light off in the darkness. "See that little light? Well, that is your home!"

"My home! How can I have a home in this dark wilderness? Where is father (E. G. Ward) and John, (Dr. J. W. C. White) and where is Boy (my brother, A. W. Ward)?"

He said, "Doctor has been gone quite awhile. He went to meet you and I guess he missed you."

So we started for the little light. I did not know where the door was, but Hurbert knew. He pushed it open and we went in. Oh, how strange and wild it all looked! A little fire was burning on the rough hearth in the rock fireplace and beside it was a homemade rocking chair covered with deer skins. As the chair was made for me I took possession and looked around while Hurbert piled some pitch knots on the fire.

I tried to dry my feet and dress, for I had fallen into a ditch on the way over. It was the last terrible event of my terrifying trip. I felt very grateful to the driver of the stagecoach on that journey, Johnnie Slaughter, and the guard (or "messenger" as he was called), Gale Hill.



"Every wedding anniversary Paw goes down and takes a shot at the parson!"

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Strong Medicine

(Continued from page 25)

some way his cabin caught fire. Garreau, unable to escape, was found dead just inside his door, smothered by the smoke.

Though the accomplishments of others may have become more well-known, Garreau contributed his share of one of the West's most priceless commodities—courage. He deserves to be remembered among those who are famed for individual exploits.

An Assiniboine Indian

Museum of American Indian

Assiniboine Indian from Saskatchewan, Canada

Museum of American Indian

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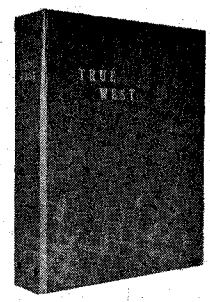

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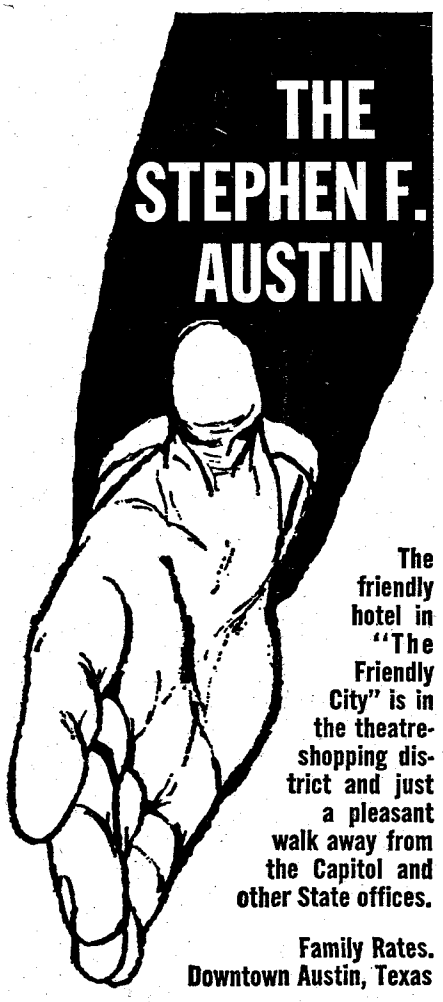

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"Sure, the skunk died with boots on. That's why he died—they were my boots!"

Man of Peace

(Continued from page 47)

Besides school-age children, the student body included Indian girls thirty years of age and gangling young men. Rhodes mentioned that while most were of honest pioneer stock, some hearty—and dangerous—troublemakers did not respect six-gun authority in the hands of a schoolteacher. This element soon learned that their teacher was not a bookish man who feared violence but rather was a veteran trail man who had lived in Dodge City when that town was at its roughest.

RHODES had no illusions concerning the children of troublemakers. If they were in school at all, they tended to be as unruly as their parents. Oftentimes he had to wrestle the larger students into obedience.

Once Rhodes conducted a Thanksgiving program at the school with such success that he decided to hold a Christmas service and program. On Christmas day, however, the unpredictable denizens of Hogshooter broke up the Christmas party.

Silas Longbone, a Delaware Indian, tore down the Christmas tree and was flinging the simple gifts around when Rhodes sailed into him. The daughter of a ranchman, Nora Sebring, helped the young teacher subdue Silas. By the time the rest of Hogshooter's celebrating citizens were awakening to sobriety, he was courting her. They were married soon thereafter.

Rhodes taught for two more years at Hogshooter Creek, then the young couple decided to live in a settlement that later became Westville, Oklahoma. Rhodes built a house, bought a saloon and dance-hall and converted the building to a schoolhouse. When Westville was incorporated in 1899, he became the first tax assessor, arbitrarily assessing property at two cents to the dollar. The following year he was elected mayor.

Jeff Collins, a gunslinger with Dodge City experience, was city marshal of Westville. He was unpopular with the local toughs whose efforts to remove him had bogged down when the town council came up with a tie vote.

Under Arkansas law, by which the Territory was governed at the time, the mayor's vote could break a tie. The first day that Collins was out of town on business, a group of the town's vicious clan marched up the dusty street toward Rhodes' new house.

Rhodes, who served as deputy city marshal in Collins' absence, was sitting with his wife on the porch. Nora Rhodes ignored her husband's request that she retire inside. The group came to a halt at the porch steps and delivered their ultimatum.

"Rhodes," threatened the spokesman of the group, "get rid of Collins, or else!"

"My vote will keep him in office," calmly replied the mayor. His icy stare met those of the gunmen. Muttering and cursing, they retreated, unable to command enough nerve to resort to violence.

A FEW days later Collins warned Rhodes that a professional killer named Clark Thompson was being imported to kill him. When Thompson arrived, Collins was again out of town. So with typical directness the mayor placed Thompson under arrest. Surprisingly, the gunman handed over his pistol.

Rhodes led the prisoner to the jail and found, to his dismay, that the door was locked and Collins had the only key. Knowing that he could not successfully tail Thompson around town until Collins returned, Rhodes agreed to a plea from the gunman to be turned loose.

As Rhodes walked away, bearing Thompson's pistol, the killer jumped him from behind, a knife in his fist. The glinting blade snicked a deep gash just below the major's right eye.

The two men rolled over and over in the powdery dust, Rhodes receiving more cuts before he managed to grasp Thompson's hand. Partially blinded and weak from loss of blood, Rhodes admitted in later years that he might have lost that battle had not Nora Rhodes flung herself on her husband and dared Thompson to strike her.

The killer tore himself loose and sprinted to a nearby house. Securing a Winchester, he emerged and fired a few wild shots into the gathering crowd, then made his way to a tethered horse and rode out of town.

In 1901, Rhodes became a United States deputy marshal and was transferred to Sallisaw the following year.

Five years after his bloody scramble with Clark Thompson, Rhodes arrested the gunman on the streets of Hugo. On the trip to Vinita, where jail was awaiting, Thompson chatted with Rhodes and described an occasion during the interim five years when he had Rhodes "lined up in his sights." He admitted that the presence of Nora Rhodes had again prevented bloodshed. Rhodes' only answer was that after five years of gazing into hundreds of criminal faces, he had found his man.

Thompson must have seen the error of his ways, for after a short sentence of three years he was freed and became a very religious man.

In the autumn of his life Rhodes ignored such trivia as old age and retirement and continued his fight against lawlessness by lecturing before school groups. Outlaws were unveiled in their true light by the devout old man who had known them at their worst.

Calm with her memories of a full and useful life, Nora Sebring Rhodes still lives at 301 N. S. Street in Muskogee.

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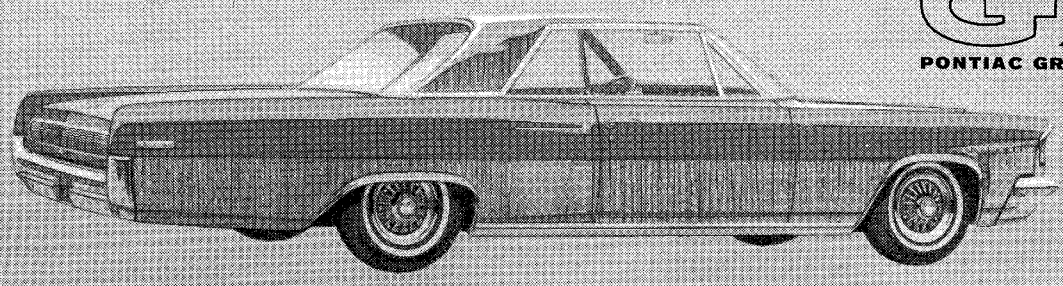

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